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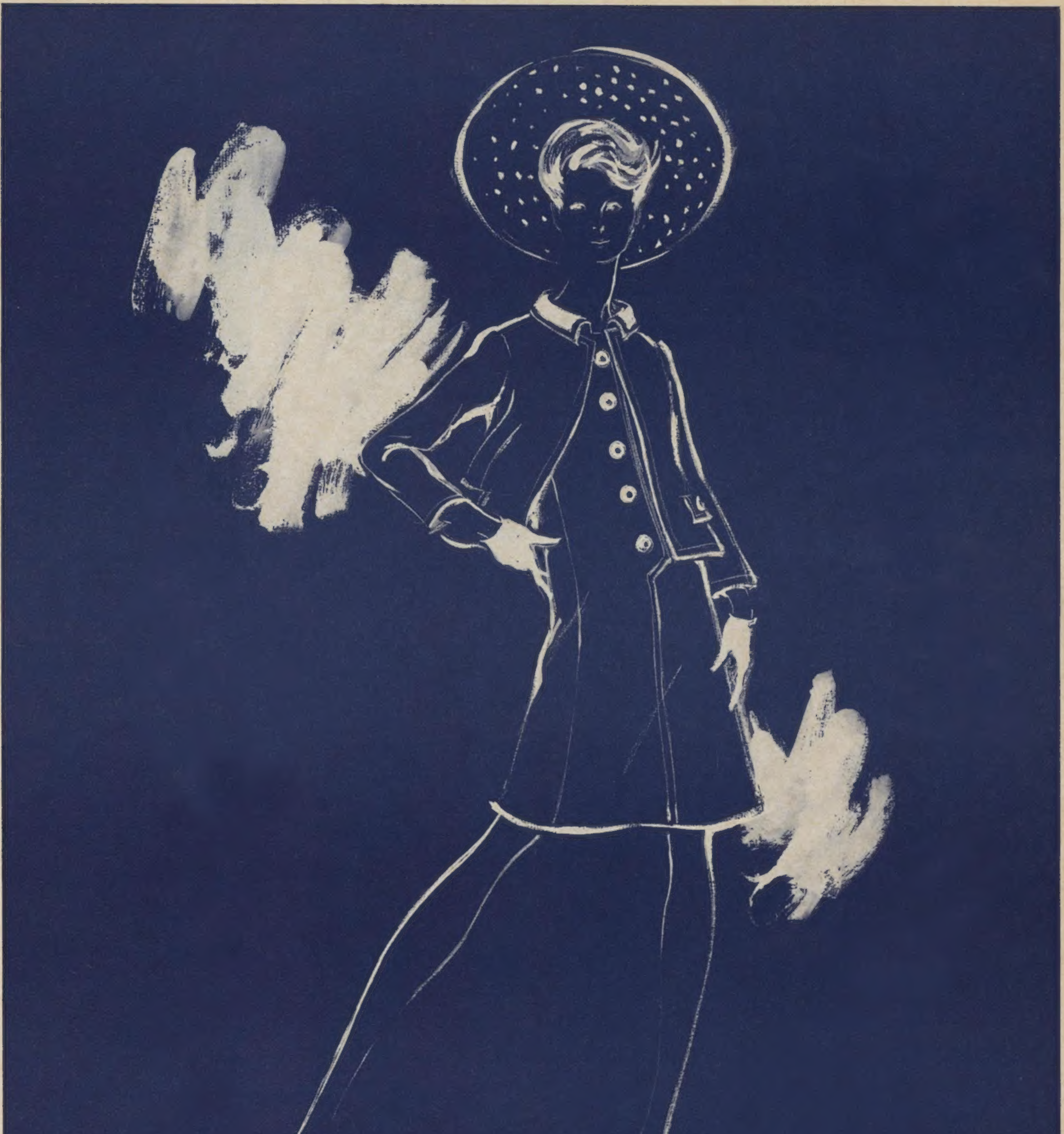
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JANUARY 1, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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PENN

COVER: Bold clean lines for '67—a purple jersey tube crossed with white stripes. For '67 faces: Marcella Borghese's new Translucents. Light as a breeze on the face, they imply that the look is all yours. Here, the peachy glow of Translucent Toner II under (and over) Translucent Medium makeup . . . Bisque Tortoni lipstick. Dress: Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby. Of Racine worsted jersey. About $160. K. J. L. earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Coiffure by Kenneth.

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Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
John Brunelle, Mgr.

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
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Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:
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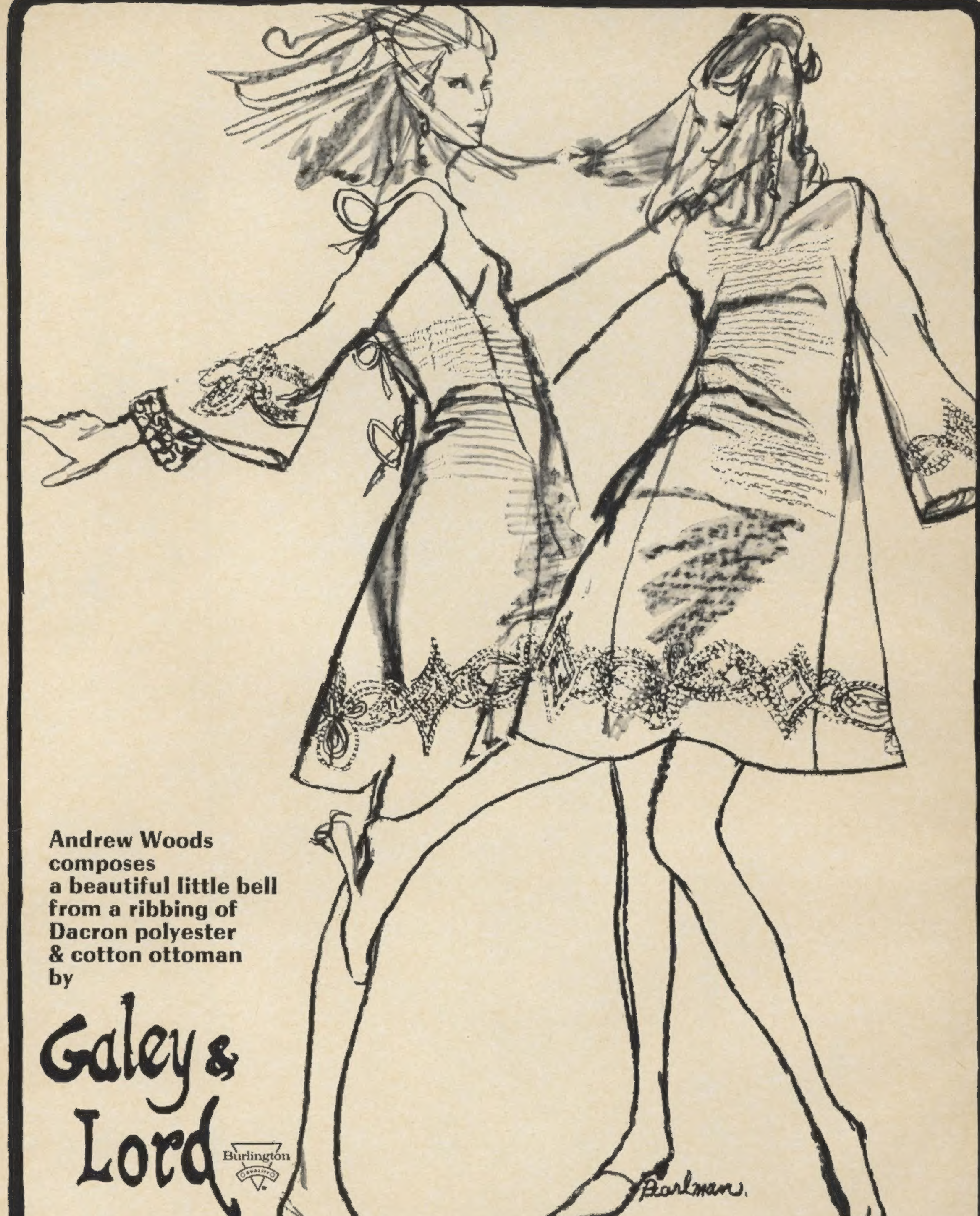

Andrew Woods composes a beautiful little bell from a ribbing of Dacron polyester & cotton ottoman by

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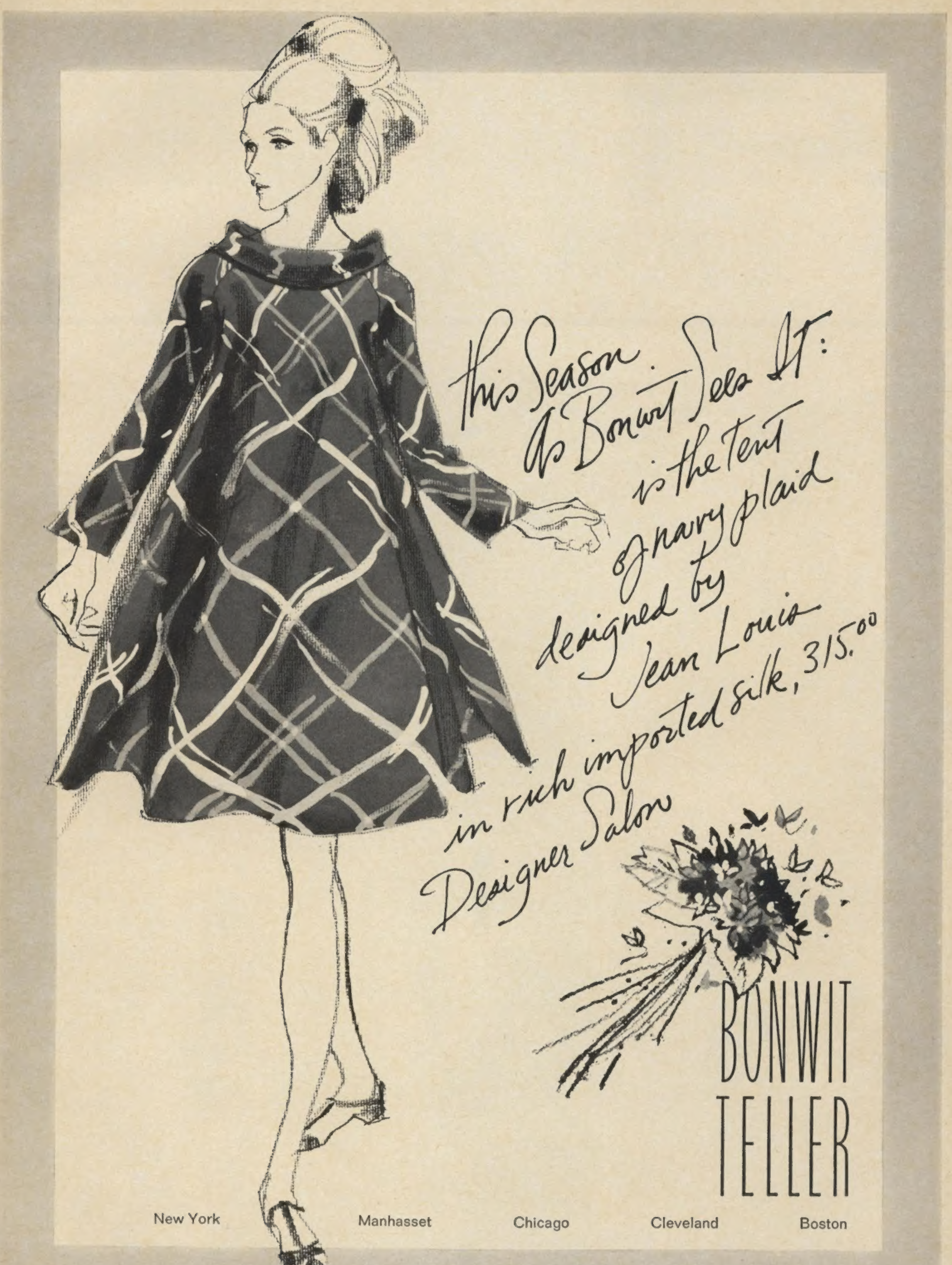
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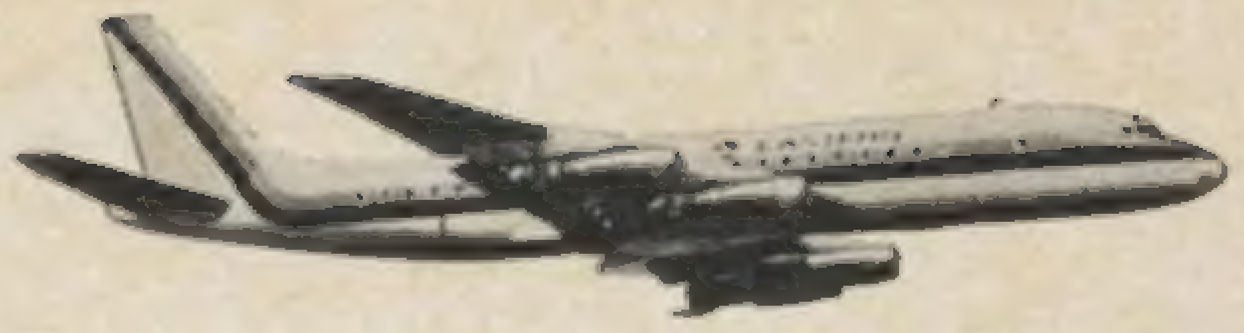

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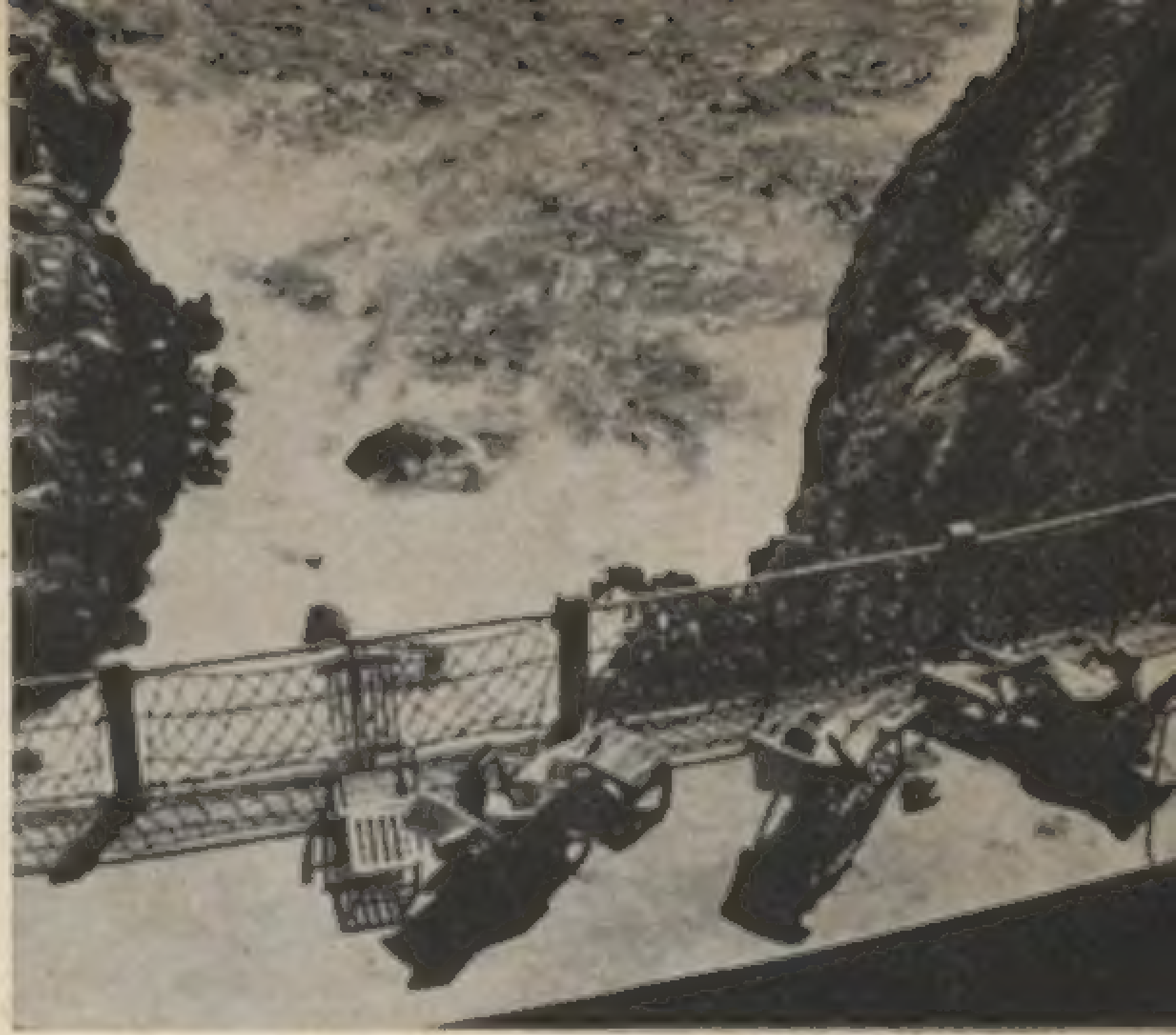
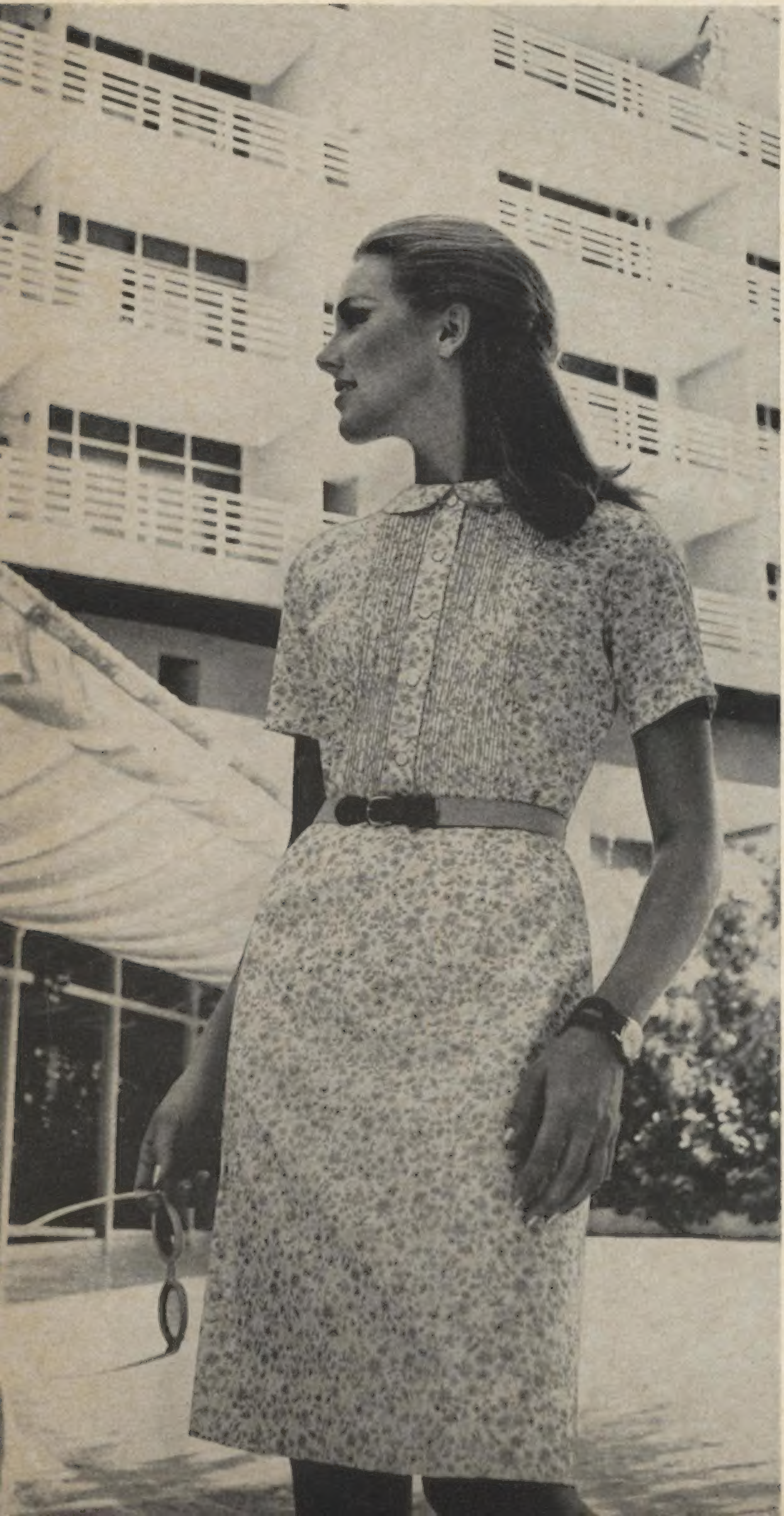


Acapulco — Eastern style



Talk about flight as serene and silent as a seagull's glide . . . talk about dreamed-of luxury and comfort . . . about superb service . . . a unique "instant-credit" plan. Now you're talking—Eastern style! And talk about casually correct fashions, clothes that pack with ease, go anywhere in style. Now you're talking—Villagers®. Perfect companions for your non-stop hop to Acapulco, tropical paradise basking on the slopes of mountains encircling a beautiful blue bay . . . perfect setting for an exotic holiday. You can enjoy this fabulous vacation right now—with Eastern Airlines' new Charge-A-Trip Plan. Look into it today.

Opposite page: First—and only—stop: Acapulco! Smooth and sleek Arnel® triacetate and cotton was our flying choice, fashioned by Villager® into a striped shift and a striped-and-solid suit, in buttercup, true blue or fresh green with white. The shift, sizes 6 to 16, *(V-79)* 19.00 The suit with 5-button striped jacket and solid A-line skirt in sizes 8 to 16 *(V-80)* 30.00

Left: You think you've stepped into the year 2000 when you stay in Acapulco's ultra-modern hotels. Here, a Villager® collector wears a smartly feminine cotton floral-and-initial print with tucked bodice, A-line skirt. True blue or peach fuzz, sizes 6 to 16, *(V-81)* 20.00

All from our Villager® Corner, 4th Floor

Best & Co.

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PAR 4

Mexico is many worlds, many ages, many cultures...and they're all yours to explore when you fly Eastern non-stop to Acapulco ... accompanied by your non-stop Villagers®.

Opposite page, top left: The brilliant sun brings out my sunshade which matches my cool, cool Villager®. Both are Dacron® polyester and cotton in a petite floral print—true blue, fresh green or peach fuzz. The dress, sizes 6 to 14, *(V-60)* 23.00 The sunshade, *(V-61)* 10.00

Top right: We're serenaded by some beautiful hombres! Their inspiration—Villagers®, of course. Pantsuit of cotton hopsacking print in true blue, fresh green or peach fuzz. Sizes 8 to 16, *(V-62)* 35.00 Matching ribbed cotton knit sleeveless pullover, S-M-L, *(V-63)* 6.00 Skimmer of Fortrel® polyester and cotton in true blue, fresh green or buttercup. 6 to 16, *(V-64)* 19.00

Bottom left: Villagers® really swing with fine coordination. Dacron® polyester and cotton Bermuda shorts in true blue, fresh green, buttercup, peach fuzz or white. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-65)* 12.00 Belted to match by adjustable stretch jute, *(V-66)* 2.00 Cotton floral and initial print shirt in true blue or peach fuzz, 8 to 16, *(V-67)* 6.00 Matching kerchief, *(V-68)* 3.00 The printed cotton Bermudas are in true blue or peach fuzz, 6 to 16, *(V-69)* 12.00 With an easy ribbed cotton "poor girl" in true blue, fresh green or peach fuzz. S-M-L, *(V-70)* 7.00

Bottom right: Any one is a treasure—just like my full-skirted, front-buttoned Villager® shirtwaist. Tiny-printed cotton in fresh green, true blue or peach fuzz. 8 to 16, *(V-71)* 19.00

This page
Upper right: Villagers® love beach-basking in gay floral printed cotton in true blue or buttercup. Two-piece swim suit with tucked bra and boy-leg shorts, sizes 6 to 14, *(V-76)* 20.00 Also available in one-piece style, *(V-77)* 23.00 Ruffle-trimmed beach dress, S-M-L, *(V-78)* 16.00

Lower right: Villagers® are great sports. Hip-riders of Dacron® polyester and cotton in white, true blue, fresh green, buttercup or peach fuzz, 8 to 16, *(V-73)* 16.00 Matching adjustable stretch belt, *(V-74)* 2.00 The top, honeycomb stitch knit cotton in white with navy-Burgundy trim. S-M-L, *(V-75)* 6.00

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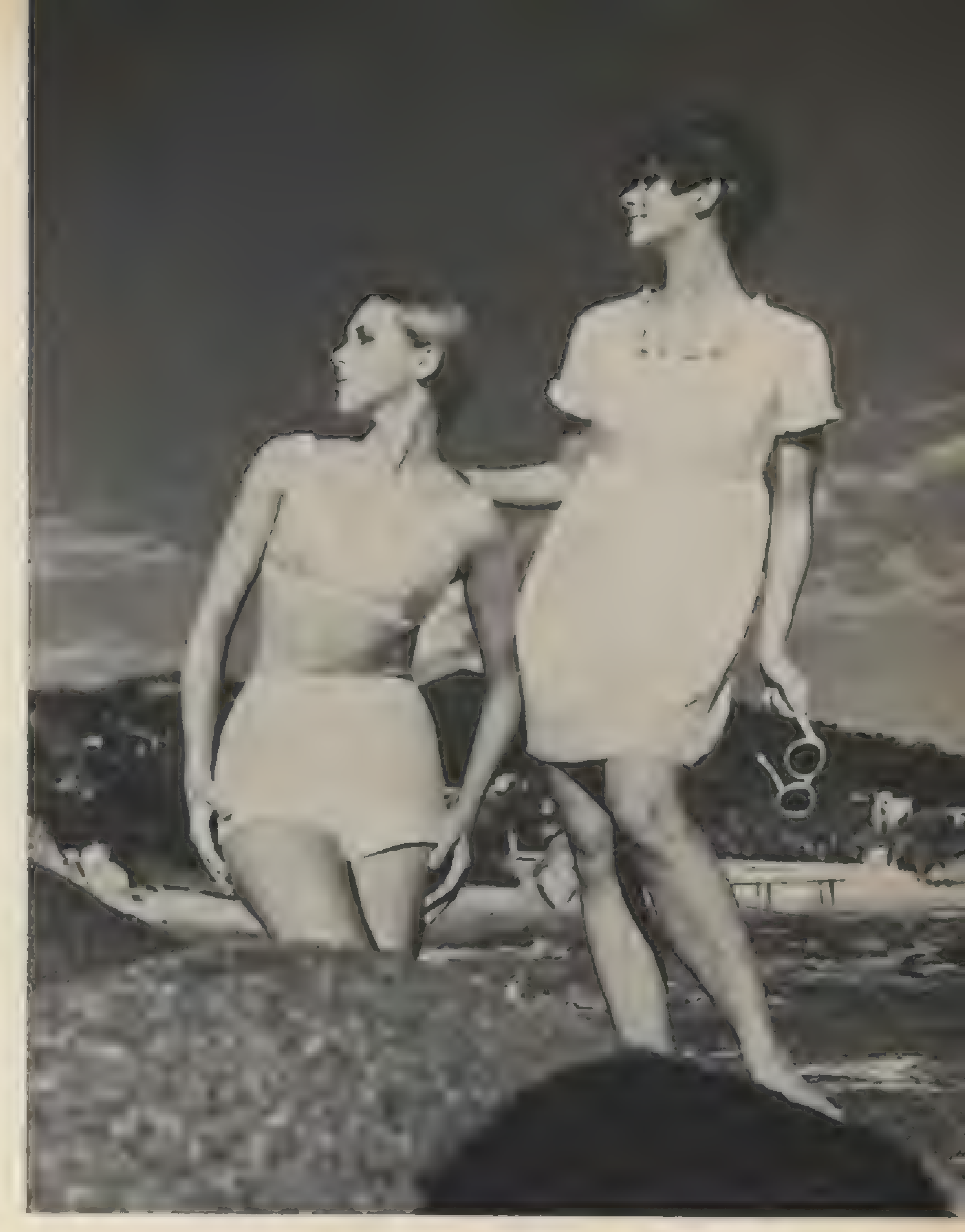

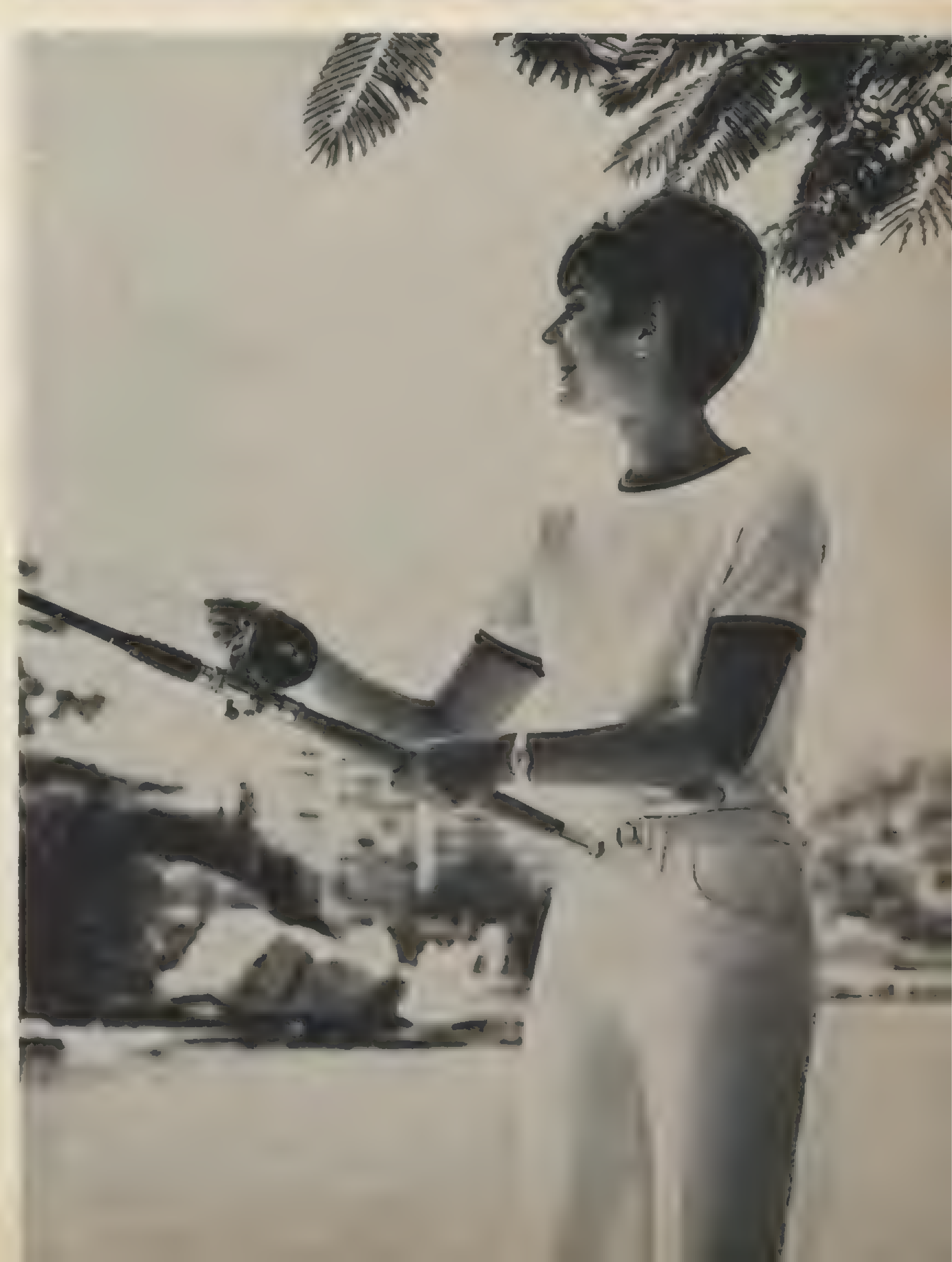

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Vaya con Dios is the parting farewell to homeward-bound vacationers from this country of contrasts where sightseeing spans centuries of civilization. Viva Mexico Magnifico! And viva your Villagers® for seeing you through non-stop days and nights with just the right casual but fashionable air. And now—it's viva the swift, smooth, non-stop flight home—Eastern style. It will be a warm and memorable flight, thanks to the pleasant people who serve you, the precision timing of your flight. When you land, refreshed and happy, you'll say a most sincere "Muchas gracias."

Right: Picture of a Villager® collector taking one last look at exotic Mexicana, wearing a carefree Fortrel® polyester and cotton dress. Fresh green, true blue, buttercup or peach fuzz. Sizes 8 to 16, *(V-82)* 20.00

Opposite page: We'll be back—but now to relax with our Villagers® in the luxury of our non-stop Eastern jet. The cotton shift with crocheted trim on its tucked front is in true blue, fresh green or peach fuzz floral print. Sizes 6 to 16, *(V-83)* 20.00 The suit with Norfolk jacket and A-line skirt is a Dacron® polyester and flax flower print in true blue or fresh green. Sizes 8 to 16, *(V-84)* 30.00

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Acapulco — Eastern style

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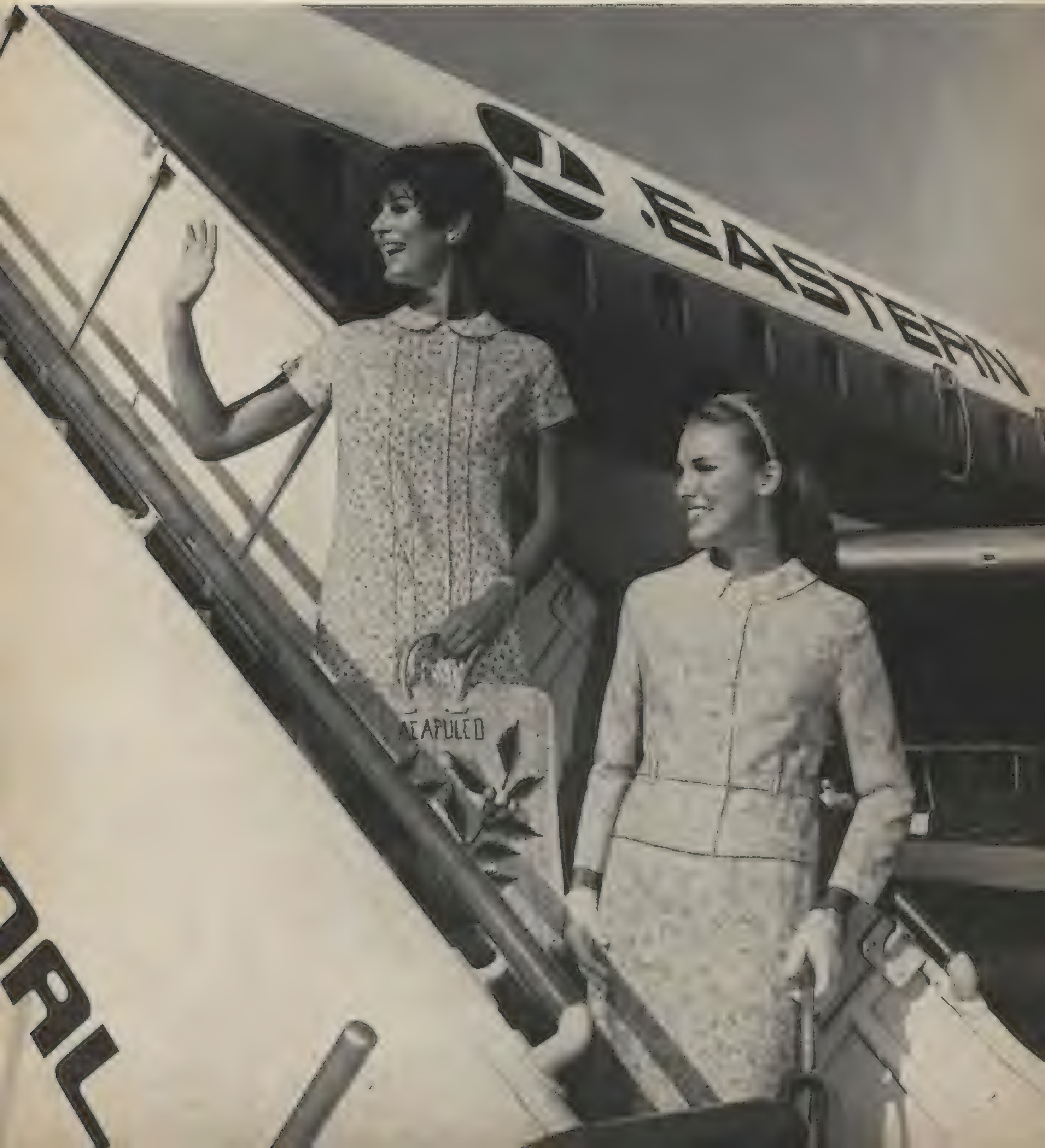
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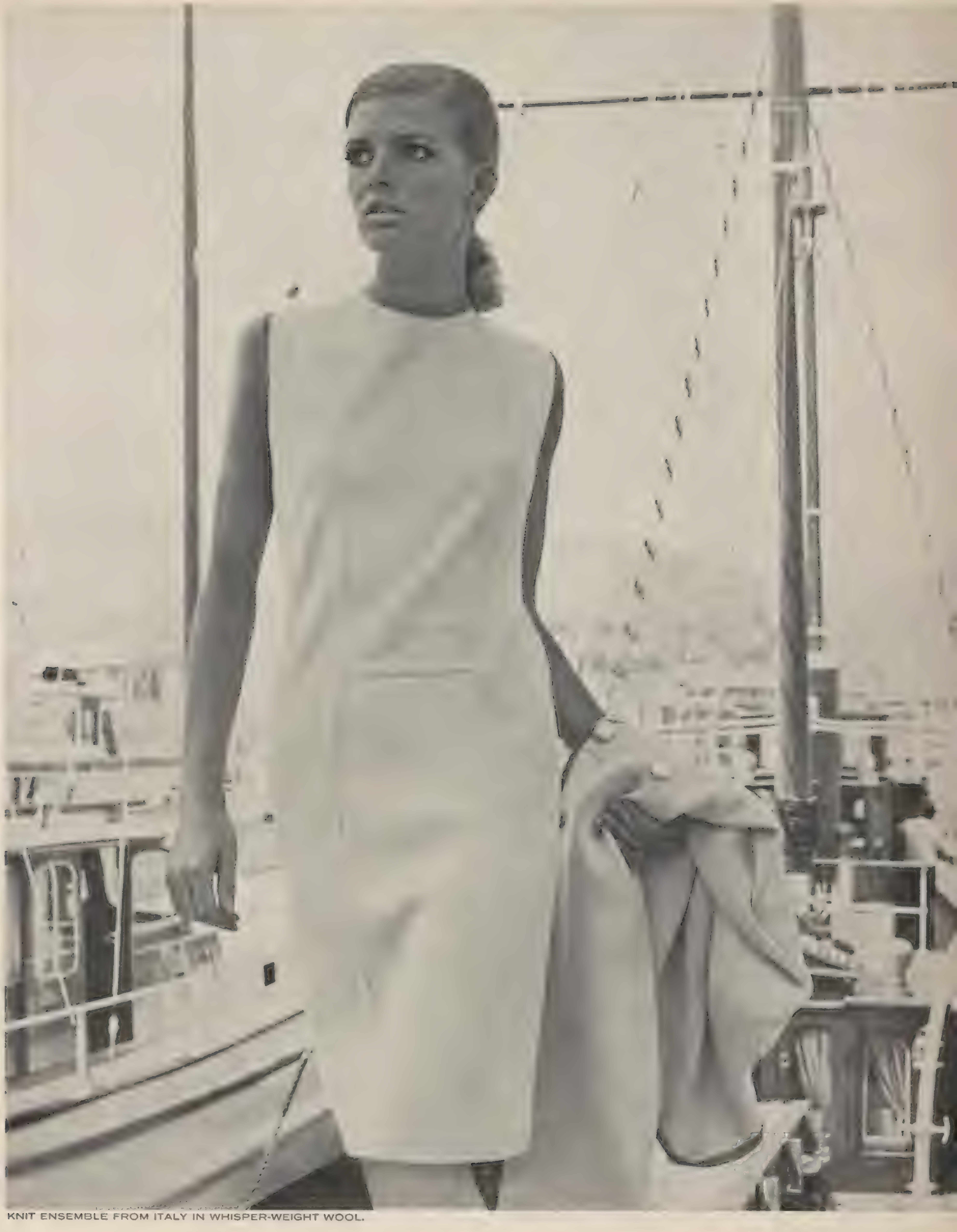

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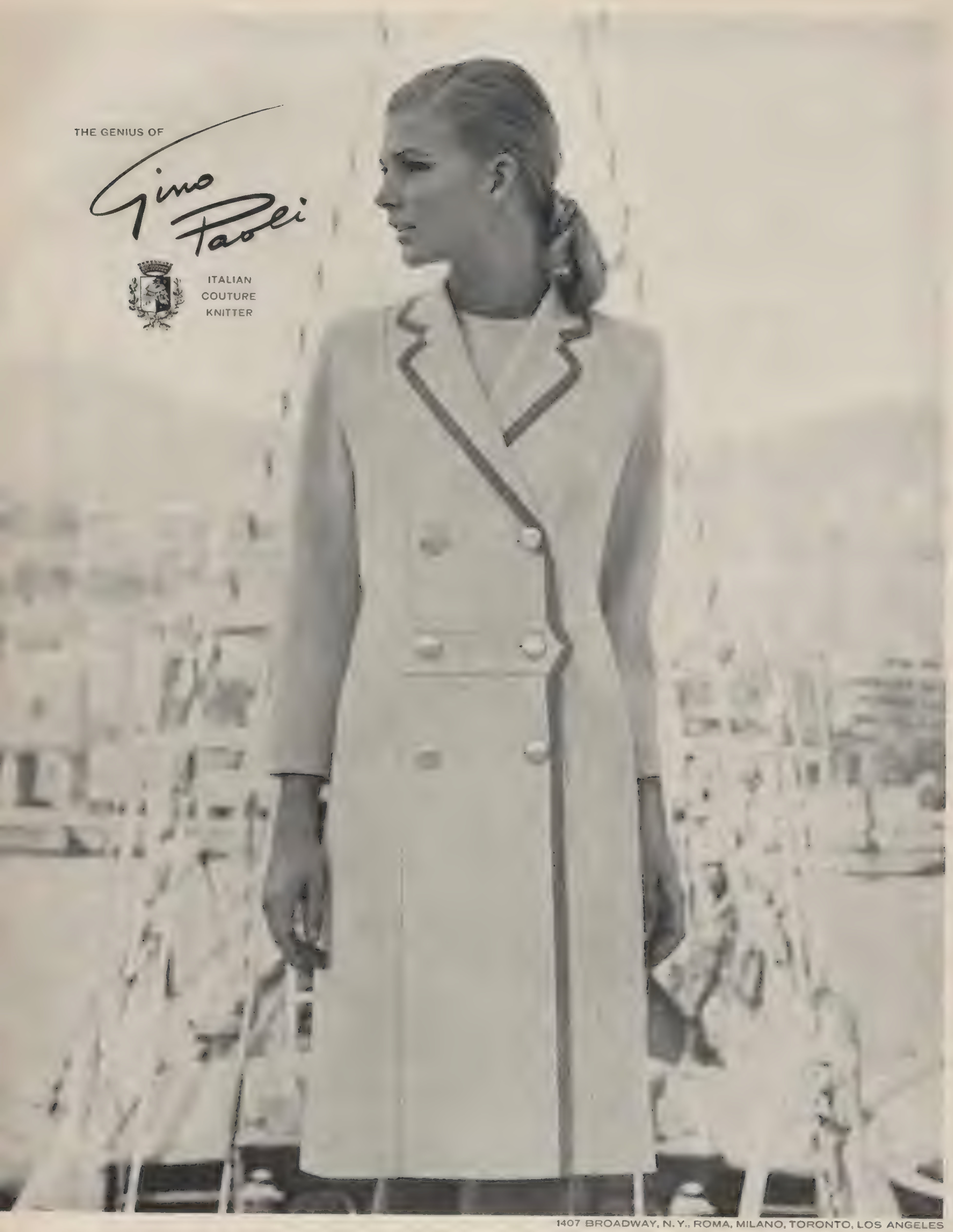
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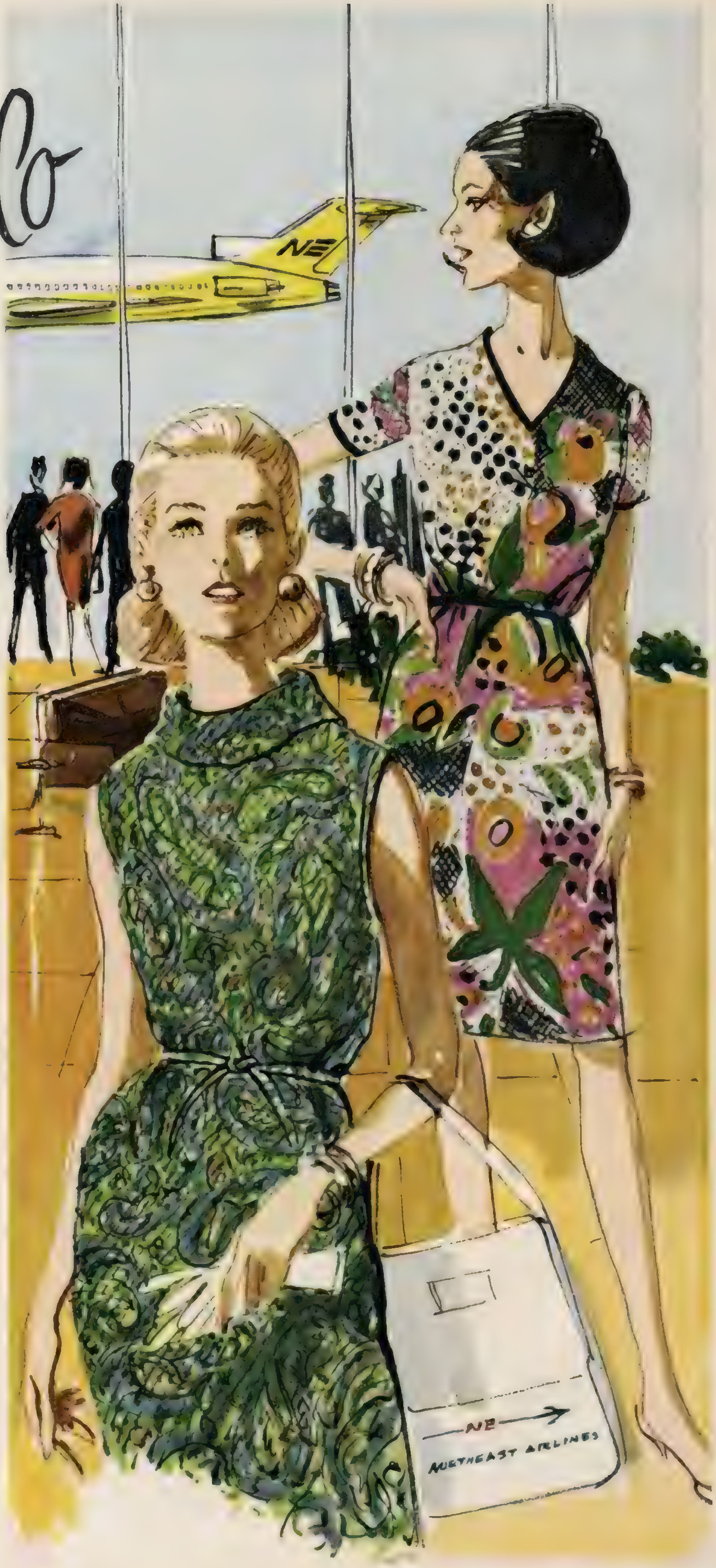
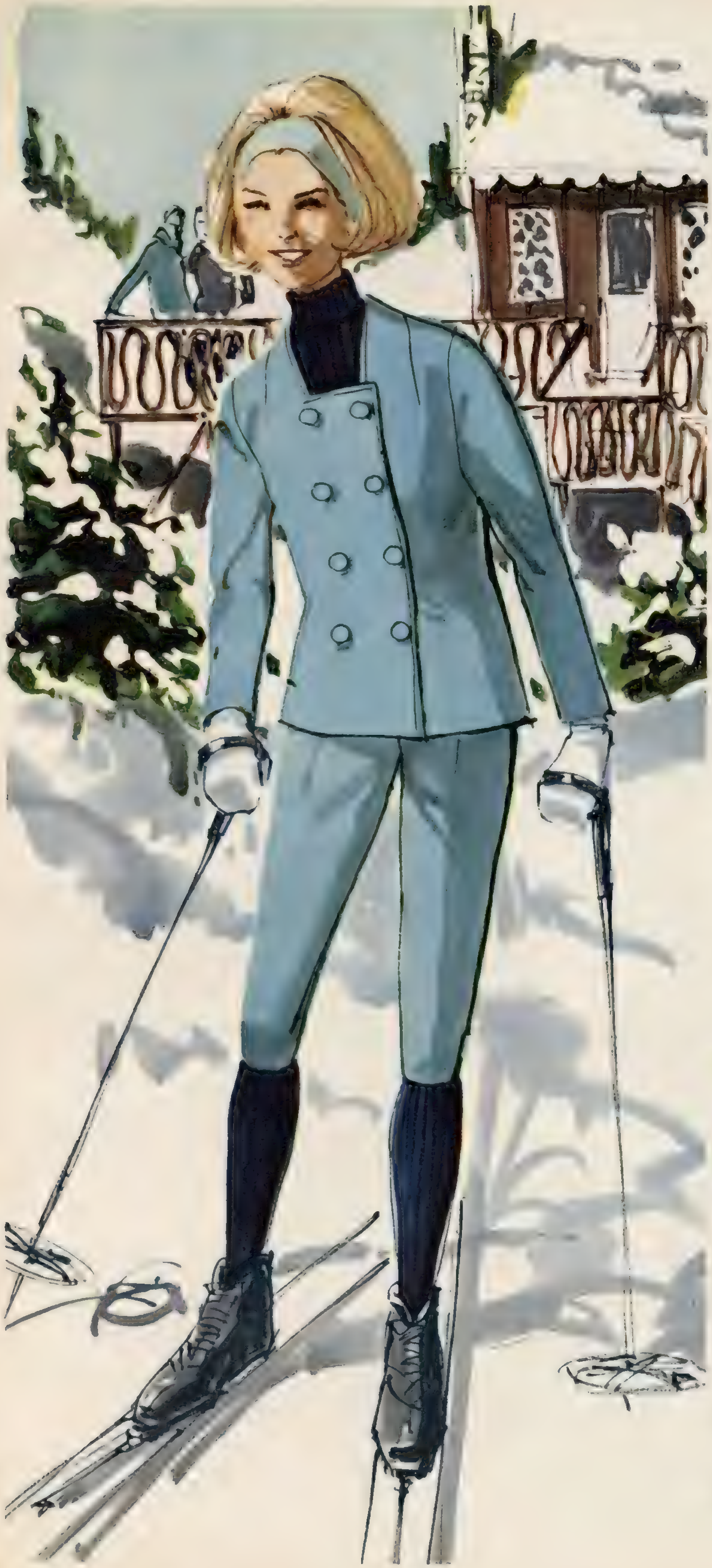


Fly South to adventure... in colorful Antron® nylon

Wilroy's® new honeycomb Ban-Lon® knit shifts of Antron® nylon give you the richest colors imaginable . . . and, they're knitted to feel ever so soft. These exotic multicolor prints look beautiful under the sunny Florida skies. 8 to 16. Third floor resort shop, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. Left: cowl neck green/blue paisley shift, **35.00**. Right: v-neck multicolor abstract floral shift, **35.00**

NE
NORTHEAST

Catch a Yellowbird... Northeast is now taking delivery on a mighty fleet of the finest new equipment available. More than $100 million worth of luxurious new Douglas and Boeing jets and Fairchild prop jets. Behind these new "Yellowbirds" stands a corps of Northeast people determined to make this the smoothest running, sweetest flying airline anywhere!



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Ski Form styles this delightful knicker suit in a textured blend of DuPont nylon and wool. Even Quebec's steepest slopes can't daunt its jaunty good looks . . . it dries quickly and stands up under "professional" punishment. Third floor ski shop, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. French blue or willow green. 8 to 14. **75.00**

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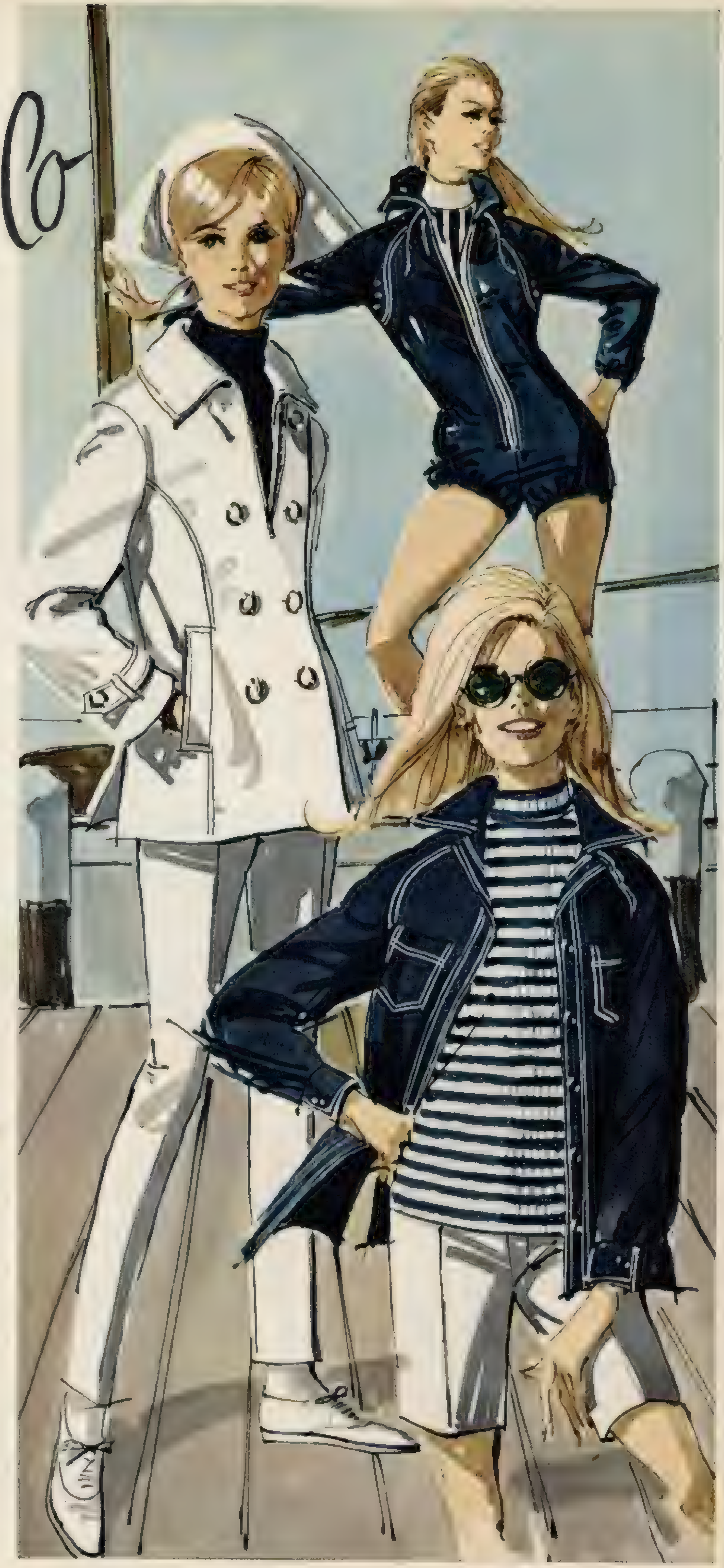

Fly South to adventure... with DuPont nylon, Lycra® and Dacron®

White Stag's sailing separates rely on nylon for lightness and strength; Lycra® spandex for effortless stretch and prompt recovery; Dacron® polyester blended with cotton for neatness and easy care. 8 to 16. Third floor resort shop, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa. Left: white cotton and spandex jacket, **25.00**, matching low-rise pants, **13.00**, tangerine cotton triple turtle shell, **5.00**. Top: navy nylon hooded sail suit, **20.00**, striped cotton t-shirt, **4.00**. Below: Sheer navy polyester and cotton shirt jacket, **10.00**, white cotton and spandex shorts, **10.00**, striped cotton t-shirt, **6.00**

NORTHEAST
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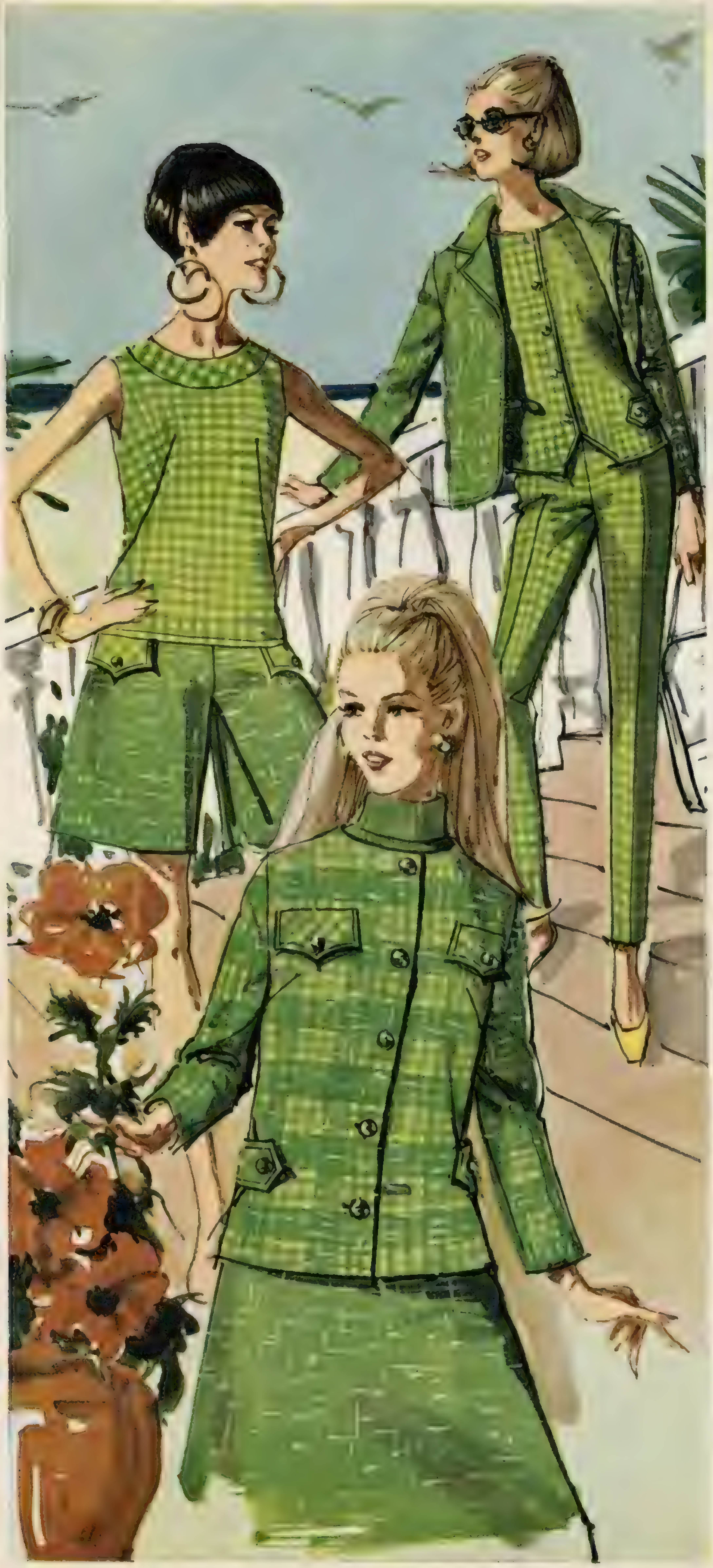

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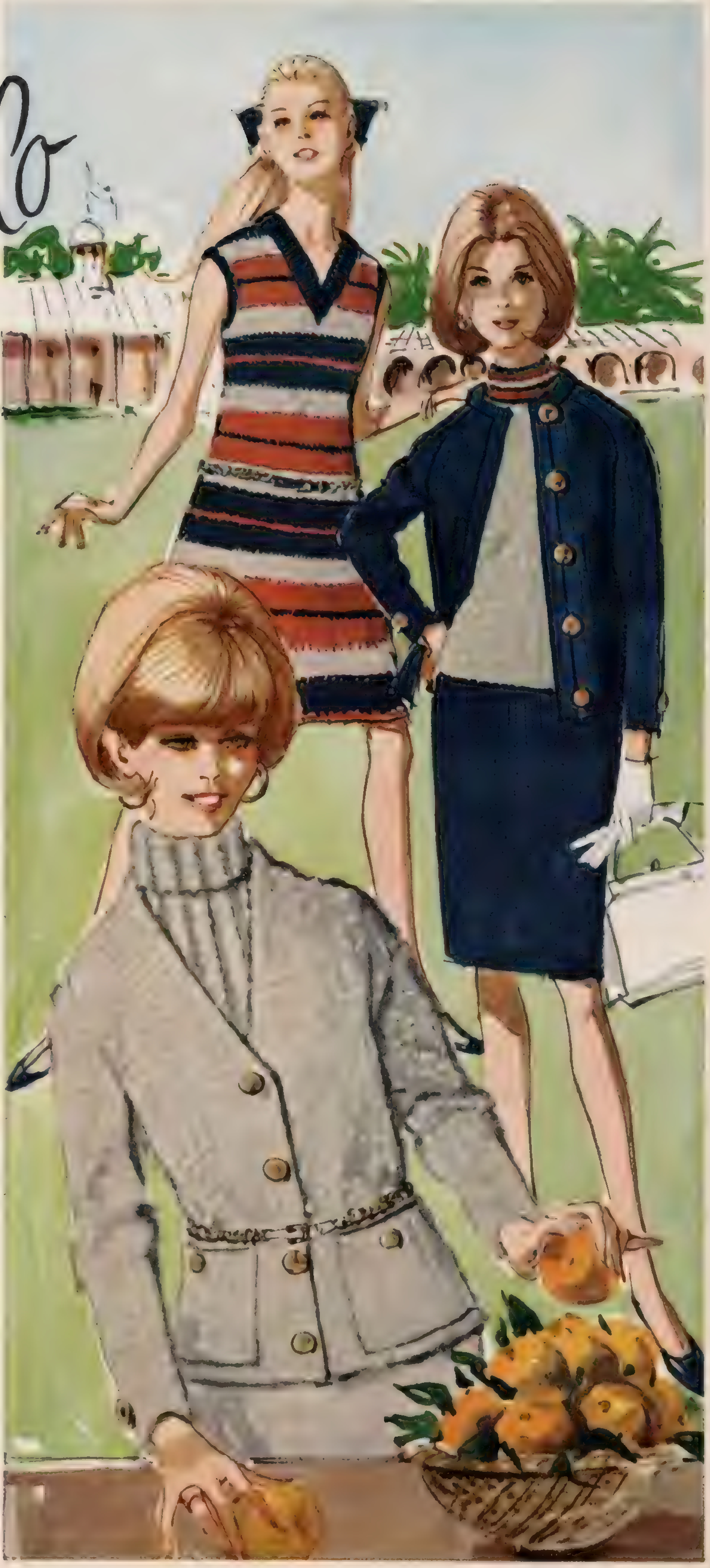

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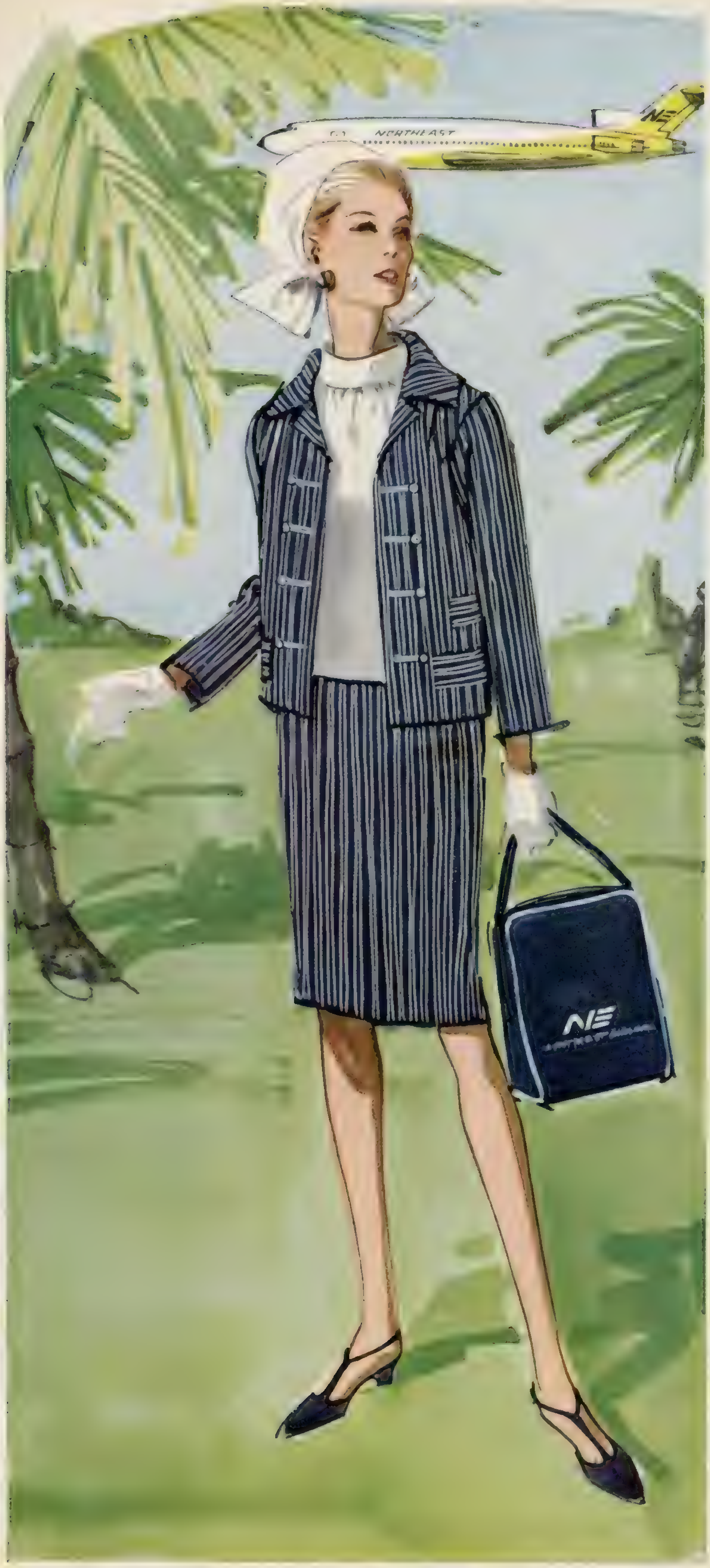

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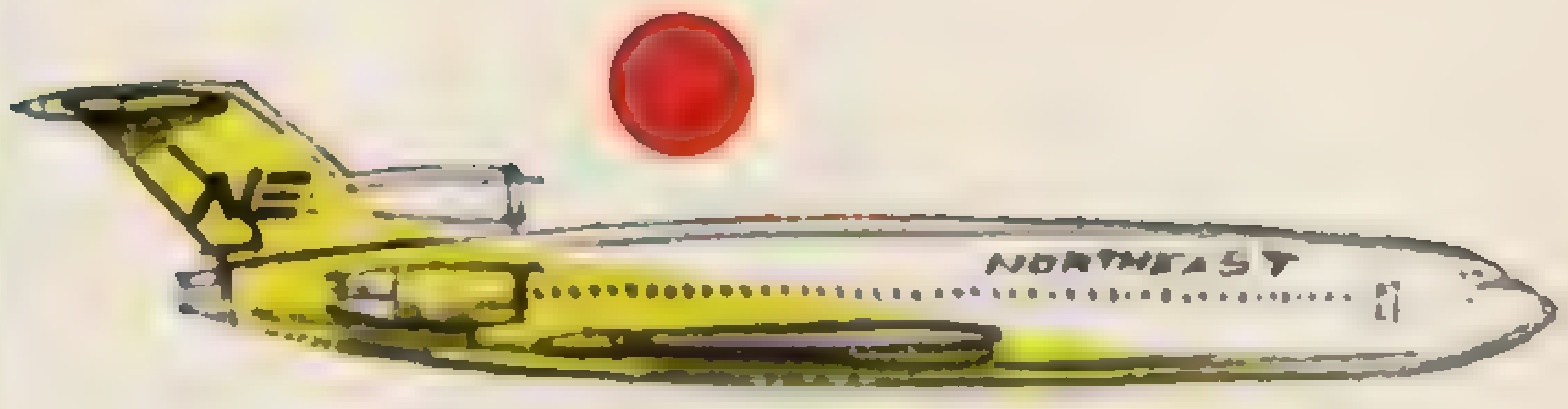

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The American Museum at Bath

By Mordecai Richler

Bath, with its hot mineral springs, has endured many conquerors. The occupying Romans began to build their *thermae* in this West Country spa in 76 A.D., creating a temple for Minerva, their Goddess of the Waters. Five hundred and one years later the Saxons came, only to be displaced in the eleventh century by the Normans, who built a cathedral in Bath for John of Tours. Then, in 1959, the Americans arrived, occupying Claverton Manor, converting it into a museum for domestic Americana.

The Americans came not as brash conquerors, but as soft-spoken cultural plenipotentiaries. Alas, they came to a city already satiated with cultural attractions and heir to an astonishingly rich literary past. There are, to begin with, the extremely well preserved Roman Baths. There is also sixteenth-century Bath Abbey, and the unrivalled architectural elegance of Georgian Bath: The Pump Room, the Royal Crescent, Pulteney Bridge, and Queen Square, a considerable part of which was the work of John Wood, senior, who believed that the classical orders of architecture had been divinely revealed to the Jews.

Literary personages peculiar to Bath include Chaucer's bawdy Wife of Bath and Moll Flanders, who knew Bath in Charles II's time and observed that it was "where men find a mistress sometimes, but very rarely look for a wife; and consequently all the particular acquaintances a woman can expect to make there must have some tendency that way." Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop lodged in the North Parade, and in the 1830's Mr. Pickwick himself stayed at the White Hart.

A real personage, Lady Nelson, complained of the spa in 1797 that it was "so hot in the summer, and so stinking, that very few remain in it," but Jane Austen, who set two novels in Bath, *Persuasion* and *Northanger Abbey*, must be accounted its most lasting historian.

With such riches and so many marvellous things to see nearby (Glastonbury Abbey, Wells Cathedral, Wookey Hole Caves), one can't help wondering why an American museum here? Possibly because he has been asked this question often, John Judkyn, one of the founders, has put the museum's *raison d'être* this way. "Many of my dearest friends didn't imagine there was any seventeenth- or eighteenth-century art in America. They thought it was all cabins and savages."

The American Museum, the first one of its kind outside the United States, was opened in 1961 to laudatory notices in the London press and only one irate letter in the *Times*: "Sir, Which city in the West has the dearest museum? The American Museum in Bath at Claverton Manor would appear to give Bath the title. Entrance costs 3 shillings, 6 pence [forty-nine cents]. So the British Museum (free), the Louvre, and the Uffizi do not appear to rank."

The Museum—whose appointments include a highboy, a gift of Henry Francis du Pont, valued at £15,000—is supported by the Halcyon Foundation, a private philanthropical trust, and is run by Ian McCallum, formerly an editor of the *Architectural Review*. Mr. McCallum goes to America once a year to recruit paying Friends of the American Museum. Last year, one of the ladies on his staff told me, he took a duchess with him. "Nothing sells Americana," she said, "like a British duchess."

I visited Claverton Manor in August. The Manor, which lies in an estate of fifty-five acres of parks and woodland, overlooks the Avon valley, near Bath; it was designed by Sir Jeffry Wyatville in 1820 and was the scene of Sir Winston Churchill's first political speech, on his return from the Boer War. A part of the old formal gardens has been made over into a reproduction of George Washington's flower garden at Mount Vernon, complete with schoolhouse and picket fence. There is a teepee on the grounds as well as a gaily coloured Conestoga wagon, and the crescent-shaped stables have been converted to house a charming collection of early cigar-store Indians, carrousel horses, and primitive landscapes and portraits.

Following hard on a group of northern tourists, my six-year-old son and I began our tour of the Museum with an inspection of a seventeenth-century Massachusetts keeping room.

"What does that mean?" a northerner asked suspiciously.

"Where you keep yourself," the guide said, smiling sweetly.

"Good Lord."

The keeping room was rather splendid, with oak and pine chests and turned-ash ladder-back chairs as well as the bassinette of one Peregrine White, who was born on the "Mayflower." Our guide, incidentally, was born in nearby Bradford-on-Avon. "None of us has ever been to America," she told me. "We feel rather strongly that the Museum should sponsor a trip for us."

Indian corn had been set out to dry over the keeping-room fireplace. The windows were small, our guide pointed out, because of the danger of Indian attack, and for the first time the children in our group looked alert. "It's ever so dull for the lads," the guide added, "until we get to the Indian room."

Dull for the lads, tricksy for the staff, for as we entered a Louis XV New Orleans parlour, my boy was suddenly regarded with suspicion.

"We had a little accident last week," the guide explained tightly. Then, indicating a Spanish *real* now taped to a table with cellophane, she added, "It was T,A,K,E,N by a schoolboy."

I nodded sympathetically, not bothering to point out that my son could S,P,E,L,L.

All the rooms in the Museum (eighteenth-century Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Dutch, Shaker) are laid out in a most lifelike manner, with tables set for dinner and nightgowns lying folded on beds: a cosy, lived-in feeling, which probably prompted one of the northerners in our group to linger behind to probe and punch mattresses, his expression hard, dubious. "They're *always* trying the beds," a guide told me, exasperated. "Grownups, too."

Conkey's Tavern, circa 1776, with a display of eighteenth-century kitchenware, implements, and supplies, was one of the Museum's most engaging exhibits, and here we were greeted by a motherly lady in period costume. "You're so early," she said. "We haven't got the gingerbread baked yet."

"Can we have a taste of that, then?" a northerner asked, indicating the liquor locked behind bars.

The answer was no, no as early as September, 1959, when the *Bath Chronicle* ruefully noted, "Owing to the licensing laws of this country, there will be no drinks in the tavern, but visitors will be able to have tea."

Tea, incidentally, is first class, with Tollhouse cookies, plum gumbo, gingerbread, prepared according to Mama Washington's recipe, and numerous other goodies.

On the way out of the Museum, there is an old-fashioned general store which sells birch-bark teepees, reproductions of Civil War posters and Confederate money, and other Americana. Unfortunately, some Museum staffers seem self-conscious about the store as well as the herb shop. "At first we didn't sell anything here," a guide said. "You know how people are. They say Americans never do anything without trying to make money. But then people insisted on something to take home to Aunt Edna, so we simply had to stock souvenirs."

Actually, the general store couldn't be in better taste. But how long, one wonders, will intrinsic American good taste be able to withstand encroaching British vulgarity? The American Museum at Claverton Manor has had 218,000 visitors since it opened in 1961 and was seen by over 47,000 people last year.

Not exactly boffo when you realize that the Duke of Bedford has just about half a million paying visitors a year at his pad, Woburn Abbey. But then the

(Continued on page 46)

The Art of McCarty: The vagabond suit. Pliant knitted plaid of 100% imported polyester, with its own long-haul pullover of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Take it away in pearl grey threaded with lime, aqua or mushroom. 8 to 18 sizes. About 90.00.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 1

The year of the foot

Granted that all any woman doesn't need terribly is still one *more* thing she must do to herself in order to be *en beauté*, we feel we must tell you this: we have entered the year of the foot. The year when foot care, foot creams, and individual foot-beauty formulae really begin to get off the ground. First batch of private recipes comes from Rome, where being in condition to go *scalzo* (barefoot) is almost a condition of beauty-survival, especially for the yachting life. Principessa Anne Marie Aldobrandini has her masseuse rub her feet with lemon. "Wonderful for softening and whitening the skin." . . . Donna Marella Agnelli, who summers on the water, has—along with her cousin, Donna Allegra Caracciolo—begun her routine of massaging her feet with cream and training herself to walk on her toes (an exercise she considers essential for keeping ankles slim). . . . Contessa Giovannella Ceriana, whose feet manage to remain soigné even after weeks of cruising the farthest reaches of the Mediterranean and exploring the shores thereby, has this system: massage feet with camphorized cream, buff with pumice stone. . . . Because she doesn't like the sticky feel of the heavier creams, Contessa Consuelo Crespi makes it her business to have a New York pharmacy make up a mixture of Nivea lotion and hormones in huge plastic bottles; the lotion is her after-bath balm, and her feet get their allotted share of benefits. . . . One of the comforts the *scalzo* contingent notes about the Pavillon Pompadour of Vicomte Charles de Noailles is this: every bergère in that pleasant place has its own tabouret for the elevation of feet and legs. . . . A tabouret near your own favourite chair isn't a bad arrangement for anyone's feet and legs in the year of the foot. . . .

Boost for a fall

This quite killed us—and it may carry you off as well—the aside, asided to us recently, by a hairpiece-maker of our acquaintance. He stated that to give an air-lift to a fall he sometimes advises his clients—especially those with thinnish hair or flattish heads—to buy a small, light, preferably buckram false bosom, and to put this on the head *under* the fall. The loft it provides is just enough; the weight it adds to the head is nothing. To match one's hair colour: some use Tintex.

Green surroundings

If any scent has come to have a definite identification in women's minds, it is the green scent—the perfume made alive by the presence not just of blossoms in the formulation, but leaf and bough as well. Greenery *has* a certain piquancy; it is *modern*. . . . We could name some famous green names (usually the names themselves convey nothing of green-ness); but instead, we'll simply tell you of greenery's latest manifestation: a lifty scent called Vivons. Devised, made, and bottled in France, Vivons was developed to the specifications of Merle Norman and began to make its appearance a few months ago in the various Merle Norman studios around the country. It's too soon to say how the scent has been received by the Merle Normanites (who are, if you know your U.S.A., legion). Time will tell all that, but if you whiff more fresh green-ness in the air these days and nights, it could be Vivons in its several forms—perfume, cologne, eau, soap, dusting powder. . . .

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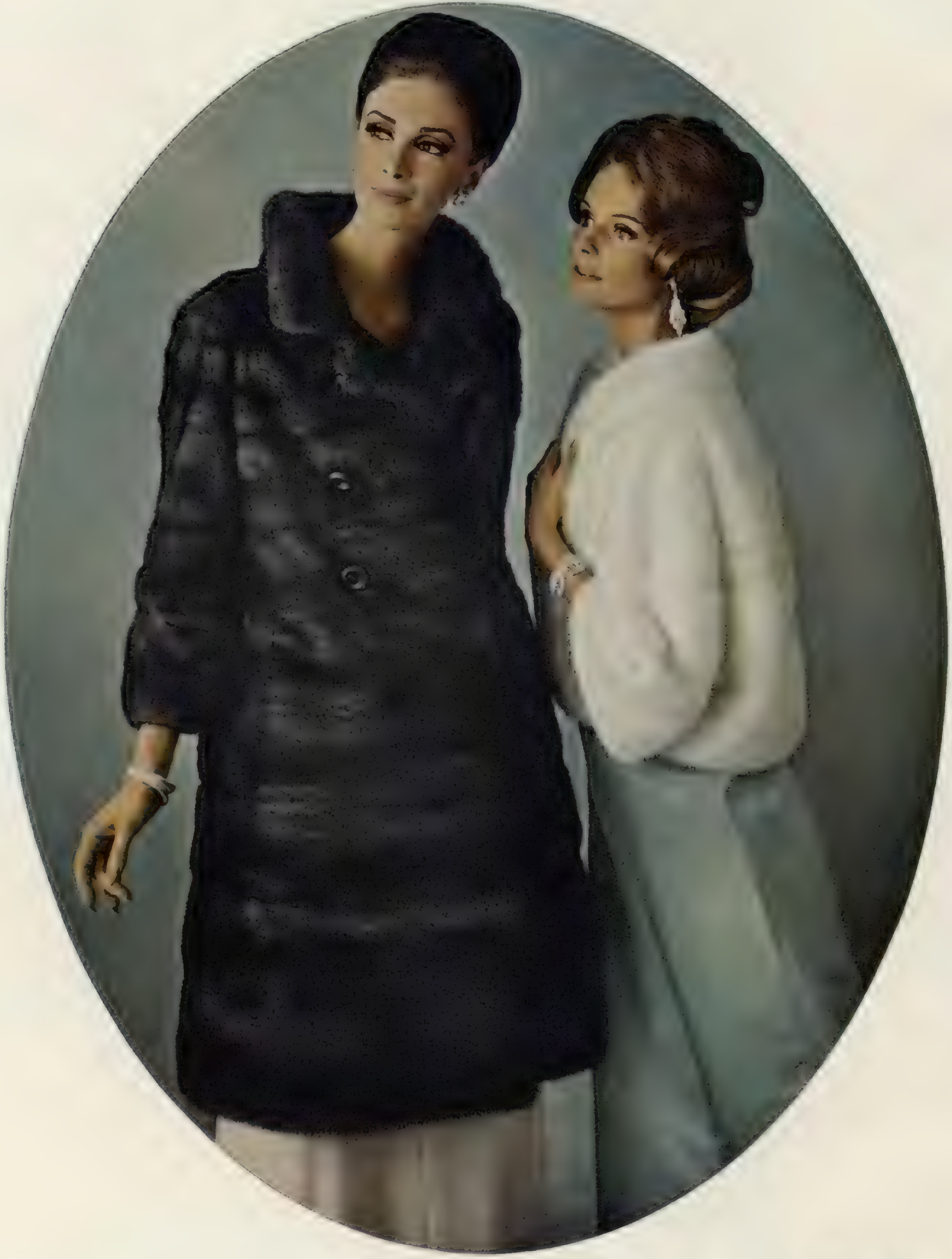

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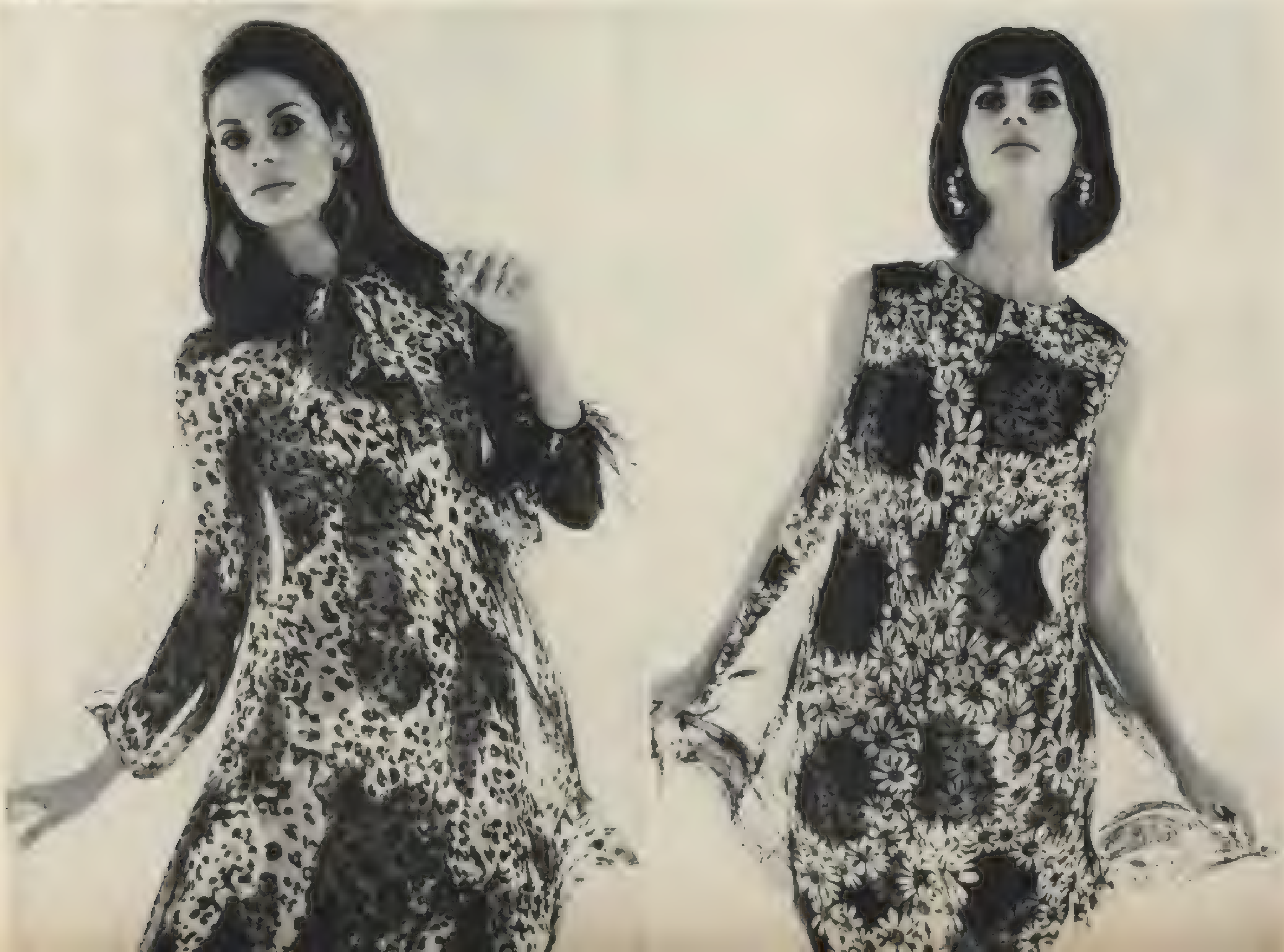

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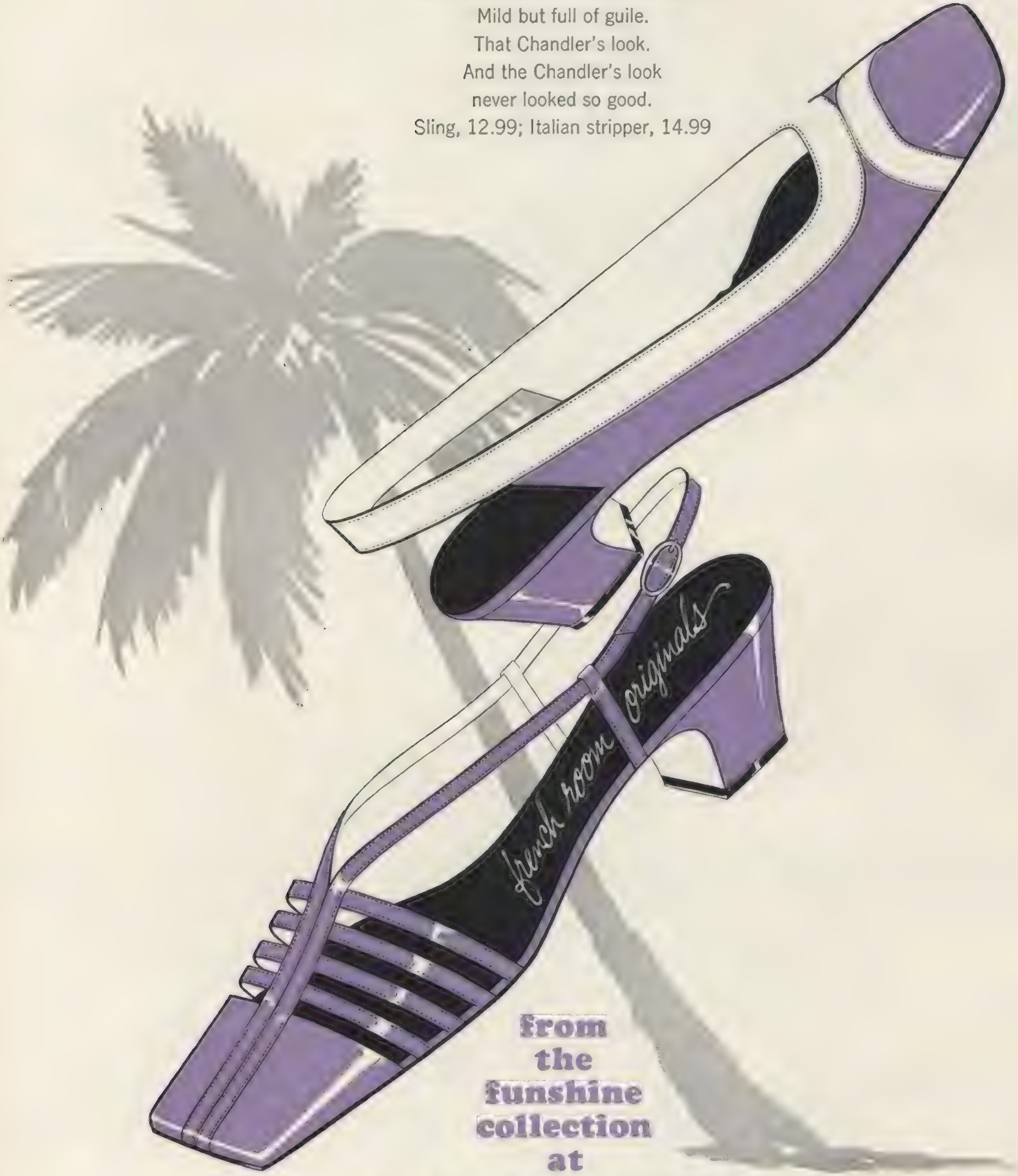

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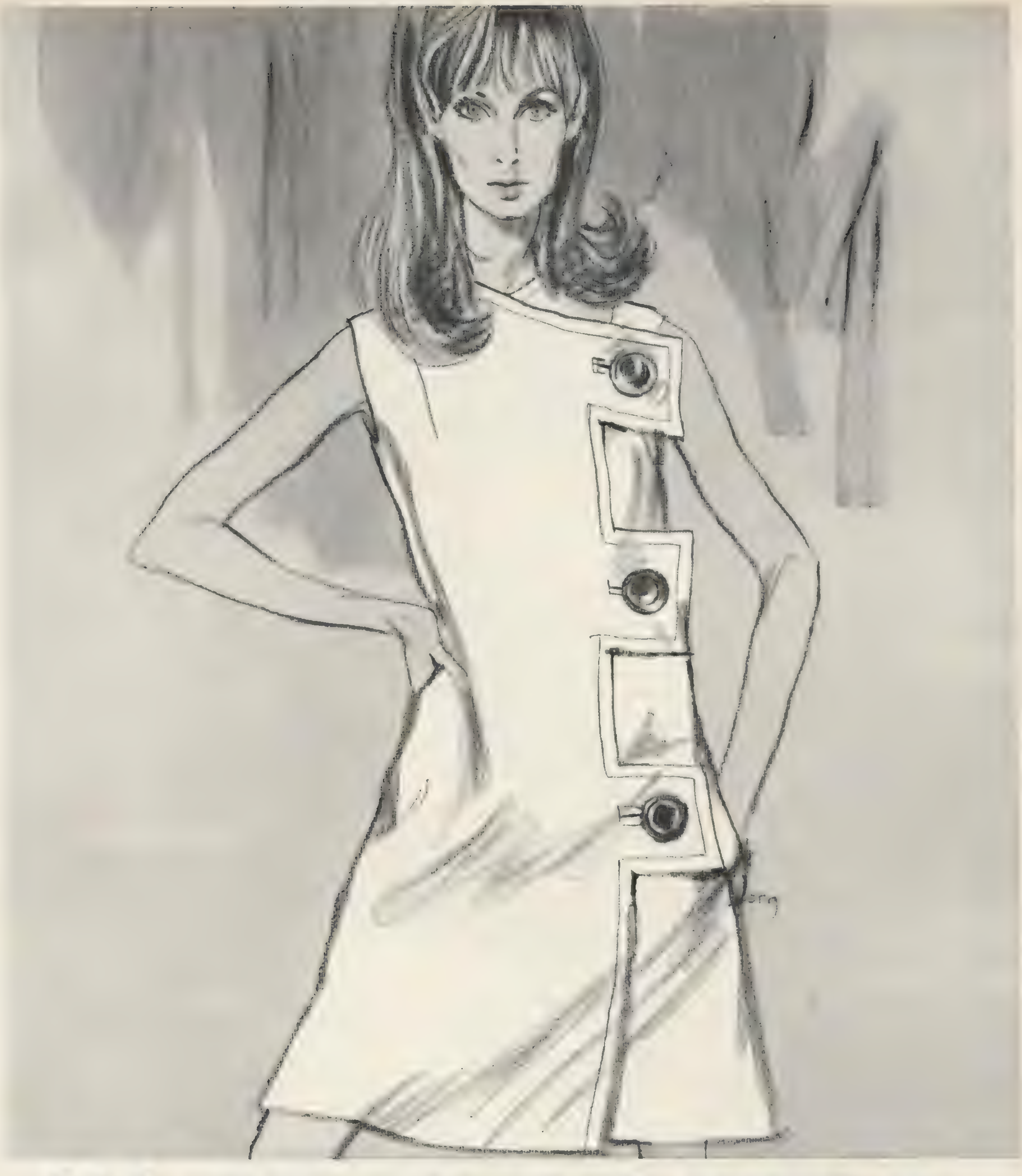

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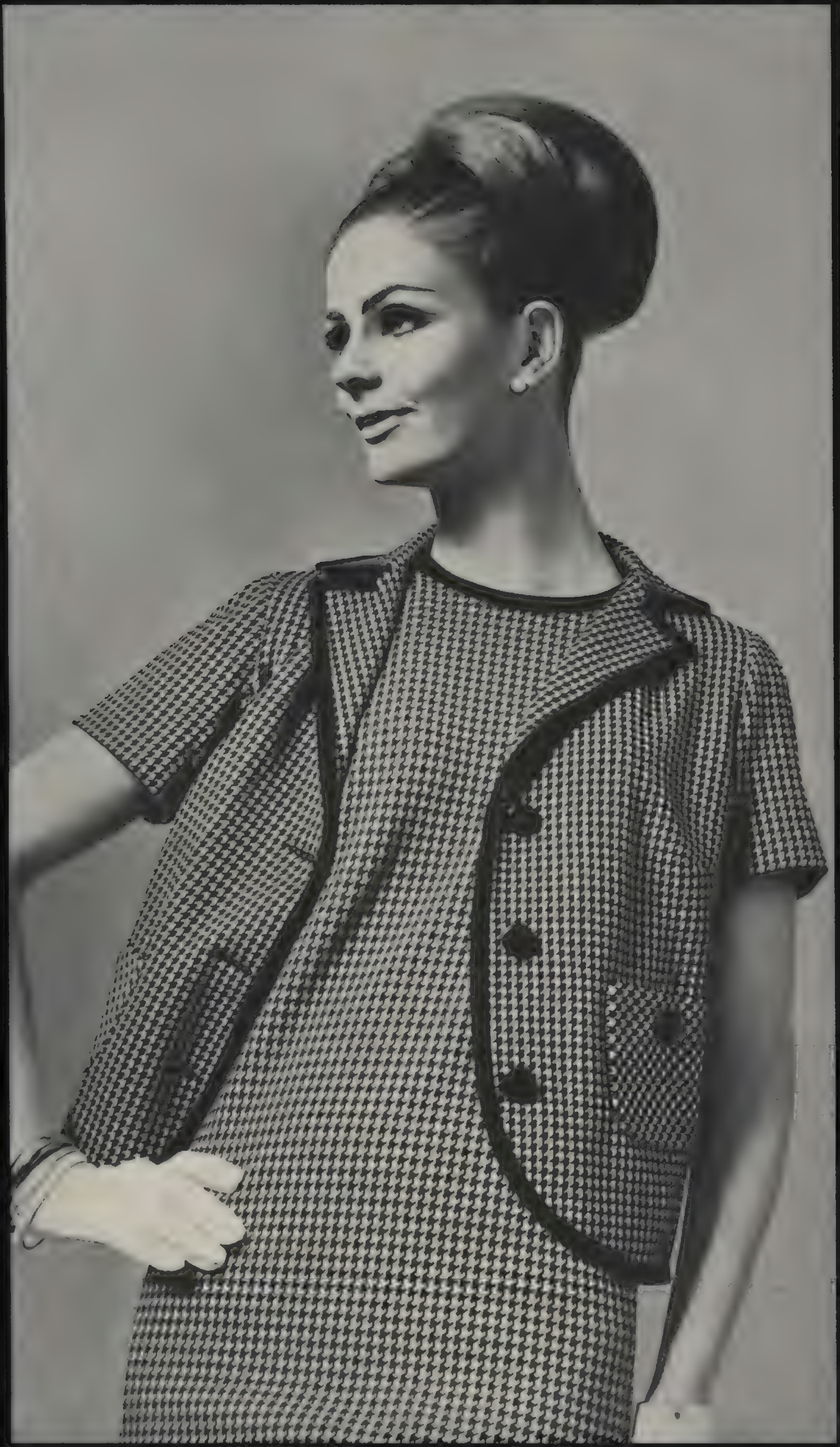

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Saying "Ah"

By Jonathan Miller

It's five years since I last practised Medicine, but I'm still entitled to put down Doctor in front of my name, and though pride usually wins out over propriety, I always feel that I've cheated when I write down the impressive credentials.

But Medicine is a permanent state of mind: something that's acquired so early and ingrained so deeply that, no matter how long you are away from the actual practice, the feel of it, even in reminiscence, haunts you like a passion. Like an accomplished skater caught in a permanent summer, you are always rehearsing phantom versions of the moves and turns which now lie out of reach. And somehow absence makes the feelings stronger. The idle hand remembers more vigorously than ever the subtle fremitus of voice sounds felt through the walls of the chest. The tubular boom of bronchitic breathing and the whispered dialects of cardiac murmurs still linger in the ear, like sounds remembered from an idyllic childhood.

Strangely enough it was feelings like these—evocative sensations and Proustian mnemonics of one sort or another—which really lured me into Medicine in the first place. My father was a doctor, and, although I had no idea what he actually did to deserve the title, I was more impressed by what it did for him rather than by what he did for it. Medicine, to my childish eyes at least, was a condition rather than an activity.

As a successful practitioner, he had consulting rooms in one of those large Georgian houses in the heart of the London medical district. Every now and then, as a special treat, on days when he had a gap between patients, we would be taken across the park to visit him. This room was a sanctified annex where he and the furniture he had bought for the room were rescued and set aside from the chronic wear of domestic familiarity. Sitting behind his huge leather-topped desk he seemed sprucer and younger than he seemed at home, foreign, and perhaps even unrelated to the excited children who played with the big ebony rulers, the cranial calipers, and the toys he kept in a locked cupboard for his younger patients.

After each of these secular communions my determination to become a doctor grew stronger. But it wasn't until many years later that this image of medical grace took a practical turn. Sometime around the age of ten I was given an old brass microscope for my birthday. From that moment my medical career was set. The bottom seemed to drop out of the visual world, taking me down into a brilliantly illuminated basement of nature where the whole of creation seemed to be made over again in scrupulously detailed, fidgeting miniature. Trampling around on the ground floor of ordinary appearances I had always supposed that things got vaguer as they became smaller.

Parents and chairs seemed detailed enough, but I was astounded to discover that tiny things, instead of being unfinished thumbnail sketches of what might have been, were drawn and structured down to the last bristle and that nature was a vast portfolio of Lord's prayers written on a pinpoint.

By the time I was ready to become a medical student, shortly after the Second World War, biology and medicine had taken their first great step into the twentieth century. The sombre, bearded savants of the Stolen Bacillus had all gone under the sod, and solitary observation had given way to institutionalized research conducted in strip-lit rooms by teams of technicians. Even my father's consulting room, my original road to Damascus, seemed sadly out of place in this world of electronic medicine.

Until recently at least, the profession has been slow to absorb the staggering advances of modern biology, and students in my day were still taught medicine as if it were a thoughtful handicraft . . . something much closer to practical natural history than anything which could honestly be called a science. I still look back on my year of anatomical dissection as the end of a nineteenth-century Indian summer. And already medical curricula are being revised so that this strange hangover from the days of Darwin is being shortened and replaced by courses in biophysics and higher math.

But that anatomy course stands out for another reason, too. As with most students, it was my first encounter with the human dead. On the first day of term we were assembled in a lecture theatre and told what to expect. Afterwards we all trouped down to the tiled vestibule outside the dissecting rooms and dared each other to be the first to look inside. I can not remember now just what macabre fantasies I had before going in for the first time, but I remember quite clearly the vapid sense of anticlimax when we finally pushed in through the frosted glass doors and stood facing our subjects.

In our ignorance we had expected some ghastly parody of our living selves but what we saw bore so little relationship to life that it didn't seem to have anything to do with death either. The bodies were laid out on fifty or sixty glass-topped tables, arranged in rows right down the length of an enormous shed lit from windows in the roof. Most of them had been aged paupers. The pickle had turned them grey and stiff, and they lay in odd unfinished postures, like those pumice corpses fixed in headlong flight by the hot ash at Pompeii. Even their organs were dry and leathery, blood vessels filled with red lead, and hearts choked with a clod of ochre brick dust. It was only much later, when we came to autopsies—dissections, that is, performed on the recently dead—that we finally experienced the ordeal of which we had been so mysteriously cheated.

Anatomical dissection is rather like archaeology: picking away at pumice and parchment leftovers from an accident whose

(Continued on page 46)

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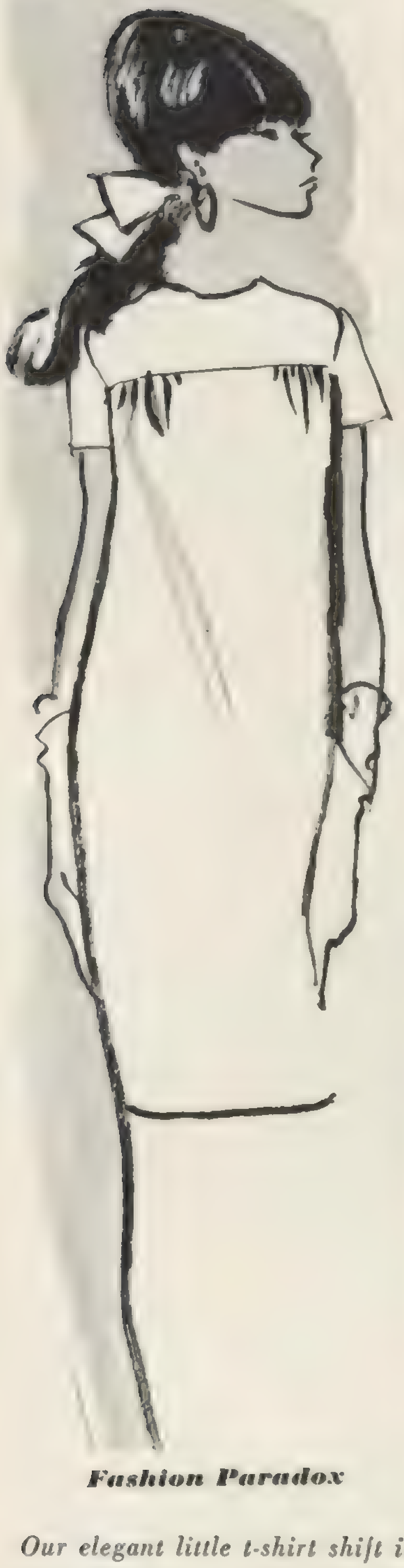

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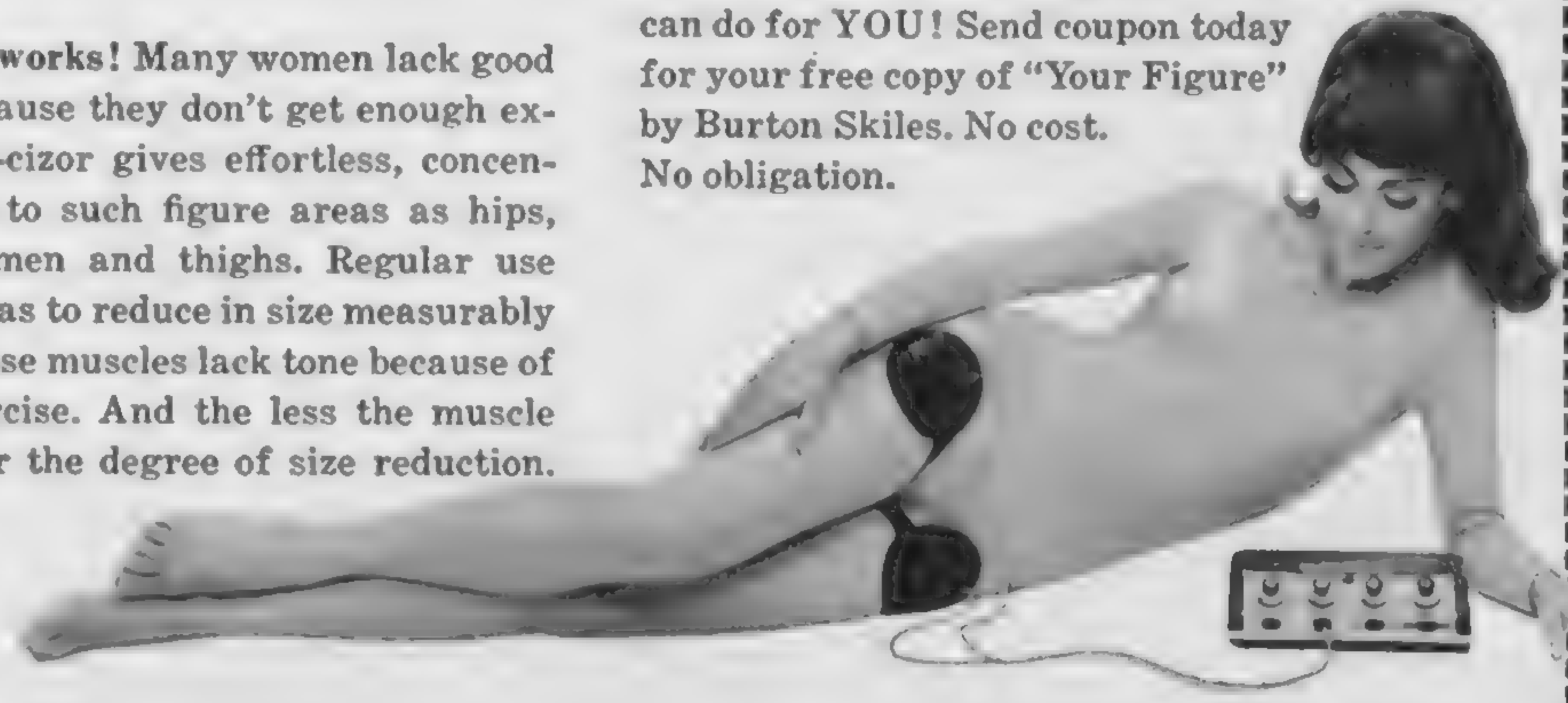

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CAL BERNSTEIN

The Complete Look of Elisabeth Stewart

Saying "Ah"

(Continued from page 40)

pain has been forgotten. But autopsies are all about something that happened just a moment ago as the bodies belong to patients who have died only a few hours before. Instead of looking like awkward fossils they lie quite straight on the table, hands by the side slightly flexed as if holding an invisible wand or quill. And instead of being made of greasy putty they are as red as beef and smell of slaughterhouses.

The body is opened from chin to pubis and the organs are taken out, examined one by one and laid on a side table like a windfall of rotten exotic fruit. When it's all been cleared, the carcass lies open to the sky with the ribs and spine showing like the hull of a wet red canoe. It's always a shock to see how much we hold inside us and the florid variety of it all. Heart, liver, spleen, bladder, lungs, and guts. We know them all by name but we don't feel them and know them directly as we do our limbs and torso. This bloody cargo of tripes is carried from day to day more or less without being felt.

The sense we have of ourselves, as bulky agents taking up room in the world, comes more or less entirely from the carcass. The rest we have to take on trust, like some sort of bonded freight which has to stay sealed unless an emergency makes it necessary to open the hatches and take a look. And this is the root of the doctor's dilemma. Sensations from the internal organs are crude and deceptive and it's just not possible to open the hold every time something goes wrong. So that over the years doctors have built a tradition of cunning inference instead. And a good physician, without using much more than his five senses and a sound judgment, can make a good working guess about most serious conditions.

But in the last few years chemistry and electronics have refined and extended this system of inference. It's possible that within twenty-five years both observation and judgment will be almost automated. But if so, something valuable will have been lost. There's a mysterious and possibly irreplaceable element in the old crude craft. The antique stateliness of the routine—the deceptively roundabout catechism followed by the laying on of hands—puts the patient in a curiously receptive state of mind. It's almost a cure in itself, and it seems doubtful whether a machine could ever be a really good proxy.

The whole relationship between a doctor and his patient is rather like one of those elaborate mating dances performed by certain species of tropical birds, where the conclusion can never be reached until signals and caresses have been exchanged in the right order. The complicated and even ludicrous courtesy of all this could never really be put on by a machine. Questions can of course be programmed, but in the face of such a mechanical interrogation the patient's answers would be stiff and lifeless, and in the fuller sense nothing like an answer.

Giving a medical history and yielding up clinical signs is like giving a theatrical improvisation. It needs a human audience to give the act colour and conviction. So that, although medicine may have a root in science, it only comes to life, both for the doctor and the patient, when it approaches the condition of dramatic literature. The good doctor has an almost Chekhovian relish for the cadence and diction of his patient's testimonial. Without ever noticing it consciously, he gets his most vital clues from listening to the way in which the patient orders his narrative—from its style, its taste, wit, and emphasis.

Machines would be impervious to all this and, although they might be trained to diagnose a condition, they could never experience it as a predicament. Clinical training therefore is really an initiation into the tragic vision, the conversion of sense into sensibility. Which turns the autopsy room into a clinical Elsinore and the doctor into Fortinbras who enters the scene, surveys the mortal debris, asks how this came to be, and bids the soldiers shoot. A machine would only be an intruder upon a biological accident. Only the doctor, sporting his armed vision, can feel it all and then act upon the experience as though it were a tragedy.

But the vision and the sensibility grow out of the physical skills of clinical diagnosis. The doctor is not just a critical spectator, he is a participant in the piece, licensed by law to go right up close to the actors and poke the suffering innards. He can feel the physical vibrato of his patient's pain and overhear the otherwise silent complaints of the injured heart. There is no job on earth which brings one into such close and such refined contact with the physical substance of human feeling.

It's almost as if one were deaf before going onto the wards. The scales suddenly drop from one's senses, and for the first time one can overhear the complex eloquence of the tissues. The muffled gibberish of the cells and organs suddenly makes sense, becomes grammatical, and makes itself heard in verses and paragraphs of distress.

American Museum

(Continued from page 25)

Duke is brashly British, not inhibited American; he encourages beat groups and nudist clubs. Driven on by such low commercial competition, perhaps, last year the American Museum sanctioned, for the first time, Red Indian Day. Yes. In the fall of 1965, Big Chief Mike Johnson and the West Bromwich "braves" came to Claverton Manor for a powwow. "We're going to have a real teepee," Johnson told reporters. "There will be a campfire. Maybe even a war dance."

According to one newspaper report, ". . . a Midlands red-Indian expert and a whole tribe of paleface enthusiasts sharpened tomahawks and came through the woods at Claverton, with feathers in their hair." Yorkshire Cheyennes and Sussex Sioux, it is reported, exchanged smoke signals.

Obviously Bath, which has already absorbed Romans, Saxons, and Normans, will be able to contain Americana, too.

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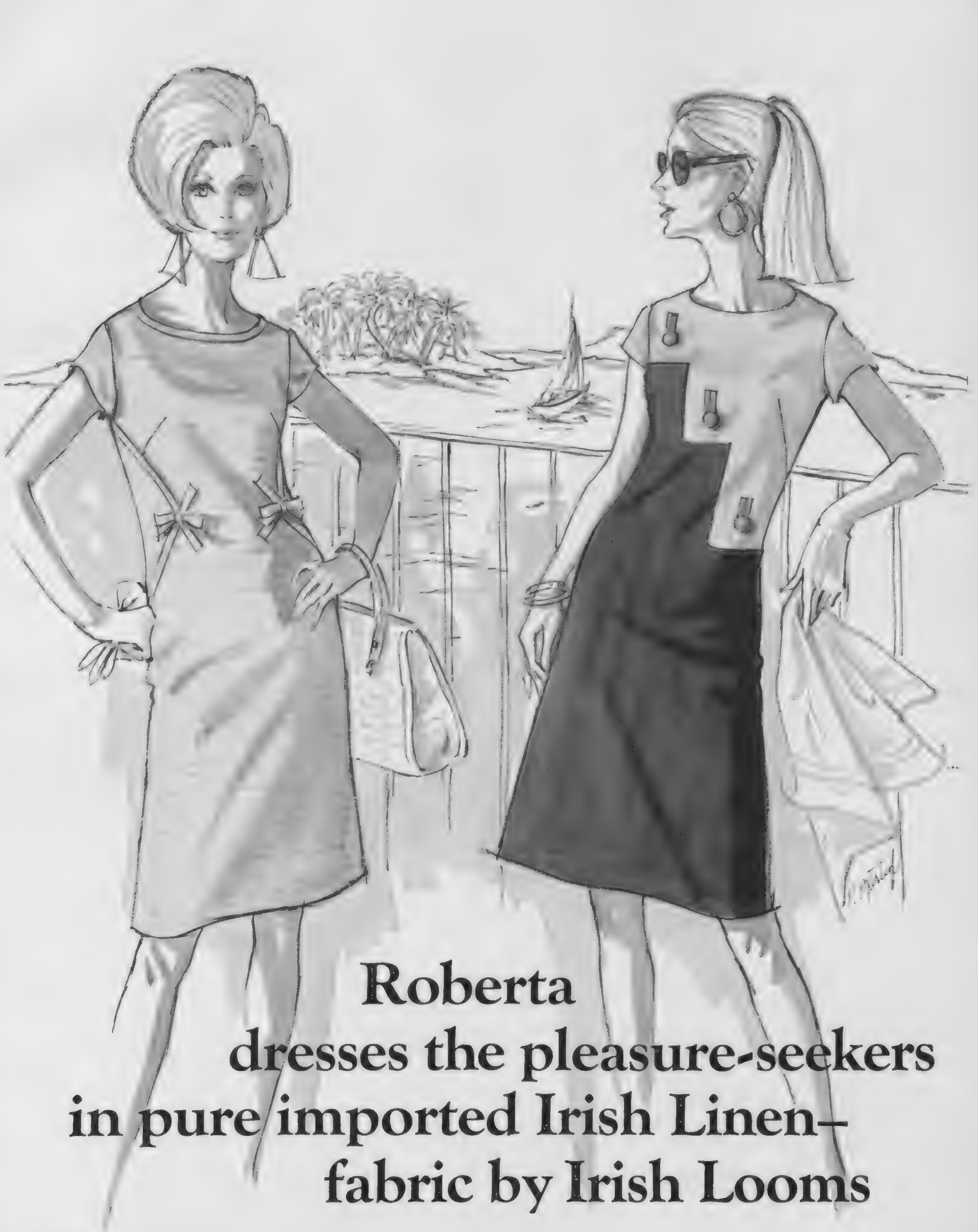

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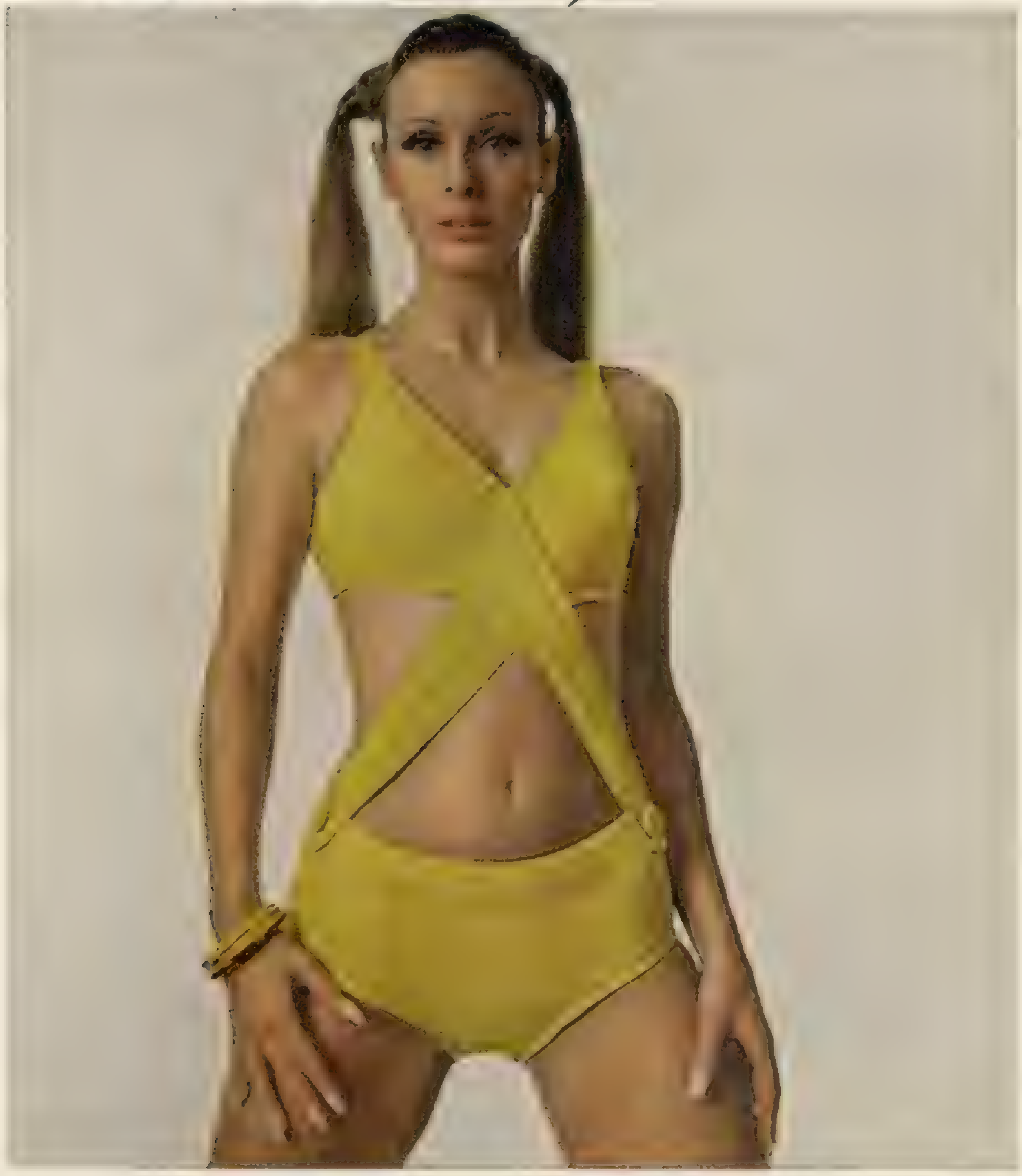

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VOGUE'S

The bright-hearted opening of Mouche in Paris

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"Very romantic, very poetic, and very new," someone said of the dream ballet in the musical *Mouche* when it opened recently in Paris. Known in 1961 and 1962 on Broadway as *Carnival*, the musical was furbished to a fresh and sunny gleam by Marquis Raymondo de Larrain who designed new sets and costumes, did the choreography, and directed the show. (His great Paris success two seasons ago was the ballet-spectacle *Cinderella*.)

After the first-night performance of this bright-hearted romp, his friends gathered for a supper party at the Imperial at Maxim's in what seemed like almost a family celebration: warm, happy, intimate, with much fussing over little Christine Delaroche, who, as Lili, was a runaway success in her first important rôle. In this family of friends she might have been an adored daughter coming home with the top school prize.

To put an exclamation point

NOTEBOOK

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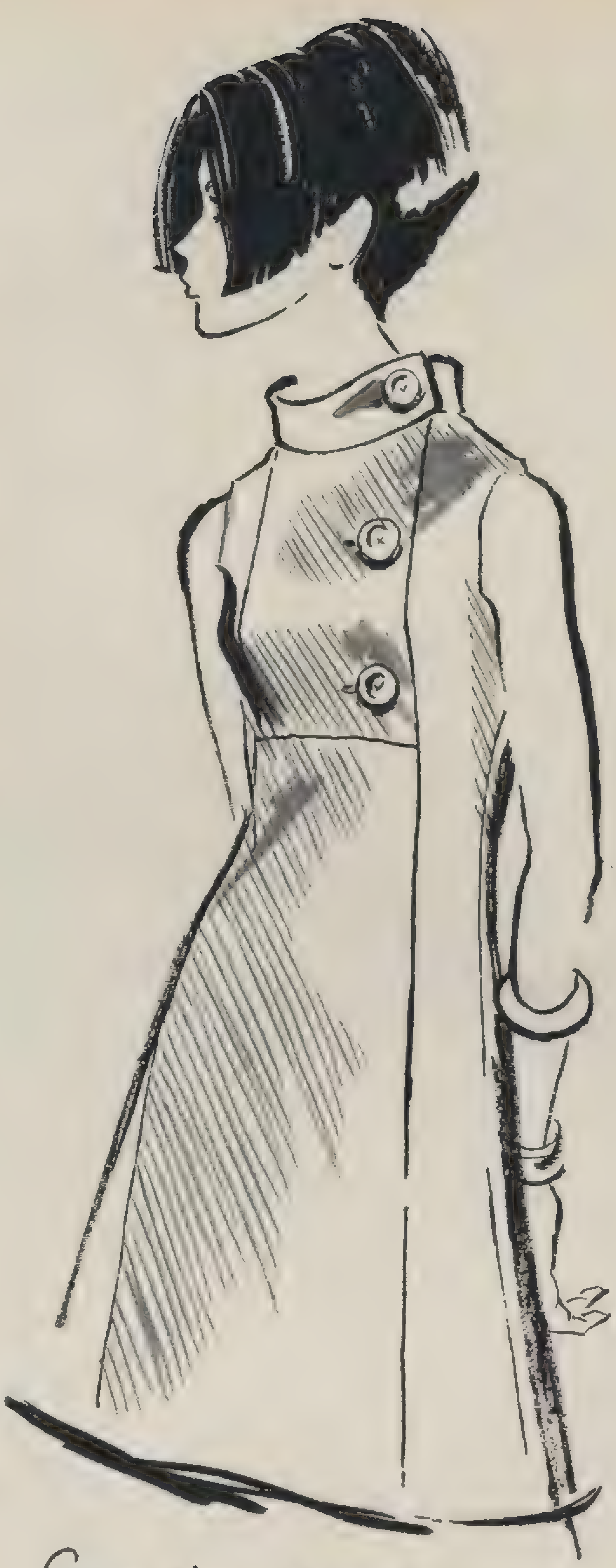
on the party, at five in the morning Vicomtesse de Ribes and Marquis Raymondo de Larrain joined in a singing repartee with Christine Delaroche and with Jean-Claude Drouot, the hero of *Mouche*, who, since he looks like Nureyev and starred in a television adventure series, is the hero as well of the young young in France.

1. Mme. Alec Weisweiller; Mr. William Landrum; Mme. Magali Noël, a star of *Mouche*. 2. Baronne Philippe de Hemming, Mlle. Christine Delaroche. 3. Mme. Ludmilla Tchérina. 4. Mme. Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, Mme. Robert Ricci. 5. Marquis Raymondo de Larrain, M. Antonio Canovas del Castillo. 6. Vicomtesse de Ribes, M. Jean-Claude Drouot. 7. Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, with M. Hervé Mille. 8. Mlle. Elsa Martinelli, Mme. Hélène Rochas (in the background). 9. Mme. Jean-Claude Abreu. 10. M. Hubert de Givenchy, M. Jacques Franck (in the background).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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ALFRED KAZIN

Cabaret, "*the show can't keep up*"

Christopher Isherwood wrote it first as the *Berlin Stories* about a young English writer in Berlin on the eve of Hitler; John van Druten then turned it into *I Am a Camera.* Now dear "Herr Issyvoo's" acidly tender memories of that ancient Berlin, full of melancholy rich Jews and odd but romantic one-night loves like Sally Bowles, have been processed into *Cabaret,* a musical with one human note in it—Lotte Lenya.

The first law of Broadway: If any life is left in the material, use it up in a musical. The songs in *Cabaret* remind me of other songs, which is always pleasant, if not exciting. Sally Bowles is now the writer's girl, and she and her pallid young man made me think of the bride and groom on a wedding cake even though they are living in sin, for they are swamped by the loudness of the music, the clatter of the scenery revolving every seven minutes, and the fury of the dancing. Ever since avant-garde choreographers took over, the dancing in American musicals has become almost *too* good, for the rest of the show can't keep up. In the *Berlin Stories* there was an insignificant little bar where Sally Bowles sang and where (presumably) men danced with men, for that sinful dirty old Berlin was always saying, "How degenerate we all are here!"

In *Cabaret* the nightclub is now a great big production line full of open, bouncy, boastfully healthy American sexiness. There is a bit of transvestite humour, but the cover of *Mein Kampf* is also flashed at you: *History!* Jill Haworth, as Sally Bowles, is baby-faced but cold, belts out the songs by Fred Ebb and John Kander as if she couldn't wait to exercise after tired exchanges with the romantic lead, Bert Convy. Jack Gilford is a Jewish groceryman whose engagement to his landlady, Lotte Lenya, is broken off because the Nazis Are Coming. Mr. Gilford is a nice Yiddish-style comic whose plaintive rhythms are unaccountable in this setting, and Lotte Lenya is right to look sorry for him. She alone in this bright empty show is a link with the courage, the mind, the heart that was fighting with its back to the wall in old Berlin. Oh history, our history, where are the *people* you happened to?

Viet Rock, "*I'm-not-afraid-to-mention-anything*"

Talking about History, why does this young troupe at the Martinique, so full of the emotion that some young people especially feel about the Viet Nam war, make nothing serious of its angry, suffering, generous emotions in Megan Terry's *Viet Rock*? This "folk war movie," as Miss Terry calls it, is not a play but a playlet, is supposed to display powerful feelings but employs them to make a teensy little revue, a series of skits. It is often amusingly ribald and loudly sexy-rough in the current style of I'm-not-afraid-to-mention-*anything*. There are some very good skits: a satire on Norman Mailer and on the advertising slogans with which Americans can parody fear as they go into battle. There is one intendedly tragic scene, when a mother visiting her blinded son is told: *You'll know him by his voice.* But the reservoir of powerful feelings trickles out into "workshop" stuff, "improvisation" clinics for actors. The best thing in the show is Miss Terry's lines, clever parodies of official mindlessness and brutality. At times, the show is a lot of fun. But, as a political satire on the most agonizing issue of our day, it significantly breaks down after every routine. The show is intense but harmless.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

La Maison de Rendez-vous, "*a bad night*"

Reading Alain Robbe-Grillet is something like living through shallow sleep in which, although the dreams are multitudinous and thronged with incandescent detail, not one of them can be detained for examination; rather, they are linked together in a crude, maddening, strangling concatenation, and one awakes after such a night exhausted, bad-tempered, obscurely apprehensive, and depressed. Robbe-Grillet's most recent book, *La Maison de Rendez-vous* (Grove Press), is called a novel, but it is not narrative. The relationships between characters are spatial or visual and perfunctory. Individual stories are begun and abandoned or begun and fused into other stories. Sometimes in a single sentence the author makes use of the present, the preterite, and the historical present.

The observer is sometimes omniscient, sometimes he is actually on the premises in the first person singular, sometimes he is merged with one of the characters and is thus himself observed. It is with relief that on page 147 (the book is 154 pages long) one reads, "The scenario then takes its course in a mechanical fashion . . ."—with relief because all along one has suspected that if this is not a practical joke, it is indeed a scenario. Now that one knows that "I" (or one of his manifestations) is a camera in the hands of a highly experimental photographer, one is less impatient and just a trifle less confused and can see, on reflection, that certain sequences and certain effects are theatrically, if not emotionally, captivating. Then the experience of reading the book becomes less like a bad night and more like looking at a kaleidoscope turning so that images recur unpredictably and from different angles and hence with a difference of stress.

The setting is Hong Kong, and so often are the smells of bad eggs and decaying fish and rotted fruit reiterated, so persistent are the references to stifling heat that one begins to want a northern and hibernal landscape—and want it quick. Most of the action takes place at a house of assignation, known as the Blue Villa, under the proprietorship of a Lady Ava Bergmann who provides her well-heeled and eccentric customers with champagne in unending streams and with girls who, whether they be Eurasian or Japanese or European, wear sheaths slit to the thigh—this is their uniform, and the camera lovingly and ceaselessly focusses on the slender dresses and the wrinkles in the clinging material of them as if these were the most titillating views on earth.

There is a blond girl, whose name is Loraine or Laureen or Lauren, whose fiancé, a Dutch businessman named Marchat or Marchand or Marchant, is either murdered or commits suicide. There is a man named Ralph Johnson, who may be an American or an Englishman, who grows hemp and poppies and possibly aphrodisiacs on Macao, and who is perhaps involved in a spy ring. The blonde supplies his idiosyncratic needs and at one point shoots him to death, but he is reborn a few pages later with nothing to show for his experience. There is a sinister fellow named Manneret, also called the "Old Man," who is a millionaire (maybe) and a drug addict, and who is killed several times in several different ways—mauled to death by a dog, poisoned by a blackmailer, shot by Johnson, murdered by the Communists (their method is not stated), stabbed by one of Lady Ava's girls.

There are chains and whips and dope and booze. But because motivation is lacking, because behaviour is secondary to the catalogues of sensual particularities, one is neither shocked nor frightened. The monotonous staccato is finally as irritating as a dripping water tap.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

Falstaff, *"a curiously mixed bag"*

Orson Welles's *Falstaff* is a curiously mixed bag of a film in which defects often become virtues and difficult attempts succeed while easy ones fail. To begin with, of course, there is no play by Shakespeare called "Falstaff," and Welles, who both directs and acts the title rôle, has adapted his film out of the several Henry plays in which the old knight appears, patching and re-arranging scenes, so that the effect of a pastiche is inevitable. On the other hand, the language of his scenario remains the language of Shakespeare (even when Welles mumbles to avoid seeming histrionic), and if the new arrangement doesn't unravel the intricacies of English history, it does somewhat clarify the personal histories of Falstaff and Prince Hal.

In performance, too, there's a curious mixture of effect, largely because the all-star cast can't help deflecting attention from their rôles to themselves. Besides Welles, unmistakable in spite of a hoary head, merry strawberry nose, and padded stomach, there are Jeanne Moreau as a long-haired Doll Tearsheet, and Margaret Rutherford, who lends a bit too much Miss Marple to Mistress Quickly. John Gielgud as Henry IV is superb. And, actually, it's the least known of them all who shines the brightest: Keith Baxter in his sensitive portrayal of Prince Hal. Finally, and most surprisingly for a filmed Shakespearean chronicle, this one is photographed in black and white and often badly. Yet the flickering grainy quality of the landscape suggests the very *plainness* of a time that's often glamourized and glorified. If, as director, Welles undoubtedly fails with panorama—his Battle of Shrewsbury is pointlessly bloody, his tavern scenes remarkably unboisterous—this also throws a sharper focus on his handling of character.

Sir John Falstaff is supposed to be a very comic figure. As Orson Welles plays him, he is a very sober fellow indeed, in spite of that arch makeup. Although his Falstaff goes through all the necessary motions of the bibulous clown, wenching, carousing, clanking about in a dumpy teakettle suit of armour, he's least convincing as buffoon. What Welles is after is the pathos that can only come of dignity and in this he's often strikingly successful, particularly in the early scenes with Hal, when Welles is able to suggest that it's the old man's very strength that makes him vulnerable to the boy's goading and baiting, and that Falstaff's famous exaggerations and implausible lies are reactions to pain. Gradually one realizes that this Falstaff is no boon companion but the boy's father, a truer one in many ways than Gielgud's chilling, dispassionate, though noble king.

In this interpretation a great deal hinges on the Prince who must choose between these two, and here Keith Baxter supplies that most essential but elusive quality in any art, the illusion of growth. With a face like quicksilver, he can be foolish, beautiful, lovable, lively, and also as cruel as only the young can be. In the lovely, touching scene when he kneels beside Hotspur whom he has just killed in battle, he conveys not only through speech but through a flickering subtlety of expression that in robbing Hotspur so terribly of his youth he has added to his own strength as a man. The moment in which he tells Falstaff, "I know thee not, old man," is therefore no capricious turnabout, but the inevitable point of the whole film. And so, as a kind of final curiosity, this *Falstaff* sheds more light on the Prince than on the old knight. Perhaps this light is too psychological. Or perhaps, when we search for modern motives in everything, it's a necessary contribution.

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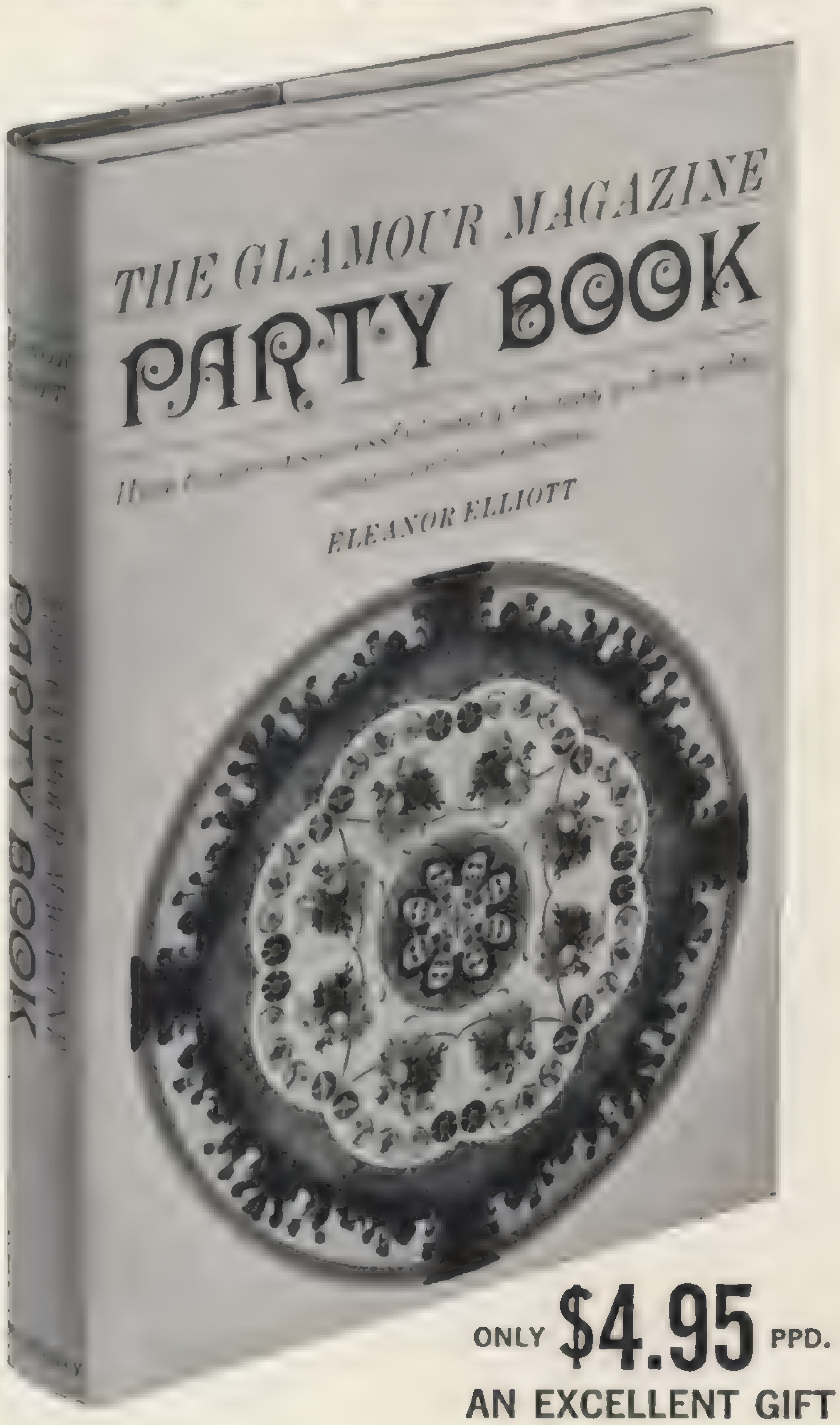

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JACK ROBINSON

Europe, the Americas: The Grand Prix

The noise is deafening . . . the suspense is terrific and the odds are incredible . . . cars tear past the spectator's eye at speeds of 150 MPH and up . . . there is no sport so immediate or so violent. More dangerous than bullfighting, it is invested with the glamour and drama of danger . . . these are vital in the lure of the Grand Prix circuit. This year, the seventeen-race series gets under way late January in Argentina . . . meanwhile, followers can watch the new Cinerama film, *Grand Prix*, starring leading racing drivers such as Jack Brabham (third from left, left photo), the forty-year-old Australian who is three-times world champion, winning in 1966 in a car of his own design, with motion picture stars who learned to race for their rôles in the film. . . . This year, as always, part of the Grand Prix excitement comes from the famous and powerful men who are spectators at the races: at Le Mans, below left, the Duke of Kent with the Duchess; below right, Gianni Agnelli, of Fiat.

NISBERG

". . . With a dash of Scotch water please."

Why not? *L'eau écossaise*, the rage of the Castel-New Jimmy's set in Paris for the past year is now available here . . . pure Scottish water from the springs of Spey, still or sparkling, guaranteed not to defile the flavour of whisky when it's taken "with" . . . via Hammacher Schlemmer four-ounce decanters in a case of twelve bottles of still, twelve bottles of sparkling water at $6.75. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York, 10022.

"Il Tutto"
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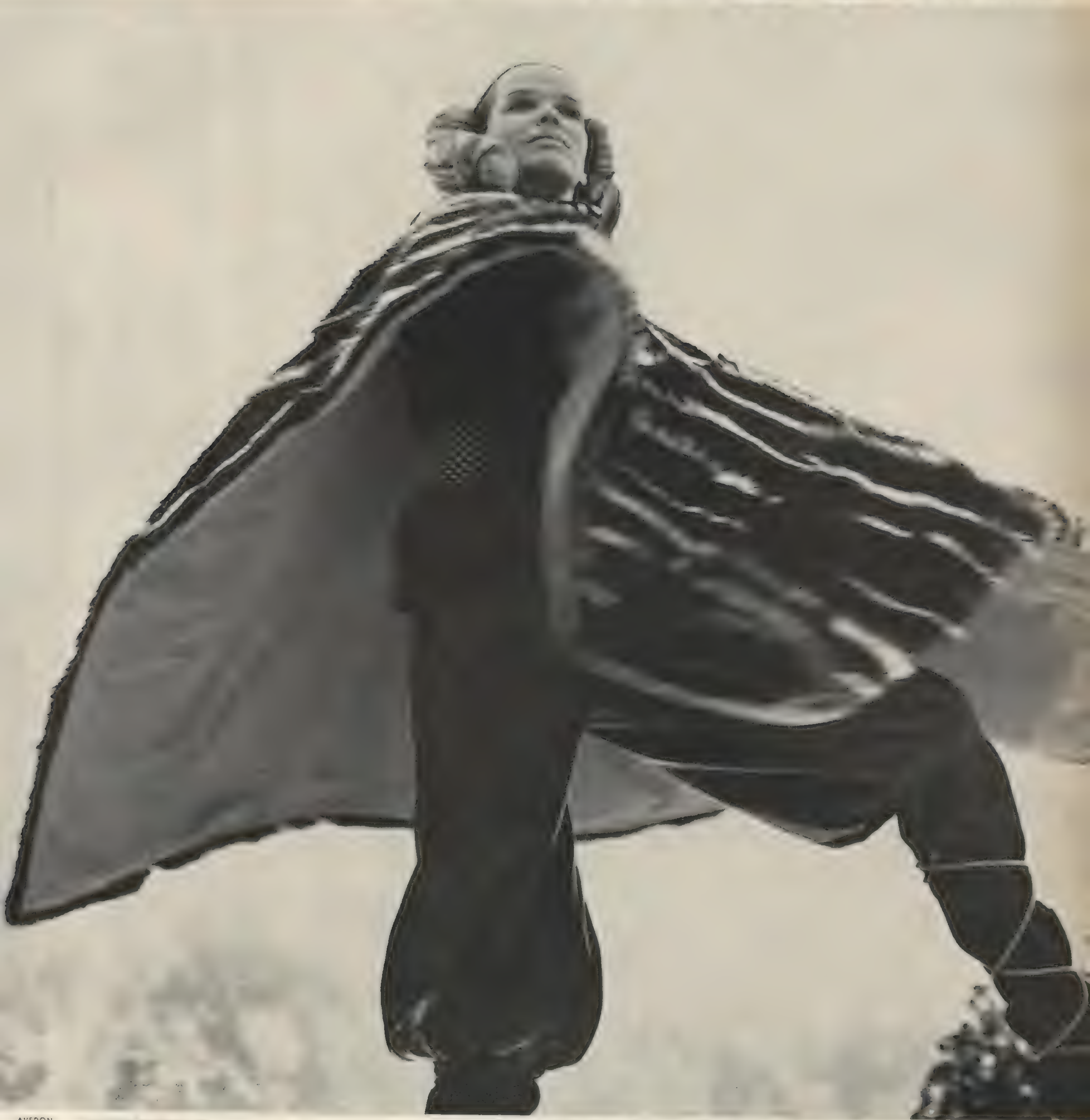
Francesca for DAMON
THE HOUSE THAT [illegible] KNITS COUTURIERE

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

JANUARY 1, 1967

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



AVEDON

THE FUR PONCHO. BY GEORGES KAPLAN, OF BROWN AND WHITE NATURAL SOUTH AMERICAN ZORINO. BLACK LEATHER KNICKERS BY LEATHERMODE, GOLO BOOTS. ARA GALLANT COIFFURE. TOVAR-TRESSES DYNEL HAIRPIECES.

And now let us have faith in the long new year which is given us, new, untouched, full of things that have never been, full of work never before done, full of tasks, demands and encouragement...

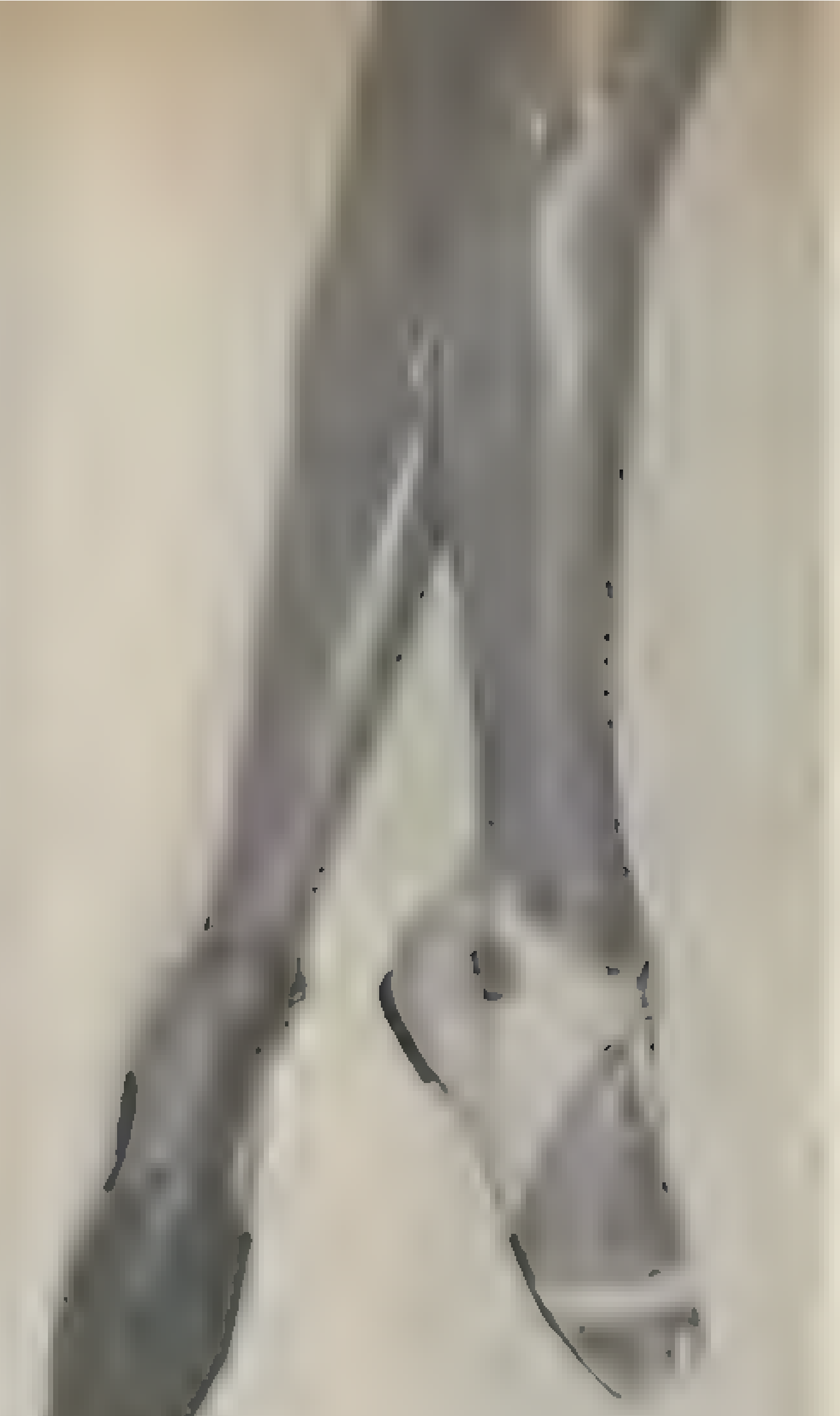
RAINER MARIA RILKE

GREAT DAY FOR
THE SHIRT LOOK

GIANT SQUARE WATC
SQUARED GLOVE

LOOK '67

STOCKINGS MORE INTERESTING THAN EVER



NEW SANDALS INFLUENCED BY BOOTS

ASYMMETRIC HEMS... WRAPPED DRESSES

THE FLAMENCO BOOT OF VIVIER 2⅛" STACKED HEEL

- EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS BY DAY...AT NIGHT, FEMININITY AND LANGUOR....FASHION FOR EVERYBODY ...SEE IT HERE AND ON THE NEXT 24 PAGES.

- SEE AUDREY HEPBURN, LEFT, IN HER BELTED SHIRT DRESS....KNOW THAT THE SHIRT LOOK HAS ARRIVED... DISCREET SHIRTS WITH COVERED ARMS AND NARROWER SLEEVES...ROMANTIC IN THE MANNER OF TODAY.

- THE NEW PRINTS ARE VOYANT PRINTS...GARDEN-PARTY PRINTS ARE DEAD...WATCH PRINTS WITH FRESH IDEAS ABOUT THE PLACING AND PROPORTIONING OF DESIGN...THIS IS THE IMPACT OF OUR PAINTERS, OF THE GUILD FLAGS OF ITALY, THE VITALITY OF AFRICA.

- CLEAVE TO PRINTED WOOLS FOR TOPCOATS... FLAMBOYANT PRINTED TOPCOATS LIGHTING THE DAY... RETICENT LITTLE ONE-COLOUR DRESSES UNDERNEATH... COATS A FRACTION SHORTER THAN DRESSES...OR COATS TO MID-CALF WITH SHORT SHORT DRESSES... CONTRAST...COUNTERPOINT.

- BOOTS PROPORTION THE LEG...BOOTS CROPPED AT THE ANKLE, THE UPPER CALF, THE KNEE...BOOTS OVER THE KNEE TO MID-THIGH FOR MINI-SKIRTS....RELATE BOOT-PROPORTIONS TO SKIRT-LENGTHS.

Left: Roger Vivier's flamenco boot; toe and heel of Corfam; stalk of putty gabardine. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue. Above left: Sandals proportioned by boot lines. By Barrilà for Princess Luciana, of Corfam. Paraphernalia.

- LET LEGS BE ENTERTAINING: HEMS TILT...IN EVERY DIRECTION...SHORT FOR DAY...LONG—OR SHORT—AT NIGHT...INTERESTING STOCKINGS—CLEAR WHITE GIVING A CLEAN CLEAR LEG, OR TEXTURED, OR GLINTING SILVER OR GOLD—WITH EVERYTHING FROM DAY SUITS AND LITTLE EVERYDAY JERSEYS TO LONG EVENING DRESSES....ANKLE-STRAPS TAKE TO STREET SLIPPERS WITH CLOSED TOES, OPEN BACKS, 1¾" STACKED HEELS.

Left: The ups and downs of tilts and asymmetric hems—toga dress loosely wrapped for long legs. By Guy Laroche. Opposite: Square watch by Sheffield; $17 at Best & Co. Cotton glove squared away at the wrist. By Sant Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. $4 at Altman's.

- THE SMALL-JACKET SUIT AND IMPORTANT SKIRT IS '67's LOOK...CROPPED AT THE WAIST, CLOSE AGAINST THE BODY IN FRONT...SLIGHTLY NARROWER FULL-LENGTH SLEEVES....AMPLEUR IN THE SKIRT, WHICH HAS A DIRNDL BOUNCE....LOOK FOR SNAPPY MILITARY TOUCHES: TRIG POCKETS, BRASS BUTTONS ON MIXED TWEEDS, BANDED IKE-TYPE JACKETS.

- GREAT COMEBACK: THE QUICK RETURN OF THE TWO-PIECE DRESS....MUCH YOUNGER WITH SMALL SKIRTS AND EASY TOPS OF MANY SHAPES.

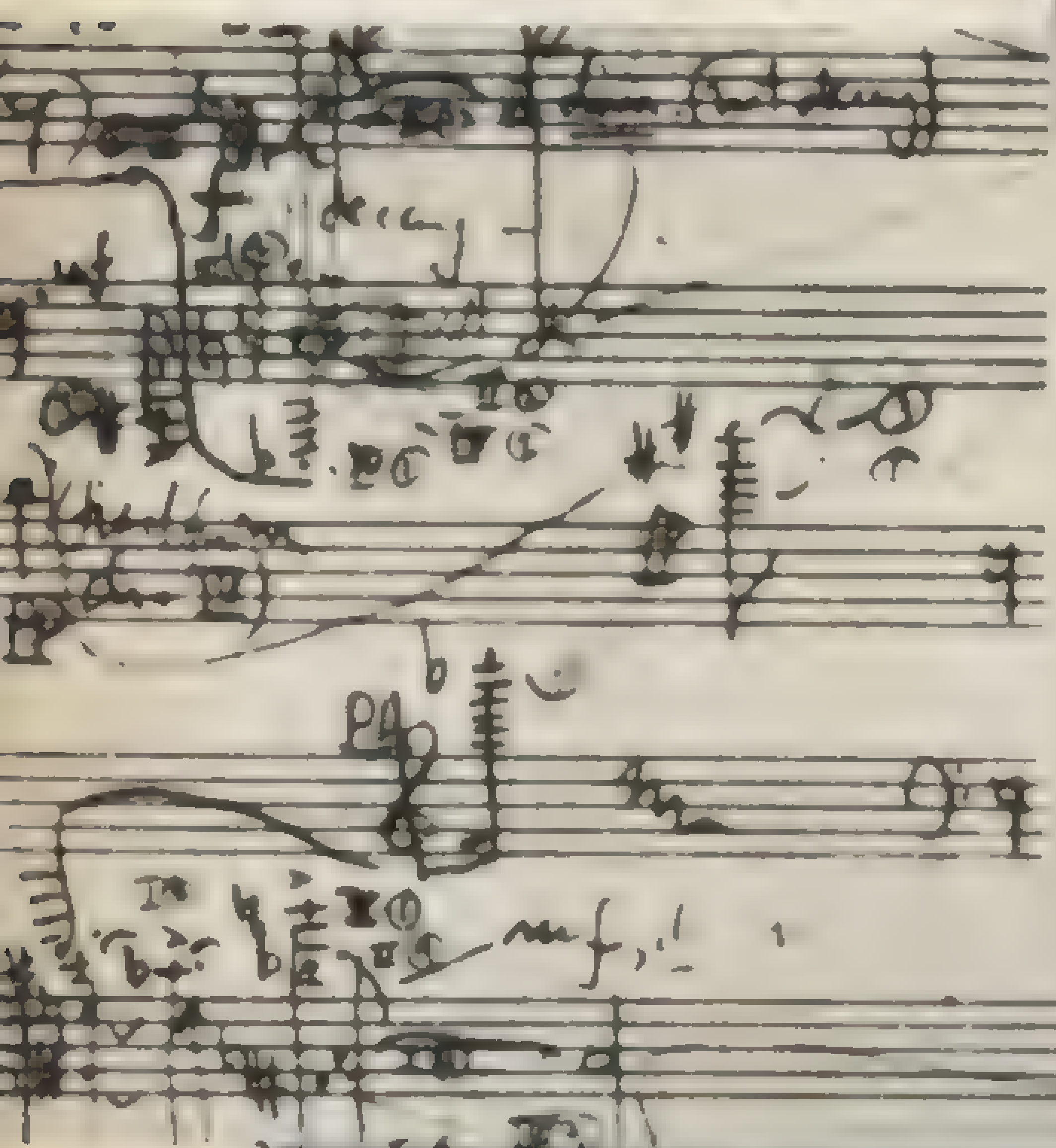
- THE NEW CHESTNUT IS IT—SHINY MARRON LEATHER FOR SHOES, GLOVES, HANDBAGS....SHINY MARRON CROCODILE SHOES GREAT WITH EVERYTHING.

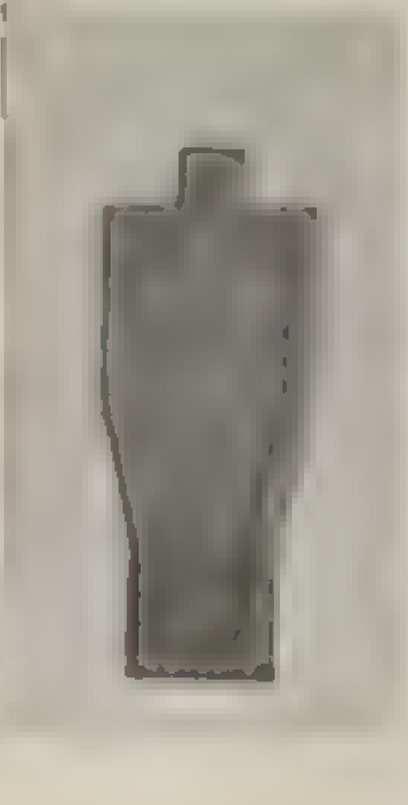
SHINY MARRON ACCESSORIES

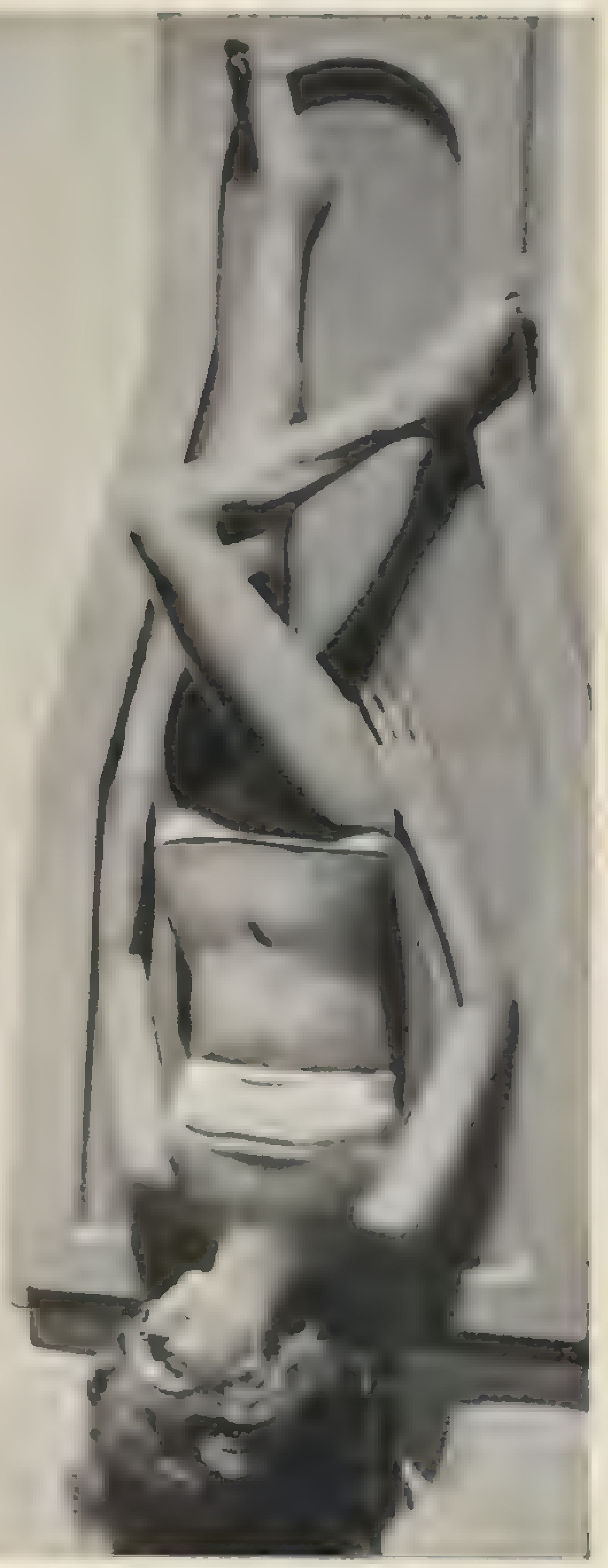
LOOK '67

HEATED POOLS EVERYWHERE, THE GREAT NEW LUXURY

NEW MUSIC: THE ELECTRONIC ATTACK

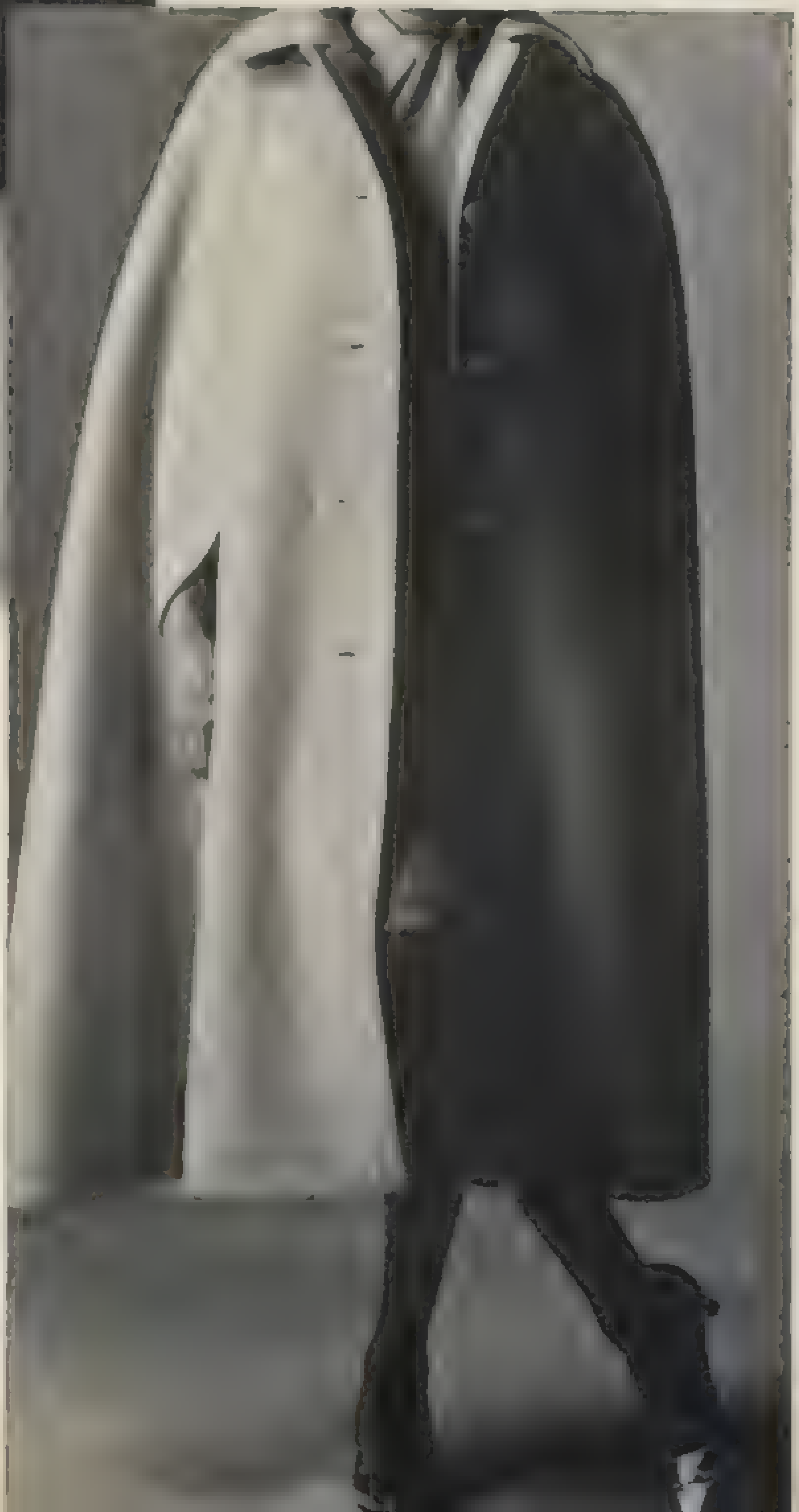






QUICK SUNTAN THE ROYAL WAY

NOUVELLE VAGUE FOR HAIR: THE MOVE TO BEND AND ACTION



CAPES COMING IN... CONTRASTS IN LENGTHS

COUNT ON FRECKLES FOR COQUETRY—YOUR OWN OR FRECKLES DAPPLED ON WITH PAINT OR PENCIL.

If sun brings up your freckles, consider a heated pool, indoors or out—this one, left, open to the Sun Valley sun. Never the shock of the first chill plunge, only delight and the sublime exercise of swimming and dozing through three or four glowing hours.... For organized tanning note the Royal Bath of Sumeria, left, a plastic tray cooled with a shallow pool of water.

Z★I★P...BIG ZIPPERS ARE BRILLIANT TODAY...THE GIANT INDUSTRIAL KIND...ON JACKETS, ON TOPCOATS, WHEREVER YOU WANT THEM...BEST ON THE SIDE.

SIDE-FASTENINGS ARE IN...SMARTEST WHEN THEY'RE MANAGED WITH BIG ZIPPERS...WHEN THEY HAVE BLIND CLOSINGS LIKE FENCERS' JACKETS.

SOME WAISTS ARE WRAPPED...WRAPPED CLOSE... THE DRESS INVOLVED IS STRAIGHT, WITH FABRIC LOOSE ON THE BODY...THEN SASHED CLOSE...ADORABLE FOR DAY WITH A LOW V-NECK IN MARIGOLD WOOL.

THE NARROW COAT GOES ON...SIMPLE AS A LITTLE BUTTONED CARDIGAN...BUT....FOR THE WOMAN WHO LOVES A NEW GESTURE, THERE'S THE COAT THAT SWEEPS AWAY TO A WIDE HEM....SMALL TOP, SMALL-ARMED BIAS SLEEVES...NO HOOKS, NO BUTTONS; IT'S THE HAND THAT HOLDS THIS COAT—GENTLY, FEATHER-TOUCHINGLY TO KEEP THE LUXURY OF THE FLARE.

CAPES ARE HERE...IN DOUBLE-FACED FABRICS...IN ALL LENGTHS.

Left: Dior's Nanny cape to mid-calf—vivid pink double-faced wool worn for evening over a narrow pink dress.

DON'T MISS LACE PANTS...STRAIGHT AS SHORTS, GLIMPSED BENEATH LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL DRESSES.

WEAR ENAMELS OF CAFÉ AU LAIT AND BROWN LACED WITH GOLD IN BRACELETS, EARRINGS, AND RINGS...GREAT WITH WHITE, WITH PALE-BLUE LINEN.... GLOVES IN THE PALE DOVE AND OYSTER GREYS WITH PALEST PINK.

WHEN EVENING COMES AROUND THE BRASH IS PAST...'67 NIGHTS KNOW THE LUXURY OF CAFTANS AND DJELLABAS, THE FULL EXCITEMENT OF SUBTLE FABRICS AND EMBROIDERY, THE GENTLER ALLURE THAT'S COME TO FASHION FROM THE SERAGLIOS OF THE EAST.

FRESH VARIETY, FASHION FOR EVERYBODY...'67 HAS IT....HEAR IT IN THE MUSIC THAT TAPES THE TIMES.

Left, above: A fragment of Charles Wuorinen's sketch for the synthesized music of "Orchestral and Electronic Exchange"—scored for electronics and symphony.

Voyant prints, right. Prisms of intense colour played against colour...straight wrapped toga slashed to show a short skirt beneath. Its companion—red, mustard brown—cut in a looser shape to show leg and underskirt. Both by Sarmi in silk crêpe prints by Brossin de Méré. Charles Elkaim bracelets. All: Bonwit Teller. Dresses: Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Michael Hic earrings. Bernardo sandals. Coiffures, hairpieces by Alfredo of Via Veneto.

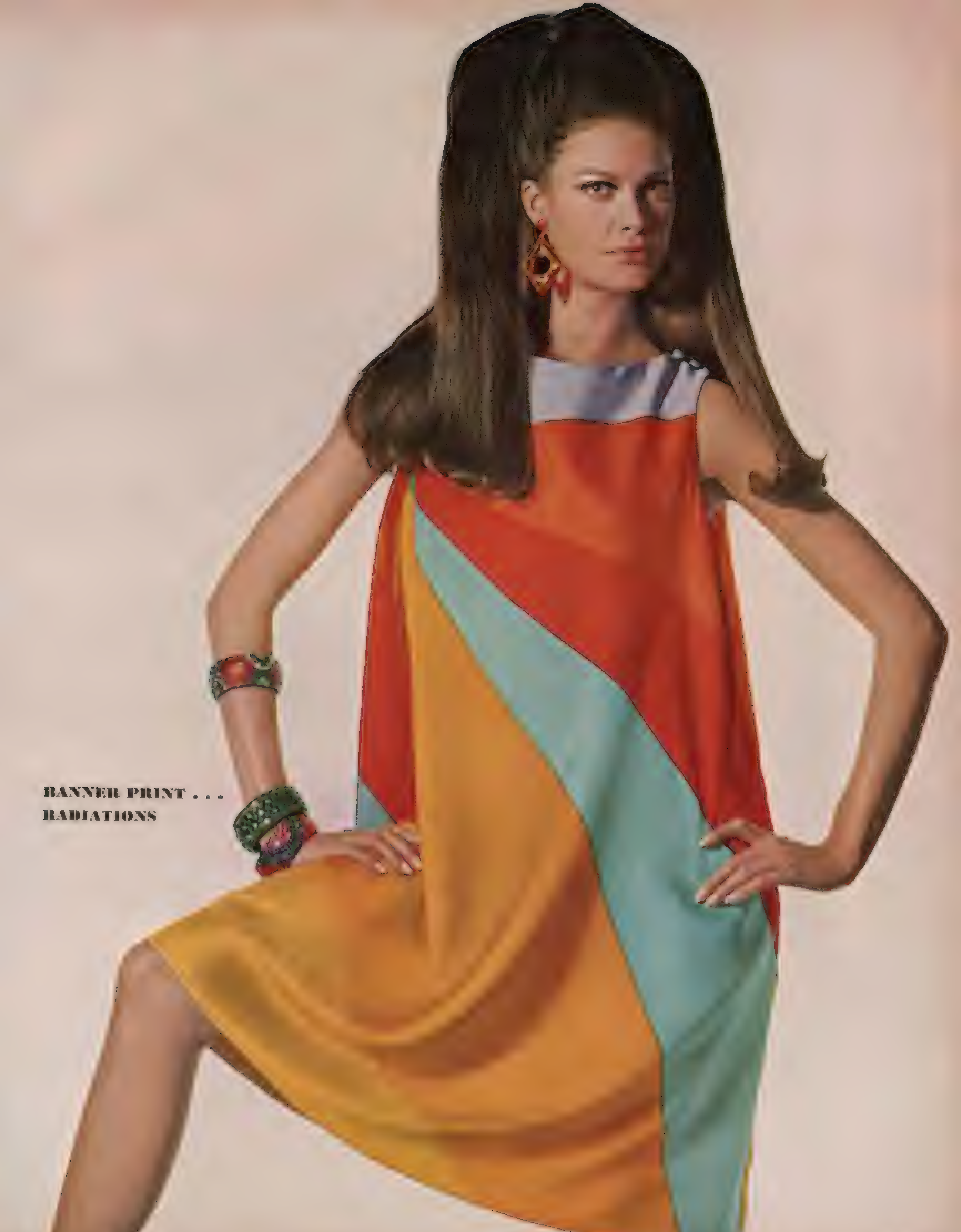
PENN

LOOK
'67

BANNER PRINT . . . RECTANGLES

New waves . . . modern painters' prints with new clarity of colour and design. Insistent. Exhilarating. Glorious bait for the eye. On this page—frames of blue around a dash of orange. Folded high over the bosom. Falling soft, straight. Tiny orange straps. By Stavropoulos; Brossin de Méré silk satin. Van Rouge earrings. Charles Elkaim bracelets. All at Henri Bendel. Mary Grey stockings. **Fanning out, right, layers of colour—blithe radiations of lavender, sky blue, oranges, yellows. All on a little tent-dress, buttoned at one shoulder.** By Sarmi, of Brossin de Méré silk twill. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Bracelets by Charles Elkaim; at Henri Bendel. Earrings by Vendôme. Both coiffures, and the hairpieces, by Alfredo of Via Veneto. Hudson stockings.

PENN



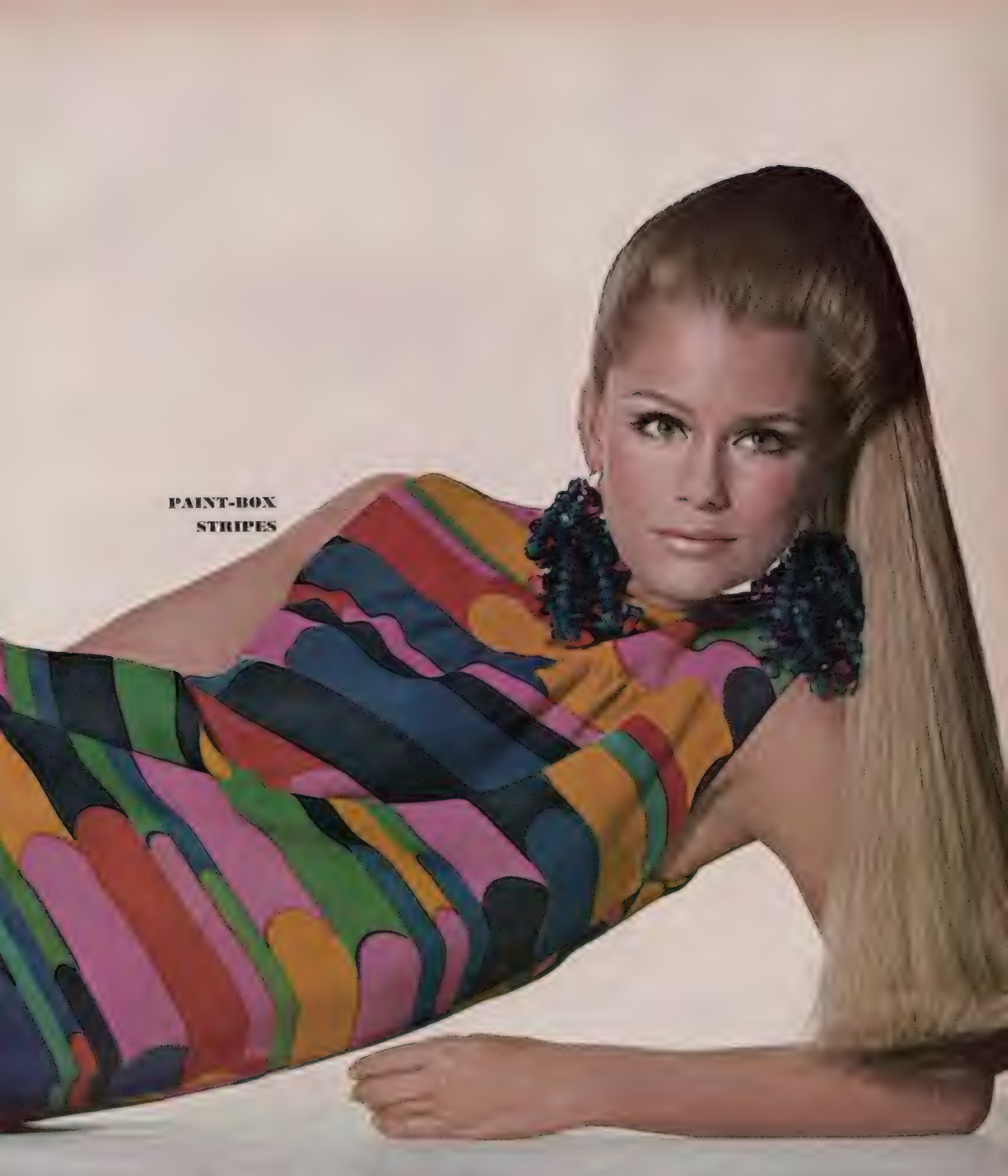
BANNER PRINT . . .
RADIATIONS

LOOK
'67

NEW COLOUR
MAPPING

PENN

PAINT-BOX STRIPES



Pop-colours, above: fresh, blazing . . . in random-width stripes, rounded ends. Short, narrow-but-easy wool evening shift falling from a high yoke. Dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in printed Pomezia wool. About $185. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; Montaldo's. Earrings, cascades of coloured stones and sequins, by Lilija. Orange stockings by Phoenix. Evins sandals, at I. Miller. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Tovar-Tresses hairpieces of Dynel.

New mapping of colour, left: uncharted seas of marigold yellow, pink, lavender, scarlet . . . flooding over heavy raised brocade. Dress, like a sleeveless caftan: small, narrow top, widening spread of skirt. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby: printed brocade of Eastman acetate and cotton by Rimini. Apex Art earrings. Pins by Cadoro. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. Marvella necklaces. Coiffure: Alfredo of Via Veneto.

CHROME-YELLOW PRINT . . .
CLEAR COLOUR-SHOCK

LOOK '67

LACQUER-RED PRINT . . . PURE COLOUR-STARTLE

Chrome-yellow pyjamas, opposite: Clear intense chrome—Hanae Mori's shock of yellow light, drenching chiffon and silk, floating stylized orange carp, lappings of peacock blue, bougainvillaea, white. Chiffon smock, haltered pyjamas, silk print, all by Hanae Mori. Schreiner earrings: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Pierre of the House of Revlon. **Lacquer-red pyjamas, right: Once you've seen this, there is no other red—Hanae Mori's flamboyant playground for half-glimpsed giant butterflies in pure colour, pure white.** Haltered pyjamas and silk crêpe print by Hanae Mori. Charles Elkaim jewellery: Henri Bendel. Coiffure by Ingrid of Kenneth. Costumes, both pages: Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN

Rajah coat, left: Piercing-clear brilliance—one flamboyant maze of pure colour, pure shape. Michael Hic earrings. Miriam Haskell bracelet. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Rich's; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. Mary Grey stockings. Coiffure by Pierre of the House of Revlon. **Sleeved float, opposite: Flare of sleeve, flare of hem—in the same vivid carnival of flowers, leaves, triangles, squares.** At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Michael Hic earrings. Hudson stockings. Sandals, to order by Evins. Coiffure: Ingrid of Kenneth. Both costumes by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in Liberty of London silk print by Bernard Nevill.

VIVID-OVER-VIVID . . .
PRISMATIC PRINT COAT

LOOK
'67

VIVID-OVER-VIVID . . .
PRISMATIC
PRINT DRESS

PENN

AFRICAN PRINTS...
MID-RIFT

PENN

LOOK '67

Out of Africa: tribal cloths...strong rich prints...bold and intense...new vitality of colour and design for evenings a hemisphere away. Caftan opening on hip-pants, opposite: the coat fastens over the bosom, the pants narrow over the leg. Evening turnout by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, in African-design cotton prints by Taco of France at Soptra Fabrics. Masses of jewellery by K.J.L. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Turnout, also at Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Sandals by Bernardo. Coiffure by Ingrid of Kenneth. **Throbbing print slashed to show one bare leg, left: maroon, jungle green, yellow, and black cotton—buttoned narrowly from neck to thigh, slit from thigh to ankle.** Dinner dress by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, in an African-design print by Taco of France at Soptra Fabrics. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin. Accessocraft earrings. Throat-lace by R. F. Clark for Miriam Haskell. Necklace by Mimi di N. Evins sandals Coiffure by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana.

SKIRTING ONE LEG... AFRICAN PRINT

THE BIG ZIPPER...
SIDE-TRACKED
NAVY COAT

The zipper is big—on navy melton cloth, left, giant industrial size, the better to side-swipe a straight wide-necked coat. Welted coat by Ginala, in wool. In junior sizes; about $100. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Richelieu at Bloomingdale's. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. **The big zipper again—big aside on navy ottoman, right, tracking down the wide-necked jacket of a suit with a wide dirndl skirt.** Suit by Ginala, in horizontally ribbed wool. In junior sizes; about $90. Earrings by Cadoro. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. All at Lord & Taylor. The suit, also at Julius Garfinckel and I. Magnin.

PENN

LOOK
'67

THE BIG
ZIPPER...
SIDE-TRACKED
NAVY SUIT

LOOK '67

SMALL-JACKET SUIT,
FULLER SKIRT

TWO-PIECE DRESS, SWING-AWAY BACK

The two-piece dress, right. News again with a loose shirt-top swinging out from a high yoke in back. White wool here.... Small rolled collar; narrow, banded sleeves; easy fullish skirt. A wool mark dress by Dominic for Matty Talmack, in Moreau-TSM wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Wide-brimmed cloche of pink felt by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets by Marcel Boucher and K.J.L. Hanes stockings.

The small-jacket suit, left. In soft, butter-wouldn't-melt-it orange and pink tweed. Cropped, single-breasted jacket with high armholes, narrow sleeves, small lapels and small collar. Fullish skirt, with a panel-like pleat that gives it a bit of bounce, of spring. Suit by Handmacher, in acrylic-and-wool tweed by Kent Avery. About $70, at Altman's; Jelleff's; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's. Pink-and-orange tweed cloche with a chin-strap, by Adolfo. Sally Gee scarf. American Astral gloves. Beautiful Bryans stockings.

PENN

LOOK '67

MINI-BLOOMERS... SLASH-DASH TUNIC

Grey flannel tunic, black shantung bloomers, left: Bounced over white knit tights, white shoes—a look as fresh as a schoolgirl's; the tunic goes slash from the waist, the bloomers go pouf beneath. A wool mark tunic and silk bloomers, both by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. About $200. To order at Lord & Taylor. Bracelets by Ben King, at Lord & Taylor. White tights by Belle-Sharmeer. White strapped shoes by Golo. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. **Vivid pink tunic, vivid pink mini-pants, opposite: Evening's most luscious contrast—fly-front crêpe tunic cut with a tailor's eye, deep fringe of silvery crystals shimmering inches below.** Jewelled tunic and mini-pants by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, in William Rose silk. At Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Apex Art. Silver-shimmer stockings of stretch nylon and Lurex by Christian Dior. Silver evening slippers by Sbicca. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.

PENN

JEWELLED TUNIC...
JEWELLED MINI-PANTS

TURQUOISE TUNIC . . .
JEWELLED MINI-PANTS

LOOK '67

Crêpe mini-pants and tunic, opposite: Hoarfrost shimmer of fake crystals and pearls—dazzling snug thigh-high white pants and the neck of a clear turquoise-blue tunic. Evening tunic and pants by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, in Abraham silk. Schreiner earrings. All, at Bonwit Teller. Costume, also Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Silver-shimmer stockings of stretch nylon and Lurex by Christian Dior. Silver slippers by Sbicca. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth. **Jersey pants and one-sleeved tunic, right: Colour's new group movement—giant geometric patches of vivid purple, turquoise, and ginger jersey in a one-sided fling over lean ginger jersey pants.** By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Meyer-Goutille wool. A wool mark costume at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Kenneth coiffure.

PATCH-COLOUR TUNIC . . .
GINGER STEM PANTS

PENN

SMALL-JACKET SUIT, IKE-LIKE TOUCHES...A FULL SKIRT

Young, snapped to attention—the suit at left. Small cropped jacket. Full skirt, deep A-pleats on each side, big military pockets. Brass buttons—a new shine on taupe tweed. By Jack Sarnoff, of Anglo wool loomed in America. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Bramson. Hanes stockings. Napier earrings. Handbag by Ruza Creations. Gloves by Kislav. Rings by Cadoro; Ciner; Marcel Boucher. Coiffure: Sebou of the House of Revlon.

Coat that side-wraps, right. Small top sweeping out to width. Small high sleeves—bias, flexible as gloves. Printed wool, purple on orange. Wonderful lining of the same print in blues and greens. Coat, and print design, by Forquet; fabric by Duca d'Oria at Bonwit Teller. Hat by Irene of New York. Van Raalte stockings of Cantrece nylon. Earrings: Chrystya Olenska for I. Miller Galleria. Mimi di N bracelets: Bonwit Teller.

PENN

WRAPPED COAT OF
PATTERNED WOOL...
SMALL-ARMED BIAS SLEEVE

Tilt—an inspired hem, left, shaped away to dip at the back, lift above the knees at the front. News for a mink coat with skins in the round. Gives a feeling of movement. Does pretty things for legs. Goes successfully over a long dress (eliminating the chop—chop of two level lengths). By Maximilian, made to order of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mink. Miss Alice dome beret. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Capezio boots: Lord & Taylor. **Snug—the new little waist, right, suddenly appearing now in unsnugsville and softening the outlook. Wrapped high, tied, over a straight-cut day dress. New low-for-day neck and armholes. Here in a fluent new jersey of Dacron and worsted, in ginger brown.** By Jacques Tiffeau of Tiffeau & Busch; jersey by Jasco; about $160. K.J.L. earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Coiffure by Kenneth.

MINK CURVED DOWN

PENN

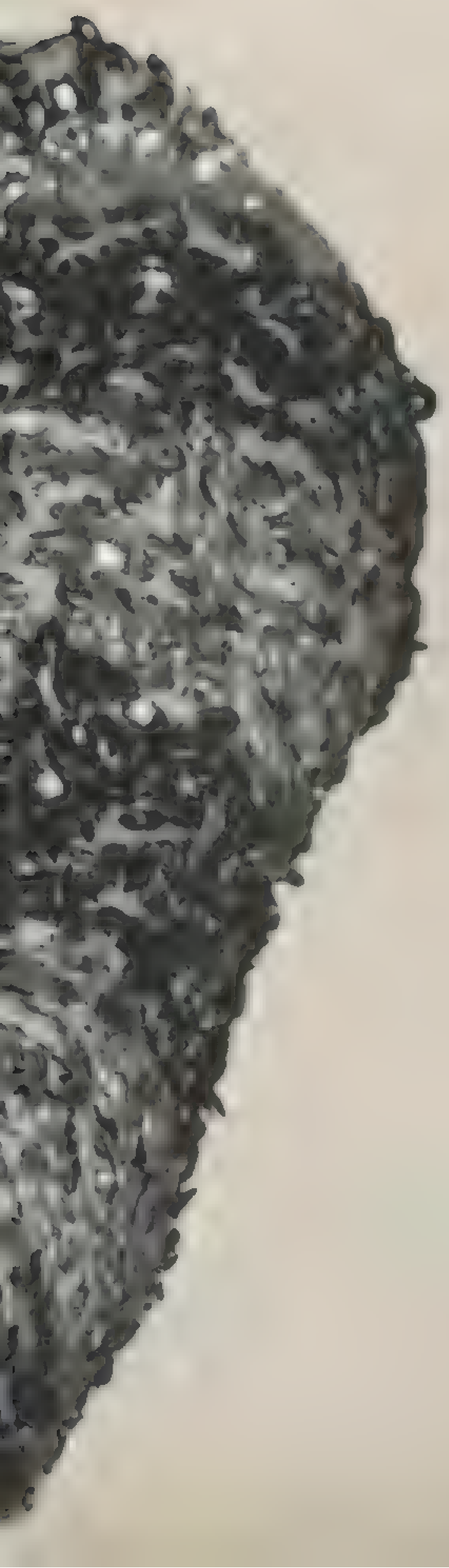
JERSEY WRAPPED UP

BEAUTY bulletin

How 1967 looks for looks

1967 FACE

- MORE SENSITIVITY, MORE DELICACY COMING BACK TO THE FACE. FOR SOME FACES THIS MEANS CLEARING THE FOREHEAD OF BANGS.
- TWO DISTINCT MAKEUP TRENDS, EACH ABLE TO CROSS THE OTHER'S BOUNDARIES. ONE: BASED ON A YEAR-ROUND SUNTAN KEPT PALE GOLD, ROSY, FRESH. THE OTHER: A THIN SILVER WASH OVER EYELIDS, OVER MOUTH, OVER ALL. HERE, THE OPERATIVE WORD: THIN.
- SILVERY EYELIDS FOR DAY. VERY LIGHTLY SILVERED. THE FEELING: NOT OF WHITENESS, BUT OF LUMINOSITY.
- SILKY SATIN RIBBON: THE IDEAL LOOK FOR EYELINERS. ONE WAY TO GET THERE: WITH LIQUID LINER BUILT ON A LATEX BASE. CLINGS SILKILY; WON'T SMUDGE OFF.
- FRECKLES FAKED UP ON THE FACE THAT HAS AN UNDERLAY OF SUNTAN. SYSTEM: WING FRECKLES ACROSS BRIDGE OF NOSE TOWARD CHEEKBONES. INSTANT FRECKLE-PRODUCERS: "FRECKLING" LIQUID OR EYE PENCIL.
- TREND TO WATCH, TO UNDERSTAND: THE EFFORT TOWARD THE LOOK OF MORE TRANSPARENCY IN MAKEUP. NEW FORMULAE AIMED AT MAKING FOUNDATIONS AND BLUSHER-ROUGES GLEAMIER, LESS LIKE TINTED DUST.
- TONERS UNDER MAKEUP. ROSY BLUSHERS CONTINUE FOR OVERALL GLOW. GREEN AND MAUVE TONERS STRENGTHENING TO CORRECT SKIN COLOUR UNDER MAKEUP. NEW WAYS TO STABILIZE SKIN AND MOUTH.
- FIXATIVES OVER MAKEUPS TO ADD A BUFFED, GLEAMING FINISH. FIXATIVES USED ALONE TO MAKE THE EYEBROWS SILKY. SOME USE OF HAIR CONDITIONERS TO SILK UP EYEBROWS.
- BIG YEAR FOR MASQUES. BECAUSE THEY DO SO MUCH. BECAUSE WOMEN NOW UNDERSTAND THEM. BECAUSE CLEVER NEW MASQUES HAVE COME ALONG.



Silver-wash makeup—thinner, livelier

Silver: there's no stopping it. Makeup for evening silvers up this way: on eyelids, over mouth, at edges of face if you like. But watch for the thinnest, whitest silvers; stay away from pewter greys. The whole idea is illumination: illumination means light. The silvery-sequinned sweater is by Gene Shelly, about $90 at Battelstein's; Best's Apparel. Earrings by Mary Carmen. Napier bracelet. Hair by Kenneth.

PENN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

1967
HAIR

- CURLIER HAIR. THAT'S THE WORD FOR 1967. BUT IT'S NOT THE PRECISE WORD TO DESCRIBE THE LOOK. WHIRLIER HAIR, GIRLIER HAIR, HAIR WITH MORE MOVEMENT, SPRING, BOUNCE, BEND, ACTION. HAIR CUT WITH MORE RESPECT FOR THE HAIR'S OWN BENT.

- NO ONE CHIC WAY TO WEAR THE HAIR. SEVERAL WAYS. MIA FARROW CUT, STILL GOOD. LONG STRAIGHT HAIR, STILL GOOD. MID-LENGTH HAIR WITH MOVEMENT, STILL GOOD. AMUSING HAIRPIECING DAY AND NIGHT: BETTER THAN EVER.

- BANGS: IN FOR MORE EXPLORATORY CUTTING. THE CUTTING HASN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH.

- BANGS: OUT FOR THE WOMAN FOR WHOM BANGS HAVE BECOME A BORE AND WHO NOW WANTS TO GET HER FACE IN THE CLEAR. NEW PLACE SHE COULD WEAR BANGS IS AT NAPE OF NECK. SHORT HAIR WITH FRINGE AT NAPE.

- NEXT HAIRPIECE FOR THE WOMAN WHO HAS HER QUOTA OF FALLS: THE AIRLIFT WIG. AIRY BUBBLE OF BUCKRAM FITTED OUT WITH ENOUGH HAIR TO FALL OVER ONE'S OWN.

- GUICHES: GOOD WHEN THEY'RE THICK. THE THICKER THE GUICHE THE BETTER.

- ANYTHING THAT GOES BACK MUST GO UP—AT LEAST A LITTLE. ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND HAIR MUST LIFT AT SIDES, TOP, NAPE. DITTO THE GEORGE WASHINGTON PERUKE. DITTO THE MATADOR CLUB.

- LESS TORTURE. MORE HEALTH PER HEAD. NEW PRIDE IN QUALITY AND SHINE OF HAIR.

- NEW RULE FOR HAIR-STRAIGHTENERS: LEAVE A LITTLE CRIMP AT SCALP. CREATES A NATURAL LIFT, PUTS SPRING AND LIFE NEXT TO THE FACE.

- STREAKING, STREAKING, STREAKING. EVEN DYNEL HAIRPIECES BOUGHT AND MIXED BY THE YARD WILL DO MORE MIXING, LESS MATCHING IN '67.

- VELCRO AS A HAIR-HELP. HOLDS HAIR UP, DOWN, WHATEVER. HOLDS HAIRPIECING IN PLACE.

- NO IMMEDIATE FUTURE IN SIGHT FOR SIDE-PARTED HAIR. NO IMMEDIATE FUTURE FOR ASYMMETRY IN HAIRDRESSING.

1967
BODY NEWS

- The foot is the rage, the discovery of the year. Italians all going scalzi, going barefoot, going in for foot-beauty treatments.

- Foot focus happening everywhere. Special creams, electrical massage devices announced for 1967 by several American beauty brains.

- Serious new attention being paid to the relationship between head and spine—once this is licked, shape and movement of body appear to improve vastly. A "psycho-physical re-education system" to be heard from in 1967: the 70-year-old Alexander Technique.

- Many more women having plastic surgery to perfect the bosom. "It's fix up, fix up, fix up," according to one plastic surgeon who never thought he'd see the day when body faults were so correctible. The day is 1967.

- Leg makeup turning up in aerosol form. Foamy, easy way to spray on coverage evenly.

- Electrical stimulators, muscle toners, for body and face brought into easier price-range and more specialized use. Said to be in planning: one such instrument you can *wear.*

- Great year for the body-smoothers, the body-scenters—especially for and on bodies bent on keeping some suntan going all year. Moisturizers: necessity for sunlamp life.

- Among the places masques will go, in their new success phase: on backs. Takes two to manage a back-masque. Takes a back-masque to make the skin more like the face.

1967
SURPRISES

★ Fruit to flavour more and more face-care goodies. Appetizer for this trend: an authentic raspberry-flavoured soap and lotion.

★ Masques making the scene as part of daily routine.

★ News about research in age-retardation. And we're not just whistling hormones.

★ Next craze at the beaches, the sunning saucer. Portable, shallow, person-size pool to fill with a few inches of water: to use instead of a beach chair. Cooler, more efficient way to suntan. Splendid on terraces. First one we've seen is called Sumerian bath. Special potions accompany it.

★ Hair dryer powered up to scent the hair as it dries same. One feature of a new super-model which adds hair-colouring acceleration to its at-home repertoire. Daily shampooing: a thing.

★ Takeover year for the "petit ruban" spectacles first shown in Vogue in August. Opticians say they can't get enough of these littlest of frames.

★ Paper being looked at as a possible container for certain beauty liquids. Paper in which minuscule drops of liquid are encapsulated.

★ Much earlier use of the so-called "mature woman" skin-care preparations. Definite trend toward preventatives for beauty woes.

★ Patchouli: 1967 will be the comeback year for this great scent—for houses, bureau drawers, people.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The small exposed wedge of the extreme rightists in West Germany. . . . *Cabaret,* the nervous musical (set in Berlin, 1929-30, just before the Third Reich) with its marvellously vulgar Kit Kat Klub costumes by Patricia Zipprodt, its tearing dances by Ronald Field, its Berlinish songs, raspy and sometimes sweet, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, its painted pansy master of ceremonies, played by Joel Grey, and finally the scratched patina of Lotte Lenya's voice. . . . The little presents that Londoners give: yellow tins, bought at a popcorn stall near Piccadilly Circus, and labelled fresh "London Fog."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The high brilliance, the powerful yellows, the magnificent greens and blues of the thirty-two Kandinsky paintings on glass now at New York's Guggenheim Museum. . . . *Don't Drink the Water,* a rackety comedy by Woody Allen, who has given it a drunken story line and enormously funny dialogue, especially that for Lou Jacobi and Kay Medford, who lopes like Groucho Marx. . . . In Paris, the William Klein movie *Qui êtes-vous, Polly Magoo?* with its cruel but hilarious satire on the French television and radio world, with its clever fashion scenes in which the parade of mannequins resembles a beautiful visual poem, a movie full of insolence and youth and inside jokes that are Klein's commentary on a kind of faked, publicity-minded life.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *America Hurrah,* three one-acters that seem long, by Jean-Claude van Itallie, a young playwright who goes after those easy targets: motels, television, mindless job interviews, and cocktail parties at which no one listens at all; the plays are, however, sharply acted and amusingly directed by Jacques Levy and Joseph Chaikin. . . . Sir Harold Nicolson and his *Diaries and Letters: 1930-1939,* nine years in which Nicolson enjoyed his life and kept a secret report of Britain meandering towards catastrophe; his minute observations, acute, snobbish (he calls Dukes Dukes even in private) are like watching a country toppling on a high ledge, this time into World War II. . . . This short inscription on a Yorkshire gravestone: Thorpe's/Corpse.

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO, the remarkable Russian poet, is again in this country, reading his poems, talking at colleges, but this photograph, *opposite,* shows him in his apartment on the outskirts of Moscow. When this photograph was taken by Herbert Marshall, who translated the recent book *Yevtushenko Poems,* the poet was forbidden to travel abroad or even to appear in public in the major cities of his country. It was a mark of his rebellion to put on his walls Chagall, Léger, Picasso, Russian modernists, and a photograph of Ernest Hemingway and to mix, as Yevtushenko wrote in his book *A Precocious Autobiography,* "realists, expressionists, surrealists, and abstractionists. They don't clash with each other and they don't infect me with bourgeois ideology. These pictures are my friends and when I feel depressed I go and have a silent talk with them." Tall, blond, with an easy, wide smile, Yevtushenko is strong-minded, quick, always late but never apologetic about it, speaks English but in interviews usually speaks Russian, with an interpreter. He is blunt but careful. In his *Autobiography,* he wrote: "Revolution was the religion of our family." Born in 1933 in Siberia, Yevtushenko, whose name is Ukrainian, takes pride in the revolutionary past of his family. His great-grandfather was deported to Siberia because he had set fire to his landlord's house. His grandfather was an organizer of the peasant movement in the Urals and eastern Siberia, and later a Red Army deputy commander. As a five-year-old child, Yevtushenko and that grandfather toasted the Revolution, the grandfather with vodka but Yevgeny with candy. That night his grandfather went away forever, arrested on a charge of high treason. To his audiences these days, Yevtushenko recites part of his newest, and perhaps his greatest, poem, the epic *Bratsky GES.* (In translation the title is Bratsk State Hydro-Electric Power Station.) He begins one stanza: "A poet is more than a poet in Russia./Here only he is destined to be a poet/in whom civil sense ferments to passion,/in whom there is no cosiness, no quiet."

HERBERT MARSHALL

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

LEONARD ROSE, *above,* dark, compelling, disciplined, a great cellist, famous internationally for his musicianship, for his controlled and exquisite tone. Born in Washington, D.C., he studied at the Curtis Institute of Music, where he became a faculty member at seventeen, then a cellist in Toscanini's NBC orchestra at twenty. These days he plays alone in recitals or as part of the superb trio of which the other two members are Eugene Istomin and Isaac Stern. When the three play together, Istomin looks young and percussive, Stern, grey and happy, and Rose, thin, serious, his right foot slightly beating with kinetic joy.

VIVIEN MERCHANT, *left,* the dame in the play by her husband, Harold Pinter, *The Homecoming,* which appears on Broadway this month. Wife of one of England's most important dramatists, she leads with him a remarkably non-public life. Her performances, too, are often non-flashy, subcutaneous. In the film *Alfie,* she played superbly a middle-everything wife caught beyond herself. In *The Homecoming,* middle-class, middle-highbrow, she is empty, acted-upon: the Faculty Wife switched off.

HERB ALPERT, *left,* who with his Tijuana Brass band has become the national pop pep pill. Starting four years ago with his trumpet, a taste for the simple horn harmony of the Mexican bullfight mariachi, and his own strongly underlined rhythms, this slight, sideburned, thirty-year-old now runs one of the most successful groups loose. His secret is consensus. Not protest, nor hung-up, nor yé-yé, his music hits everyone where it counts: in the bounce. When the Brass played recently at the White House, Herb Alpert said, "It was supposed to be a concert, but after a while the President started dancing with that Lady he hangs out with."

LYNN REDGRAVE, *opposite,* has reddish hair the colour of a healthy teddy bear, wide attentive eyes, a small pink Romney mouth, and she is hopelessly funny. The youngest child of the famous Sir Michael Redgrave and Rachel Kempson, she is the sister of Vanessa Redgrave, a beautiful and wringingly sensitive actress, and of Corin Redgrave, a seriously handsome young actor; Lynn Redgrave is a maverick clown. As a child enlisted in family puppet shows she was, she said, "usually the dog or the page or the horse or the bicycle." Last year at twenty-three this big nice girl lathered joy all over the film *Georgy Girl.* In *The Deadly Affair,* a non-jokey spy movie, she appears as an earnest, dumb girl so deliciously distracting that the director probably should have fired her. Next month on Broadway she will have a leading rôle in Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy.* Not one to fan her kindling fame, Lynn Redgrave said, "I'm really non-competitive. It's all in people's minds who's good." She's good, that's who.

CECIL BEATON

THE SECRET

A SHORT STORY BY GRAHAM GREENE

They sat on a bench in the Parc Monceau for a long time without speaking to one another. It was a hopeful day of early summer with a spray of white clouds lapping across the sky in front of a small breeze: At any moment the wind might drop and the sky become empty and entirely blue, but it was too late now—the sun would have set first.

In younger people it might have been a day for a chance encounter—secret behind the long barrier of perambulators with only babies and nurses in sight. But they were both of them middle-aged and neither was inclined to cherish an illusion of possessing a lost youth, though he was better looking than he believed, with his silky old-world moustache like a badge of good behaviour, and she was prettier than the looking glass ever told her. Modesty and disillusion gave them something in common: Though they were separated by five feet of green metal they could have been a married couple who had grown to resemble each other. Pigeons like old grey tennis balls rolled unnoticed around their feet. They each occasionally looked at a watch, though never at one another. For both of them this period of solitude and peace was limited.

The man was tall and thin. He had what are called sensitive features, and the cliché fitted him; his face was comfortably, though handsomely, banal—there would be no ugly surprises when he spoke, for a man may be sensitive without imagination; he had carried with him an umbrella which suggested caution. In her case one noticed first the long and lovely legs as unsensual as those in a society portrait. From her expression she found the summer day sad, yet she was reluctant to obey the command of her watch and go—somewhere—inside.

They would never have spoken to each other if two teen-aged louts had not passed by, one with a blaring radio slung over his shoulder, the other kicking out at the preoccupied pigeons. One of his kicks found a random mark and on they went in a din of pop, leaving the pigeon lurching on the path.

The man rose, grasping his umbrella like a riding whip. "Infernal young scoundrels," he exclaimed, and the phrase sounded more Edwardian because of the faint American intonation—Henry James might surely have employed it.

"The poor bird," the woman said. The bird struggled upon the gravel, scattering little stones. One wing hung slack and a leg must have been broken too, for the pigeon swivelled round in circles unable to rise. The other pigeons moved away, with disinterest, searching the gravel for crumbs.

"If you would look away for just a minute," the man said. He laid his umbrella down again and walked rapidly to the bird where it thrashed around; then he picked it up, and quickly and expertly he wrung its neck—it was a kind of skill anyone of breeding ought to possess. He looked round for a refuse bin in which he tidily deposited the body.

"There was nothing else to do," he remarked apologetically when he returned.

"I could not myself have done it," the woman said, carefully grammatical in a foreign tongue.

"Taking life is *our* privilege," he replied with irony rather than pride.

When he sat down the distance between them had narrowed; they were able to speak freely about the weather and the first real day of summer. The last week had been unseasonably cold, and even today. . . . He admired the way in which she spoke English and apologized for his own lack of French, but she reassured him: It was no ingrained talent. She had been "finished" at an English school at Margate.

"That's a seaside resort, isn't it?"

"The sea always seemed very grey," she told him, and for a while they lapsed into separate silences. Then perhaps thinking of the dead pigeon she asked him if he had been in the army. "No, I was nearly forty when the war came," he said. "I served on a government mission, in India. I became very fond of India." He began to describe to her Agra, Lucknow, the old city of Delhi, his eyes alight with memories. The new Delhi he did not like, built by a Britisher—Lut-Lut-Lut? No matter. It reminded him of Washington.

"Then you do not like Washington?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I am not very happy in my own country. You see I like old things. I found myself more at home—can you believe it?—in India, even with the British. And now in France I find it's the same. My grandfather was British Consul in Nice."

"The Promenade des Anglais was very new then," she said.

"Yes, but it aged. What we Americans build never ages beautifully. The Chrysler Building, Hilton hotels. . . ."

"Are you married?" she asked. He hesitated a moment before replying, "Yes," as though he wished to be quite quite accurate.

He put out his hand and felt for his umbrella—it gave him confidence in this surprising situation of talking so openly to a stranger.

"I ought not to have asked you," she said, still careful with her grammar.

"Why not?" He excused her awkwardly.

"I was interested in what you said." She gave him a gentle smile. "The question came. It was *imprévu*."

"Are *you* married?" he asked, but only to put her at her ease, for he could see her ring.

"Yes."

By this time they seemed to know a great deal about each other, and he felt it was churlish not to surrender his identity. He said, "My name is Greaves. Henry C. Greaves."

"Mine is Marie-Claire. Marie-Claire Duval."

"What a lovely afternoon it has been," the man called Greaves said.

"But it gets a little cold when the sun sinks." They escaped from each other again with regret.

"A beautiful umbrella you have," she said, and it was quite true—the gold band was distinguished, and even from a few feet away one could see there was a monogram engraved there—an H certainly, entwined perhaps with a B or a P.

"A present," he said without pleasure.

"I admired so much the way you acted with the pigeon. As for me I am *lâche*."

"That I am quite sure is not true," he said kindly.

"Oh it is. It is."

"Only in the sense that we are all cowards about something."

"You are not," she said, remembering the pigeon with gratitude.

"Oh yes, I am," he replied, "in one whole area of life." He seemed on the brink of a personal revelation, and she clung to his coattail to pull him back; she literally clung to it, for lifting the edge of his jacket she exclaimed, "You have been touching some wet paint." The ruse succeeded; he became solicitous about her dress, but examining the bench they both agreed the source was not there. "They have been painting on my staircase," he said.

"You have a house here?"

"No, an apartment on the fourth floor."

"With an *ascenseur?*"

"Unfortunately not," he said sadly. "It's a very old house in the *dix-septième*."

The door of his unknown life had opened a crack, and she wanted to give something of her own life in return, but not too much. A "brink" would give her vertigo. She said, "My apartment is only too depressingly new. In the *huitième*. The door opens electrically without being touched. Like in an airport."

A strong current of revelation carried them along. He learned how she always bought her cheeses in the place de la Madeleine—it was quite an expedition from her side of the *huitième*, near the avenue George V, and once she had been rewarded by finding Tante Yvonne, the General's wife, at her elbow choosing a Brie. He on the other hand bought his cheeses in the rue de Tocqueville, only round the corner from his apartment.

"You, yourself?"

"Yes, I do the marketing," he said in a voice suddenly abrupt.

She said, "It's a little cold now. I think we should go."

"Do you come to the Parc often?"

"It's the first time."

"What a strange coincidence," he said. "It's the first time for me, too. Even though I live close by."

"And I live quite far away."

They looked at one another with a certain awe, aware of the mysteries of providence. He said, "I don't suppose you would be free to have a little dinner with me."

Excitement made her lapse into French. "*Je suis libre, mais vous . . . vôtre femme. . . ?*"

"She is dining elsewhere," he said, "and your husband?"

"He will not be back before eleven."

He suggested the Brasserie Lorraine, which was only a few minutes' walk away, and she was glad that he had not chosen something more chic or more flamboyant. The heavy bourgeois atmosphere of the brasserie gave her confidence, and, though she had small appetite herself, she was glad to watch the comfortable military progress down the ranks of the sauerkraut trolley. The menu, too, was long enough to give them time to readjust to the startling intimacy of dining together. When the order had been given, they both began to speak at once. "I never expected. . . ."

"It's funny the way things happen," he added, laying unintentionally a heavy inscribed monument over that conversation.

"Tell me about your grandfather, the consul."

"I never knew him," he said. It was much more difficult to talk on a restaurant sofa than on a park bench.

"Why did your father go to America?"

"The spirit of adventure perhaps," he said. "And I suppose it was the spirit of adventure which brought me back to live in Europe. America didn't mean Coca-Cola and Time-Life when my father was young."

"And have you found adventure? How stupid of me to ask. Of course you married here?"

"I brought my wife with me," he said. "Poor Patience."

"Poor?"

"She is fond of Coca-Cola."

"You can get it here," she said with this time intentional stupidity.

"Yes."

The wine waiter came and he ordered a Sancerre. "If that will suit you?"

"I know so little about wine," she said.

"I thought all French people . . ."

"We leave it to our husbands," she said, and in his turn he felt an obscure hurt. The sofa was shared by a husband now as well as a wife, and for a while the sole meunière gave them an excuse not to talk. And yet silence was not a genuine escape. In the silence the two ghosts would have become more firmly planted, if the woman had not found the courage to speak.

"Have you any children?" she asked.

"No. Have you?"

"No."

"Are you sorry?"

She said, "I suppose one is always sorry to have missed something."

"I'm glad at least I did not miss the Parc Monceau today."

"Yes, I am glad too."

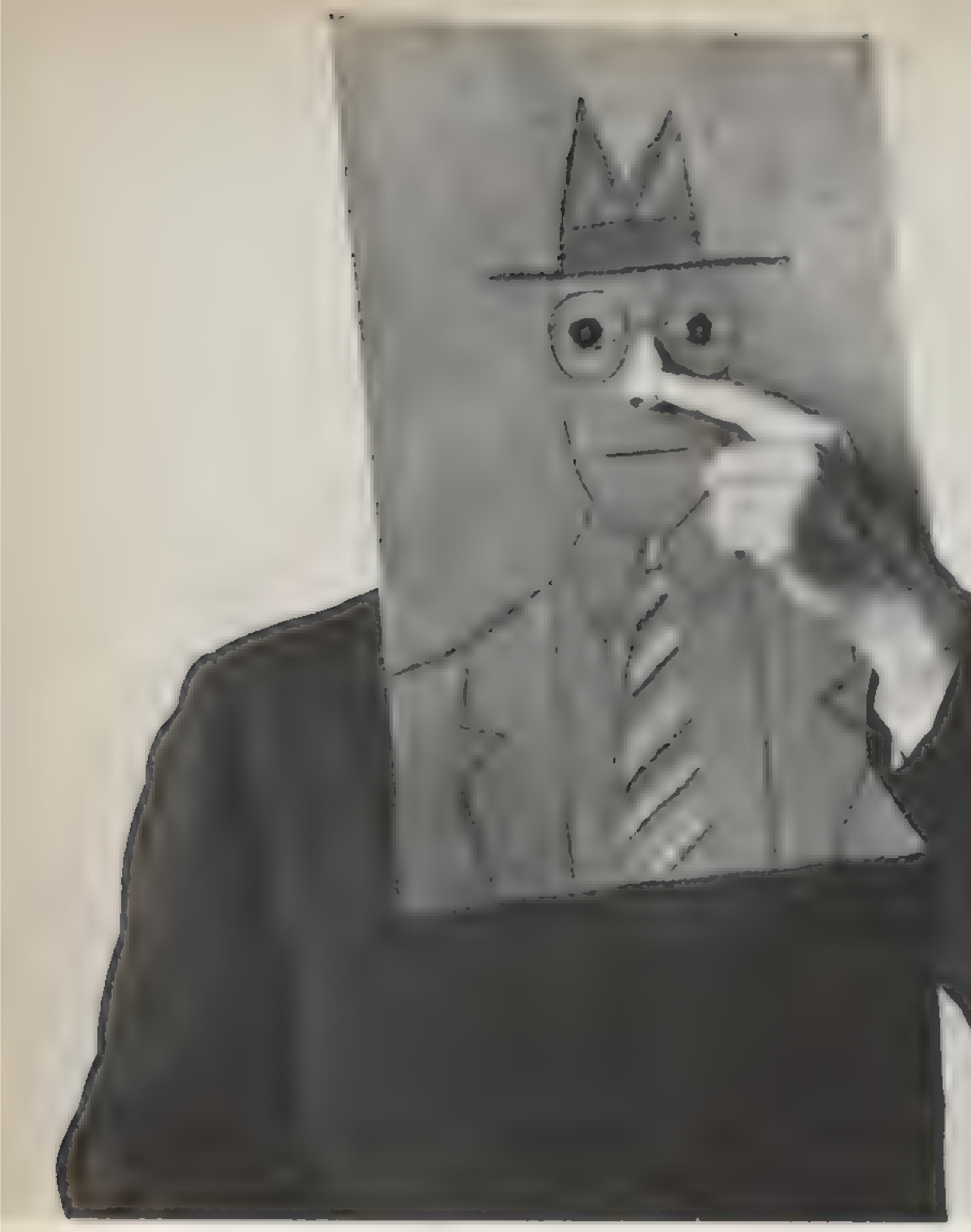
The silence after that was a comfortable silence: The two ghosts went away and left them alone. (Continued on page 144)

STEINBERG

A unique artist, a specialist in the riddles of identity

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

A magnificent draughtsman, Saul Steinberg is an open-faced enigma, a man of masks. For the mask on the left, Irving Penn first made a passport photograph of Steinberg. Then that photograph was enlarged to slightly more than human size. Afterwards Steinberg, a lover of games, cut the enlargement into a mask, had Penn photograph it on another man without Steinberg, The final mask is when nobody is there. To confuse the confusions, Steinberg next made a mask of paper, *right*, with the cutouts showing his own eyes and nose. That mask over his face did not look like him. "I feel comfortable behind this shield," Steinberg said.



SAUL STEINBERG *has just had a busy month, for two New York galleries, the Betty Parsons and the Sidney Janis, have shown simultaneously his work—his extensive and extraordinary drawings, some of them destroying the logic of what he calls his one-dimensional drawings; that they are two-dimensional helps the destruction. His drawings are often funny, but not funny-bone funny. To get the full humour one usually has to know a lot. Steinberg never explains. On the last day of his twin exhibition at these two galleries in 1952, many spectators were so overcome with ardour that they bought up every drawing left on the walls; suddenly red stars appeared on even the most minor Steinberg. It was the gold rush in miniature. Everybody was happy, the two dealers, the artist, and all the buyers. In the spring of 1966, Steinberg had a superb exhibition in Paris at the Galerie Maeght. Later the French Government made him a Chevalier des Arts et Lettres. Now he is the first artist-in-residence at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, where he has been given a house with a studio. In its way the appointment is another medal of honour.*

In his drawings Saul Steinberg records everything about himself but without revealing himself. His art is the autobiography of a man determined to keep his life a secret. A specialist in the riddles of identity, Steinberg knows, of course, that all autobiography is fiction and that those who strive to lay bare "the facts" of their existence are victims of the delusions of Realism. Why commit oneself to incidents merely because they have taken place? In defiance of this era of the couch, Steinberg brushes aside the mirage of the underlying ego and asserts pictorially that one *is* not but only invents. A large exhibition of his works in Paris last spring and a volume of his drawings issued at the same time were called "Masks," a title that points to the artist as an unknown presence behind his screen of images.

Fictions have provided the facts of life for Steinberg. Earlier chapters of his story were the volumes *All in Line, The Passport, The Labyrinth, The New World.* Unreeling the guideline of his draughtsmanship, like the fleeing children of the fairy tale, this pilgrim of the unreal has journeyed through both hemispheres in a landscape of official forms, fingerprints, and bureaucratic detours and blind alleys, to reach at last a legendary frontier of the made-up. His encounters with the dark powers of the mental blank have inspired the insignia by which his graffiti are recognized throughout the world: faked documents, elaborate handwritings in no-language, rubber stamps, spurious signatures, phony terrains, fantastic architecture, and those representations of the artist, the impassive little man and the nosy cat.

Steinberg's adventures in the bogus began with his birth in Rumania, which he has dubbed "a masquerade country." The moment he opened his eyes he was convinced that his operetta environment, with its peasants and moustachioed cavalrymen, had been set up to trick him. His only recourse was to learn without delay how to put on appearances that would cause him to blend into his surroundings. He became a master of the defensive ruses of childhood, foremost among which is the trick of backing away from one's face and using it as camouflage. As a schoolboy he wore a military uniform. Did this make Steinberg a Rumanian cadet? Much later, he was a wartime officer in the U. S. Naval Intelligence and in the OSS, masquerading professionally and in deadly earnest. The Navy sent him to China disguised as "a weather observer." His actual assignment was to provide a means of communication with the Chinese through his ability to say things in pictures. The hitch was that Steinberg knew no English and couldn't communicate with the Americans. His theory is that his real mission was to confuse enemy intelligence agents by causing them to wonder what this foreigner was doing with the American Navy in China. The fictions within fictions of the intelligence service presented an exemplary Steinbergian situation.

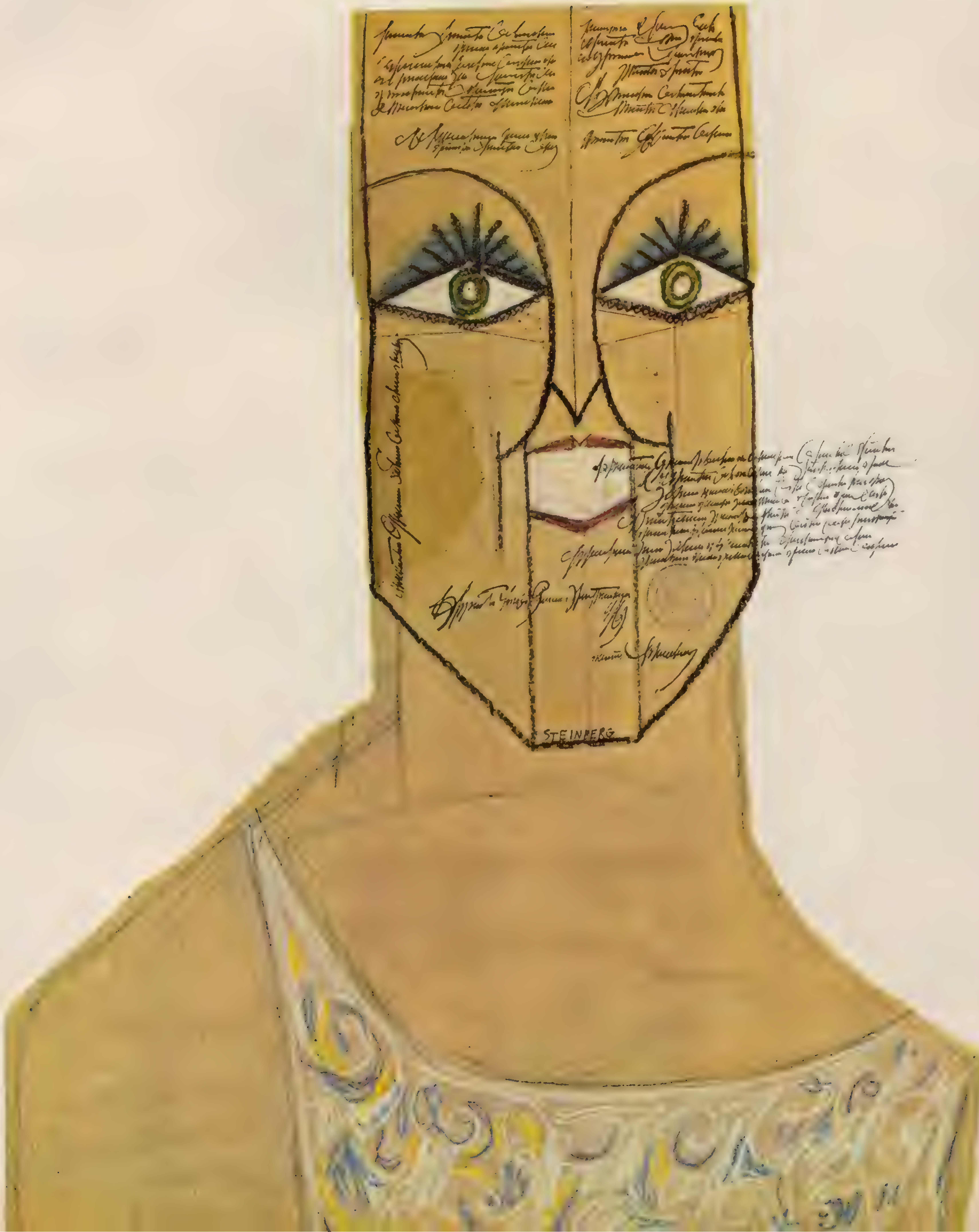
Wearing military uniforms has probably contributed to Steinberg's studied elegance and to his penchant for collecting hats of all nations and trades. But uniforms are only a species of costume, and for people who live in mirrors anything they wear is a uniform. As a young man, Steinberg left Rumania for Italy, a country not without its own operatic emanations, particularly

(Continued on page 137)

Steinberg masked, with hat, above, *Steinberg,* left, *unmasked, with cap at his country house.* Right, *Steinberg's "Western Harpy."*

PENN

STEINBERG



ST

PRINCESS RADZIWILL WEARS COURRÈGES

. . . adores Courrèges . . . adores his purity of line, his clean perfect colourings, and the easy young luxuriousness that's become the touchstone for modern good looks. . . . The fact is: without a peep to the press in two years, Courrèges—the man who shows his fashions to the rhythms of new jazz; who gave hemlines the lift that freed every woman's stride; the man who, in Princess Radziwill's words, "changed the whole proportion of fashion and gave the sixties its look"—Courrèges is It, couturier to the wittiest, prettiest young women in the world. . . . From his new collection, Princess Radziwill chose only four things—"Everything is so pretty and comfortable and so fantastically useful, it's like having a dozen of something else." There is "the usual white dress—I wear it like a uniform, all day long, and on and on." There is "his perfect beige coat—the most beautiful, pure line, like a piece of sculpture." And the adorable bunny turnouts she wears here. . . . *Left:* High-belted, side-closed white-bunny coat spotted with insets of brown wool—"He said he was thinking of a Dalmatian when he designed it." Underneath, a one-piece dress like a sweater and skirt—brown ribbed-wool top, turtlenecked and long sleeved, above a spotted bunny skirt. Courrèges showed this with white fur boots; Lee Radziwill wears it with low-heeled pumps—and the conviction that "no matter how I feel, when I get into this I feel 200% better." *Right:* Snow bunny and translucent silver paillettes—a tiny, ravishingly tailored jacket over a short A-shaped dress with fragile straps and a high, snug bodice covered in white bunny. With this, Princess Radziwill wears three supple diamond bracelets, palest stockings, and silver reptile pumps. . . . Both coiffures are by Kenneth.

PENN

DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI WEARS COURRÈGES

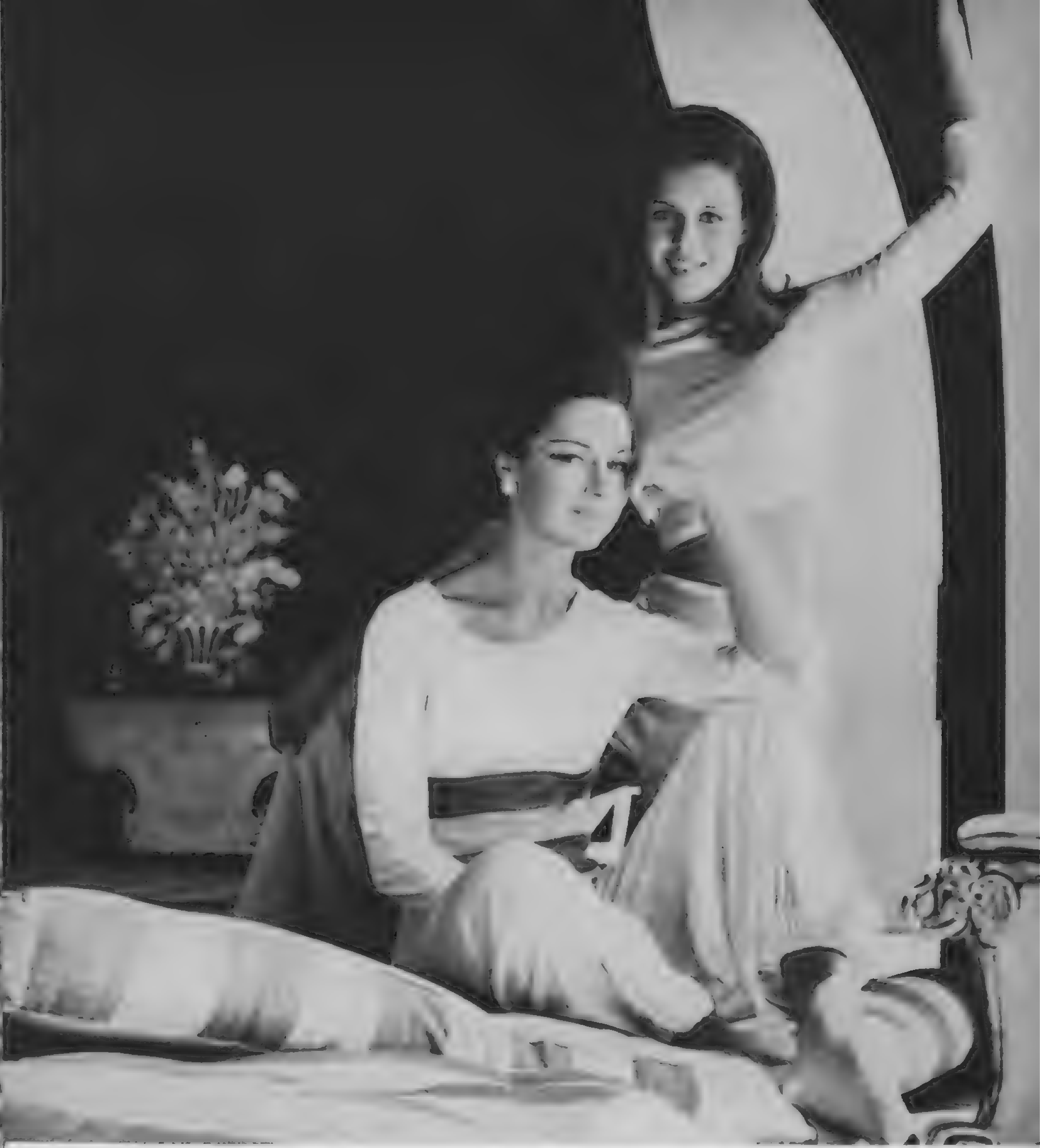
For her life on the outskirts of Turin; for her country life in the Piedmontese mountains; for her life in Rome, where she and her husband, Gianni, are currently redoing a pied-à-terre in "pure Italian Modern"...for her life everywhere, Donna Marella Agnelli, one of the great beauties of today, loves Courrèges—the designer of today. Here, two new choices. *Left:* Camel-colour raincoat lined right out to the edges in flannel Tattersalls—the Courrèges for everybody (Ambassador and Mrs. David K. E. Bruce each have one). Marella Agnelli has a series of Courrèges tops and pants to go underneath: wears it here, at the entrance stairs of the Agnelli's Turin house, over a turtleneck turnout of pumpkin-beige wool. *Right:* Against the blue-velvet walls of the Turin house library, Marella Agnelli wears her pale-blue wool Courrèges with glittered stockings, buckled wine velvet slippers, and a jewelled order pinned high at one shoulder.

HENRY CLARKE

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG WEARS UNGARO

To look at Ungaro's clothes is to look straight to the heart of contemporary fashion—fast-moving, succinct, and completely luxurious, he has the modern vision for the modern woman…for vivid, active young women like Princess Ira Fürstenberg, who, with her first movie, *Matchless*, set for release, is simultaneously juggling offers for a second; building a house in Sardinia; modern-apartment-hunting in Rome; planning to wear out all her old clothes and build a whole new fashion life based mainly on Courrèges and Ungaro—two of whose pants looks she wears here, in her antiques-filled Paris flat. This page: Turnout in Nattier wool gabardine—hip-slung navy bell-bottoms and jacket; striped pull in navy, pale blue, silver. Opposite: Bared-back top and belled hip pants made of gold leather triangles, re-embroidered in black and bound in shiny black kid.

HENRY CLARKE



HENRY CLARKE

IN ROME: CONTESSA CONSUELO CRESPI WITH HER DAUGHTER, PILAR

two of Rome's beauties, Contessa Crespi—American by birth—and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Pilar—both *vivace* brunettes with glorious piquant eyes and the glow of exuberant health. Pilar plays tennis—*lots* of tennis, rides, swims, skis; displays some of the same zeal and grace with languages—she speaks four, Italian, English, Spanish, and French; at the moment has a nicely smouldering interest in romantic literature, especially French. . . . She and her mother were photographed (above) beside the pool-quiet grotto at the Duca di San Vito's villa in the Campagna Romana. Contessa Crespi wears white harem pyjamas ringed with red, yellow, and blue. Pilar's yellow shirt and pants are banded, high and low, by gleaming white vinyl. Both costumes by Princess Luciana.

Mrs. Blair, a slender, leggy young beauty—creamy-skinned with hazel eyes that have the quick quiet glint of warmth and intelligence—was photographed in the Greek amphitheatre of Syracuse where the Blairs stopped in the course of a leisurely yachting trip from Venice down the Dalmatian Coast to Sicily and the Côte d'Azur. As the wife of the U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines, she lives in one of the busiest American Embassies in the world, takes a vivid interest in politics and the freewheeling Philippine press, often receives as many as forty-seven Congressional delegations in a season, and still finds time for Filipino-American welfare work and—her special project—interesting American designers in local embroideries, the most famous of the Philippine crafts. The Blairs, both movie addicts, have even managed to give a bright twist to Embassy parties—movies once a week for forty or fifty people, supper later, gay, easy, and very popular in Manila.

IN SICILY: MRS. WILLIAM McCORMICK BLAIR, JR., WIFE OF THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO THE PHILIPPINES

CECIL BEATON

Katharine Graham

New Power in the American Press

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

No one has been more astonished by her own emergence as a personality in Washington, New York, and London than Katharine Meyer Graham. She had always been a member of the supporting cast. Now circumstances have thrust her into the lead. She not only plays it well, but she is beginning to enjoy it.

Kay Graham spent most of her life as the daughter of two powerful figures and the wife of a third. Her father, Eugene Meyer, was a bold and successful banker who served from time to time as a government official and in the early thirties acquired *The Washington Post.* Her mother, Agnes Ernst Meyer, has long been a force in public affairs, bearing down like a galleon in full sail, all guns firing, on the enemies of education or civil rights or free speech. They were a formidable couple—Eugene Meyer, emphatic and imperious; Agnes Meyer, copious and volcanic.

Kay grew up in a Washington household awash with public personalities. She went on to Vassar, which she found a little pretentious and self-involved, and happily finished college in the hard-working anonymity of the University of Chicago. After a year on a newspaper in San Francisco, she returned to Washington and a job on the *Post.* It was 1939, in the sixth year of Franklin Roosevelt, and the town overflowed with brilliant young men. One of the most brilliant of all was Philip Graham, a young Floridian who had just come down from the Harvard Law School to become law clerk to Mr. Justice Frankfurter. He was a man of penetrating charm, restless energy, and dazzling intelligence, and Kay Meyer, after a fling as a belle of the later New Deal, married him in June, 1940.

Then the war: and, when Phil Graham arrived back from the Pacific in 1945, Eugene Meyer asked him to take over the *Post.* In the next fifteen years Graham made the *Post* the centre of a communications empire. By buying the *Times-Herald,* Kay's father and husband established an impregnable base in Washington; by buying television stations in Washington and in Florida, they prepared for the TV age. Eventually, after her father's death, Graham acquired *Newsweek* and, in association with the *Los Angeles Times,* began to build an international news service. There was much else—*Art News,* paper mills, and, always and inevitably, politics. Two of his close friends were John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. It was an audacious, tense, draining life, and it told fiercely on (Continued on page 153)

Attractive, gentle without necessarily yielding, soft without mental flab, knowledgeable without aggressiveness, a woman with a woman's smart mind, a mother of four—that is Katharine Graham who has more power than any other woman has ever had in publishing. She runs a sizable empire and is the acknowledged boss. She owns not only The Washington Post, *which every American politician and statesman reads every morning, but also* Newsweek, Art News, *two television stations and one radio station, plus forty-five percent of the Paris edition of the* Herald Tribune. *To do that, with grace, she listens long and makes reasonably quick decisions. Her stamina and her brains and her good looks come from both her parents. Eugene Meyer, her father, was a New York investment banker who bought* The Washington Post *in 1933; her mother is Agnes E. Meyer, a free-wheeling thinker, an expert on Chinese art, an authority on social problems, a writer. Mrs. Graham worked for six years on* The Post *until 1945, returning only after the death of her husband, Philip L. Graham, in 1963. An extraordinary man, Graham started on* The Washington Post *in 1946, six years after his marriage to Katharine Meyer. Graham did not begin on the lowest level, for his parents-in-law transferred all the voting stock in The Washington Post Company at that time to Mr. and Mrs. Graham. In that way Eugene Meyer thoughtfully allowed Graham to make his own mistakes and for his daughter to be a part of all future decisions. Katharine Graham manages the intricacies of her life partly because she takes two steps at a time. She likes it that way.*

CECIL BEATON

“THE LONG

By Frances FitzGerald

The Delta is silent below Saigon. Where the land falls away to sea level, the waters of the Mekong fan out, pulse like plasma through the dark silt and infuse it with the slow, rich life of rice, sugar cane, and bananas. The Delta nourishes the country and is silent, complete within itself. On its rivers and along the grey strips of road, cargoes of rice move east to Saigon, west to Cambodia and to the North, as they did in the days of Indochina. The old habits persist. And the Revolution goes on until, after twenty-one years, the word has lost its sense; revolution on revolution, and still no change. Following the Confucian cycles of duty to the family and to the land, which encompasses its dead and its living, the villagers look away from the outside world, which has brought them so little. Independence, Communism, and the Republic rest like empty word-shells above the cycle of the seasons and the routine of the civil war.

The war in the Delta remains in a curious stasis. To the North the big fighting units—the Americans and the North Vietnamese—polarize the country, meeting pressure with increased pressure and widening the instability to draw ever new men, new territories into the vacuum of war. Except for the backwash from this building current, the Delta maintains a balance, a harmony of opposition between the Liberation Front and the Government in Saigon. Along the roadsides, above the bridges, between a hamlet and its backdrop of jungle, the Popular Forces, the barefoot black-clad boys with old carbines, wait eternally behind mud-walled forts in a clutter of nursing women, chickens, and half-naked children who play in the dust. Outside the forts in the paddies or in their dark tunnels the Viet Cong farmer-guerrillas work for their families and wait through the same long fear of their likenesses, their brothers. Though the war ebbs and flows through them, the soldiers change it little; whether drafted by the Viet Cong or the Government, they are bound together by a network of lifelong ties. When the net breaks, there is violence.

An outpost is overrun one night, and by the next morning eight are dead, eight have fled, and eight have deserted to the Viet Cong. A Government battalion encircles a company of guerrillas—leaving a breach through which the enemy can retreat without bloodshed. But the Viet do not see it and, thinking they are surrounded, fight their way out over the battalion at the cost of many lives. When there are casualties, the injured must take revenge, as must any family in the hill towns of Sicily. Who is winning the war? An absurd question. Nothing moves, nothing happens except that, little by little, the strain tells on all of the people.

In his high-ceilinged villa General Dang Van Quang, 4th Corps Commander and supreme representative of the Government in the Delta, receives Air Vice-Marshal Ky with the easy manners of a secure man, a partner. Two weeks before his troops won a great victory—an event which, despite its apparent sanguinity, went unremarked in the American press—and the General has invited the Prime Minister, the Defense Minister, and the Chief of Staff to distribute the medals and citations. [General Quang is now in the Ky cabinet.]

On the couch before the French window General Ky sits talking with nervous, catlike gestures. Beside the slim Northerner, General Quang looks solid, self-assured as a baron whose estates have prospered in a time of trouble; his roundness of stomach, his constant joviality conceal his nimbleness of wit and limb. Laughing, he calls for the servants to bring coffee and hot towels and waves across at his wife and her retinue of women who stand at the foot of the grand staircase waiting to join the party. Outside the French window a well-tended lawn, broken by a sandbag emplacement, slopes down to the river which, with its slow traffic of sampans, curves about the small provincial capital of Can Tho. Since the French resident vacated the villa, since the civil servants, the planters and their wives left Can Tho with its generous white buildings, its open plazas and its gardens, neither the view nor indeed the town itself has changed appreciably.

The General laughs again. He is always laughing—perhaps at nothing so much as his own good luck to command the richest region of the country and the only part of Viet Nam where foreign troops with their impersonal machines of war and their floods of new money have not yet come to disorder the old system. In his still granary the General remains untroubled by the Buddhist monks and the articulate politicians who have rent apart the army in the central provinces and Saigon. Here, where politics are less a matter of principle than a matter of day-to-day business, the war allows for a certain latitude, a moderation. Later in the morning the Prime Minister and the generals will settle down in the soft dusty heat of the plaza and patiently wait out the two hours of parading and speeches.

It will be a fine ceremony with parti-coloured bunting and high school girls all in white and the provincial gentry—the officers, a few civil servants, and the ranking wives with their spike heels and their small diamonds—applauding politely. One by one the soldiers, shy and disorganized by the heat, will come up to receive their medals; now and then an American advisor in the same green uniform and red neckerchief will step up looking like a pale, retarded child among his smaller classmates. It will be a fine ceremony with flags and patriotic music at an uncertain tempo, and after his box lunch Prime Minister Ky will reboard his airplane and fly back to Saigon, having learned nothing, having given no instructions.

The Delta remains silent. It is perhaps too complicated, too meshed within its own harmonies to respond to Hanoi or to Saigon with one or even a dozen clear answers. Since the Vietnamese settlers moved down from the crowded North into the Kingdom of the Khmers one and two centuries ago, the South—unlike the Centre and the North—has been for most of its history under direct French rule.

Building their villages on the strips of high ground along the rivers, the people, except those few who went to Saigon for a French education, sealed themselves off to work the virgin land and to multiply until their numbers reached up beyond five million, or to more than one-third of the population of the Republic of Viet Nam.

Like the colonial administration, the Government and, to a large extent, the National Liberation Front hover over the villages without touching the life of the people. Where there is authority, it is that of a local warlord, a

FEAR”

FRESH EYES ON VIET NAM

guerrilla chieftain or a priest who has shaped a community around his person. Below the two governments with their clear opposition, their linear structure of power, the religious sects, the ethnic minorities, the competing branches of each government, the villages, and the families weave their own designs into the war.

One Catholic priest, who feeds his orphans and school children on American voluntary relief funds, protects his flock—and his temporal power—by paying tribute to the Viet Cong. The owners of a rice mill process "Viet Cong" and "Government" rice indiscriminately and pay taxes to both sides.

As army officers and guerrilla chieftains must exchange military glory for a regular supply of merchandise, so the people must sacrifice killing in the interests of survival. The war has been going on for a very long time; it has become the system. To end it might stanch the flow of blood, but it would dislocate the structure of society.

The Air America pilot swings his Beechcraft in a tight gyre over the airstrip of the province of An Giang. Cutting the last loop too short, he grazes the runway and pulls back at the control for another approach. He is taking no chances with ground fire—or perhaps he has forgotten where he is, for the provinces of the Delta look so much alike with the wheeling mirrors of water, the thatched huts, and the coconut stands in a jade sea of rice. And there are so many names—An Giang, Kien Giang, An Xuyen, Kien Hoa, Dinh Tuong. . . .

But the Hoa Hao sect controls An Giang, and there are no Viet Cong in the province—or at least none to speak of. The relationship between the two facts is not strictly causal, though *mystique* is *politique* in Viet Nam, and the fundamentalist Buddhist sect with its million adepts constitutes a political force in the Delta second only to the Viet Cong. Since the Government learned to appoint Hoa Hao officials to An Giang, it has been the only province in the country where officials and Americans travel without guns.

To drive through An Giang is, for an American, to drive out of Viet Nam into a mirage of the country at peace. Ten miles of road back into the hamlets of polished wooden houses free of the barbed-wire weed that chokes the rest of the country, ten miles of gardens with their spirit altars and earthenware jars filled with rainwater.

Then to Chau Doc and the river, the ancient road of the country, past the fishing weirs, the flat boats that move against the current under the arc of a rattan sail and further into the mirage to a place that is perhaps at the back of the mind of Viet Nam, somewhere that has been half-forgotten. The small children wade in the shallows, plunging their baskets into the mud to trap the small bottom fish.

They are there, waiting at the landing. The Central Committee of the Hoa Hao—twelve men in shiny grey business suits and pointy shoes that squeak as they walk. Courtly, they bow from the waist and feign to ignore the muddy boots and open shirts which their visitors have been so naïve as to bring into their country. "We are enchanted to welcome you."

The committeemen murmur greetings preserved over the long seasons of disuse in their prewar elegance. Preserved, perhaps, by the virtue that their private army gained by killing—and, it is darkly rumoured, eating—so many Frenchmen during the War of Liberation.

The President of the Central Committee, an old man with the gait of a judge and the wicked smile of a child, ushers the company into a garden of chipped hedges and flowering trees where under a pavilion a long table is set for tea. "Let me show you the sacred places of our cult," he offers courteously. His gold teeth glitter.

The pavilion is a sanctuary. Here the Prophet Huyn Phu So, the founder, was born and here, after his illumination, he preached in the one year that was given to him, 1939, the year of the Cat. Here is the altar with its brass vessels and the crimson cloth that signifies the Buddha.

The Hoa Hao make no idols, burn no incense, and have no priesthood, for the Prophet brought the people back to the fundamental teachings of the One Buddha. Here is a picture of the Master as a young man. (The painted face behind the glass is sallow, diffident, the face of a young man set apart from the world, as if by a persistent disease. The Prophet's mandarin robes are of real silk, stuffed above the surface of the canvas; his feet are painted.) "Listen to the chanting," the President says. "Our adepts are calling out the prayers from the prayer tower in the village. Here is a photograph of the Prophet's mother. She lives here with us in the village. She is eighty-three."

We, the American guests, sit down with the Central Committee on carved black chairs around the table, and the Committee press upon us sarsaparilla, sweet cakes, and metaphysics. Who are they, these spry old men who live out here in the back of beyond in their shiny suits, in their Mormon-like zeal, in their memories of a too recent—and for that reason somehow questionable—Prophet?

"The West has made great progress in learning about the world through science, but there are some things that you will never understand and these are the mysteries." The President's eyes sparkle at his barefaced cliché. "You see, it is quite simple. The Hoa Hao have faith, and therefore there are no Viet Cong in our province. We are the blessed of Buddha. It is quite evident that we must be blessed because no sooner is the country threatened—seven hundred million Chinese, *figurez-vous!*—than we are granted a great and powerful protector in the United States."

The old man beams. He has made for our benefit such a limpid description of that human tangle which Viet Nam has spent twenty-one years in the knotting. In a softer voice he goes on to expound one of Saigon's more intricate political squabbles with whose details he is—perhaps by occult perception—absolutely familiar.

"There is," the old man continues, "no use asking which military régime is better than the next or what good can come of the Constituent Assembly. What Viet Nam must have is a revolution. Have you seen any revolutionary leaders among our chiefs of state?" he asks archly.

"You have heard, of course, of metempsychosis. Viet Nam is passing through a period of troubles—collectively we are paying for the sins of our previous incarnations. Soon, however, the period will end. We are near to finding a coalition with a leader who will (Continued on page 139)

ALWAYS ON SUN DAYS

Clothes with all the news, done the prettiest ways.... Starting here—kicksy pants looks, adorable sun looks, and excellent little day dresses. The right stripes, centred here—of black and cream, with bell-bottom sleeves. Straight man-pants of cream-white twill. Ban-Lon top of Du Pont nylon; about $12. Pants, Dacron and cotton (Cohama fabric), about $12. Both by Sportempos: Altman's; Rich's; H & S Pogue; Sanger-Harris. Hamilton watch (we added the band). White duck pants turnout, lower left. Long double-breasted jacket, a zipper to slash the front. Straight narrow pants. This duck, with stretch to it—of cotton and Lycra. Suit by White Stag; Wellington Sears fabric. Jacket, $25; pants, $13. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Carson Pirie Scott. Mini-skirt for maxi-sun, upper right, of cream-white twill, wrapped to the back. Top of cream and black stripes. Ban-Lon top of Du Pont nylon; about $8. Skirt of Dacron and cotton (Cohama fabric), about $12. Both by Sportempos; at Altman's; Lazarus; Foley's. Cloche by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Dynel hairpieces here, by Tovar-Tresses.

BERT STERN

For the off-beach hours, or northern days—great dresses of pale flyweight wool in nifty new shapes. Cropped raglan sleeves, high belt, left, bright young things for a dress of pink wool gabardine. The neck, squared to corner at the raglan seaming; the tied belt of white kid. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Anglo wool, loomed in America. About $185 at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Earrings are by Cadoro. Marvellous white, opposite—a clean chalk-mark of a dress in thin white wool piqué, side-buttoned, with a purist's collar, little chopped sleeves. By Christian Dior-New York; about $235. Napier rings and earrings. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Julius Garfinckel; Stanley Korshak; May D & F. Coiffures by Ara Gallant, with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

BERT STERN

ALWAYS ON SUN DAYS

THE LIGHT LITTLE WOOLS

Little beach covers, fresh and young—smock-shaped like children's dresses with rounded collars, long shirt-cuffed sleeves, in spriggy prints or paintbox pastels. For bikinis, mini-skirts, pants.

A ruffled bib and collar, left—crisp and sweet as fresh piecrust on a mini-smock of white, printed in tiny blue flowers, with a long bikini-covering shirttail. By Catalina, of Dacron and cotton; about $12 at Altman's; Liberty House, Honolulu.

White lace bands, lower left, stripped over a yoke of smocky shirring on orange-and-white flower-printed voile. By Ship 'n Shore, of Dacron and cotton; about $6 at Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr.

The colour of sun days, opposite, a mini-smock of sun yellow—cool, crinkly, with a deep yoke of smocking, the demurest collar. By Ship 'n Shore, in crinkled crêpe of Dacron, nylon, and cotton. About $6 at Macy's; Halle Bros.; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson. All coiffures, these pages, by Ara Gallant; Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

ALWAYS ON SUN DAYS

MINI-SMOCKS... THEY ALL GO TO THE SEASHORE

BERT STERN

ALWAYS ON SUN DAYS

A CLEAR DAY'S COLOURS

The sky and the sun, this page: Blue linen that might have been snipped right out of the firmament, cut out to show a suntanned back and shoulders. By B. H. Wragge, of Moygashel linen. About $80. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. The ring by Smith St. Jacques. Sunstruck coral, opposite: Wool that plays it cool in the sun—light worsted crêpe with funnel neck, small sleeves, and a high front belt to bring it all closer to the body. By Charles Cooper. About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Both pages: coiffures by Ara Gallant, with long Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

BERT STERN

NEW BLAZE OF PRINTS

FROM THE ITALIAN BOUTIQUES

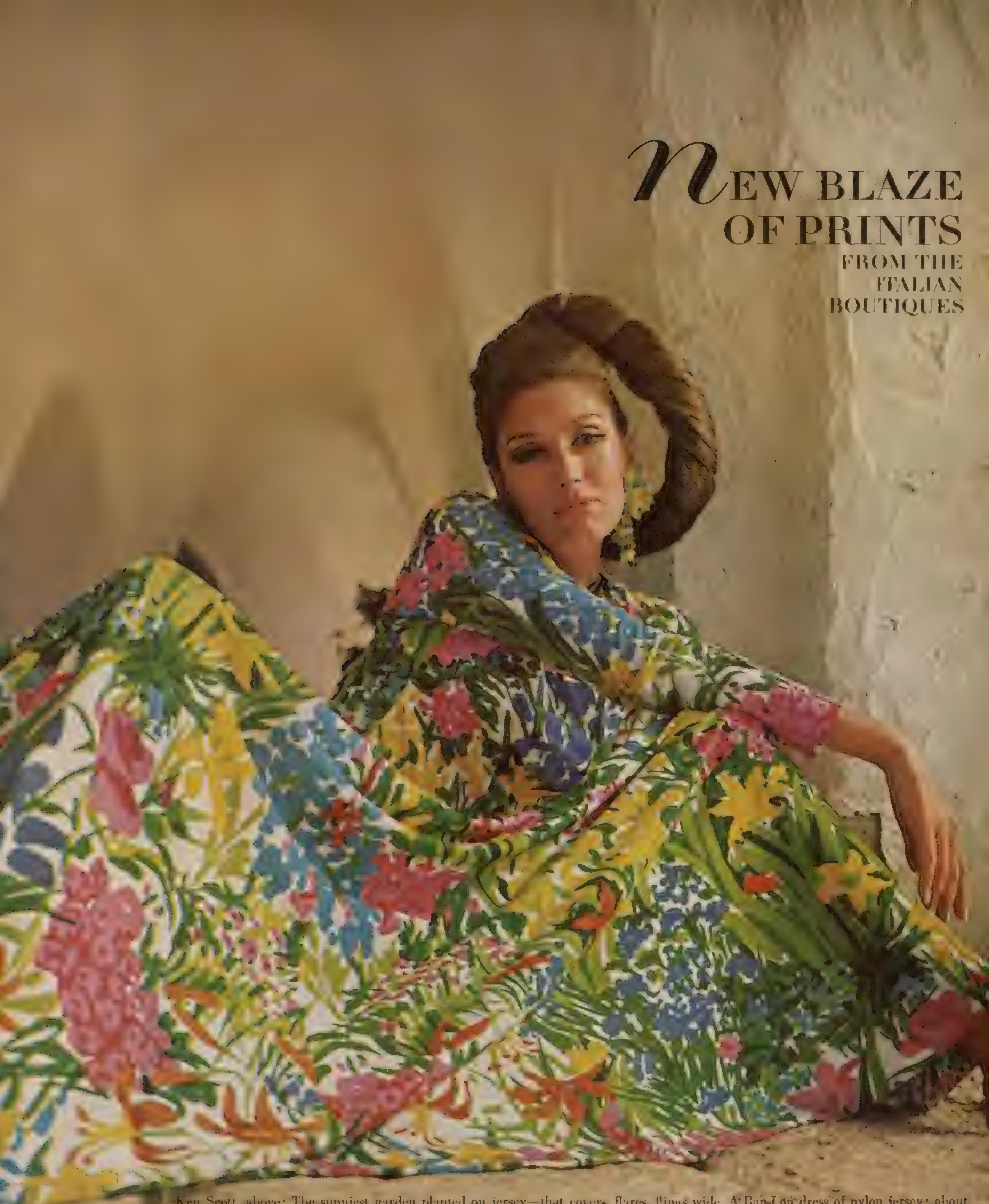
HENRY CLARKE

Princess Luciana, opposite: Mosaic squares, printed in rose and gold on a long crêpe caftan slit at the neck and ankles—photographed at Sa Conca, one of the fascinating villages in Sardinia. The caftan, at Bonwit Teller. Jewellery: Coppola & Toppo. Ken Scott. Above: Long dress with wide skirt the flick and flash of art-nouveau colours—this, at Hotel Cala di Volpe on Sardinia's Costa Smeralda. A Ban-Lon dress of nylon jersey; about $170 at Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Ropes of coral (a fresh supply of this has lately been sighted off Sardinia) by Giovanni Apa. Both coiffures: Alba & Francesca.

HENRY CLARKE

NEW BLAZE OF PRINTS

FROM THE ITALIAN BOUTIQUES



Ken Scott, above: The sunniest garden planted on jersey—that covers, flares, flings wide. A Ban-Lon dress of nylon jersey; about $210 at Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Jewellery, on both pages, by Coppola & Toppo. Coiffures by Alba & Francesca. Emilio Pucci, left: Sea-blues, tile-patterned with white, for a leotard of Helanca nylon, misted over by a floating coat of chiffon voile in the same print. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. In the backgrounds: a modern hotel built to look like an old Sardinian village, wind-sculpture and all—the Cala di Volpe. This, on the Costa Smeralda in northeast Sardinia, an area being developed now, superbly, by a Consortium headed by the Aga Kahn.

GLOSS ON THE RUN—SKI SHIRTS IN BLACK, IN WHITE

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Ski shirts in shiny black or white —a great look now with ski pants, and ski-everything-else, in black. Slick and black, left, a ski shirt of shiny black fabric with wide Byron collar, stitched cowboy yoke, snug cuffs, narrow body to tuck into pants. For fun: the black D'Artagnan hat with a big puff of white plume (hidden here) trailing after. Ski shirt by Anne Klein for Mallory, of polyester and nylon by Aerfab; about $40. Ski pants by White Stag; about $20. Both at Altman's. Shirt, also at Harzfeld's. Hat by Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Ben King bag: Henri Bendel. Ski mittens at Andre. Gleaming white, right, a ski shirt of nylon Oxford cloth—a thin translucent weight that stormweathers—with bands around and down. Here with black ski pants of wool and Helanca stretch nylon (seen again at left). Shirt of Du Pont nylon, about $17; pants, about $20. Both by White Stag; at Altman's. Hood by Adolfo. Gloves at Abercrombie & Fitch. Goggles by Bernard Kayman. Boots, both pages: Beconta.

FRANCOR BARTELL

Fur ski shirt, opposite, of brown-dyed Japanese mink with no collar, narrow little sweater sleeves, a zipper up the front. The skins, going round and round. Great with everything else white—the pants of wool and Helanca stretch nylon, the wrapped jersey turban, gloves, boots. Fur shirt by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. Pants by White Stag; about $20. Both at Altman's. Shirt: Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Adolfo turban. White shoulder-belt: Calderon. Mittens at Andre. Boots by Henke: the Scandinavian Ski Shop. **Shirt-collar sable**, this page, with another shirt worn inside—a superb coat for sleighing, for parties after. No buttons at all, it just wraps—a leash of a belt holds it close. The hem, a few inches above the knees: here with butterscotch suède boots topping out under. By J. Weinig, of natural blonde Russian sable; at Altman's; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Sable hat by Irene of New York. The high boots, by Evins.

FUR ON THE RUN—SKI
SHIRTS IN MINK, IN SABLE

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

THE NEW SHIRT-AND-TIE ROMANCE

WORN BY VERUSCHKA

It's new. It's romantic. It's the most delicious shirt-look since Claudine went to school.... *Really* pretty. Cut very close to the body. Tiny little armholes. Big, poetic collars held high and snug by every manner of necktie. ...Wear under suit jackets. Wear under coats. Wear with pants, as Veruschka does left and right. ...Wear, wear, wear: in 1967 the shirt takes over. *Left:* Wanted for a black velvet "smoking"—a diaphanous white dinner shirt pleated all over and lined through the body... collar like a small cape, and a long transparent ripple of cuffs. To add (as we did): a big black leather bow-tie; black satin cummerbund. Sarff-Zumpano shirt, of pleated Du Pont nylon; about $90. At Nan Duskin. *Right:* Giant schoolboy collar and deep, deep cuffs on a shirt of off-white flannel. Worn with a shiny, shaggy, narrow black tie and plunged into licorice-black clown pants. Lady Hathaway shirt by Melba Hobson, of wool-and-cotton; $19. At Altman's; Frost Bros. Ginori pants; $60. Altman's. Both pages: Hairpieces: Fashion Tress.

THE NECKTIED SHIRT

WORN BY FRANÇOISE HARDY

Ici: the shirt of the year, worn by Françoise Hardy, whose year this is—the year of her New York café début at Basin Street East; the year of her movie, *Grand Prix.* And, meanwhile, back at the recording studios—smash after smash after smash. *Left:* Ratcatcher tie in the long pointy collar; deep cuffs tight to the wrist—creamy flannel shirt worn with suspendered navy clown pants that rise way above the waist but never touch it. Shirt by Anne Klein for Mallory, of Orlon and Avril; about $35. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros. Ginori wool twill pants; $45. At Altman's. *Near right:* Strips of lace down the sleeves, more on the collar—the pretty pretty white shirt, fit to be tied (we used black satin). By Macshore in Kodel and cotton. About $7. Arnold Constable; Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott. The pants from a black velvet "smoking" (jacket not shown) by Luba for Elite. *Far right:* Huge fluted collar, cuffs ditto—a shirt of thin white Cameo linen. Evan-Picone by Frank Smith. $35. Arnold Constable. Camilla Smith ties: Paraphernalia.

Suzy Parker's in a new rôle—Collar and Cuffs; in supporting rôles are… *Below:* Tattersall shirt, Tattersall tie—a wide Beau Brummell collar and a knotted stripling tie. Lady Hathaway by Melba Hobson, in blue-grey-white wool and cotton flannel. Shirt, about $25. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne. *Right:* Pilgrim-fathers' shirt, father's tie—great collar, great cuffs, and a splash of dots pinpointing a four-in-hand. Evan-Picone white shirt by Frank Smith, in Moygashel linen. About $30. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Red-dotted yellow cotton tie by Camilla Smith: at Paraphernalia. Smith St. Jacques cuff links.

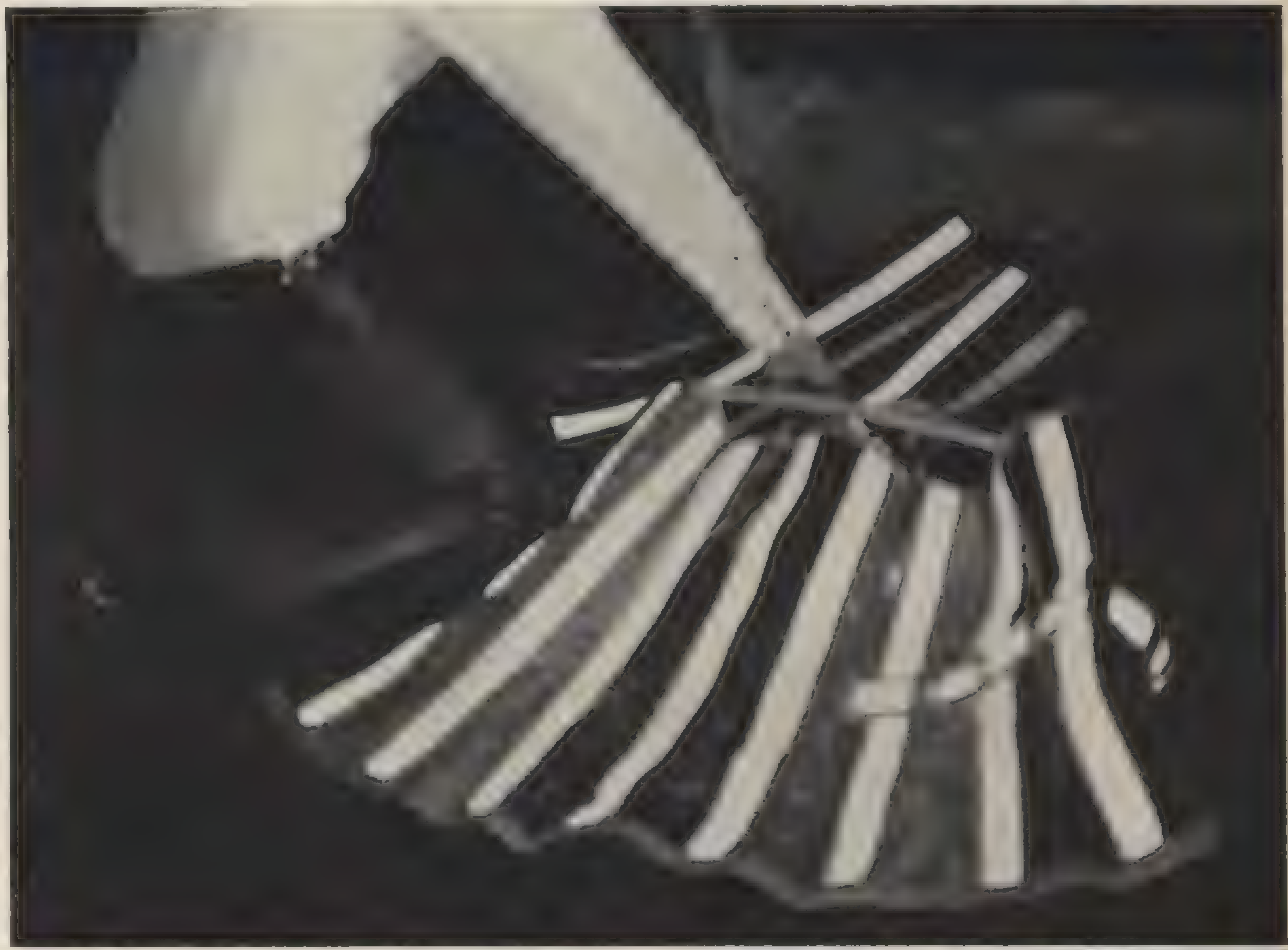
BERT STERN

SHIRTS AND TIES MADE FOR EACH OTHER

WORN BY SUZY PARKER

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE
OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

LIGHT: Switch on to the most electrifying action to strike the 1967 boutique scene.



Diana Dew (right and below) is the dynamo who's turning them on—literally. She's a new, true, blazing talent on the boutique scene, and this is her message: light up—with electricity. What Diana has worked out to *work* is what some others have experimented with but haven't—how to make clothes glow, appear to *move,* by means of electric wires, bulbs, and batteries. She's also a very good designer—and she's been signed up exclusively by that "Ford-Foundation-for-young-designer-talent," Paraphernalia. So hang on, we're off on a whole new experience. A few of Diana's designs are in Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue, now. But downtown in her laboratory-living loft, all sorts of illuminating ideas are being wired up. Visiting from London, Mr. and Mrs. Piers von Westenholz decided to climb up and see what was on (far left). While Piers carefully investigated the men's jersey trousers side-striped with light-up-able vinyl, Arabella zipped into the navy vinyl mini striped with white. She strapped on her hipster belt with its two neat pack cartridges of batteries, pushed the switch and—all those stripes were lighting up and off, racing against each other like it was Big News time around the Times Square Tower! Meanwhile Diana was zipping around explaining . . . the clear plastic pants circled with vinyl light-up-able stripes (near left) . . . "all those wires that you see dangling inside will be hidden when it is finished." . . . Showing how the inside of her minis look (above)—a zipped-in silk lining covers the switches and wiring. . . . Now she's working on a battery-charged dress that will work by remote control—"like at a party—he can suddenly switch you

JACK ROBINSON

VLADIMIR SLADON

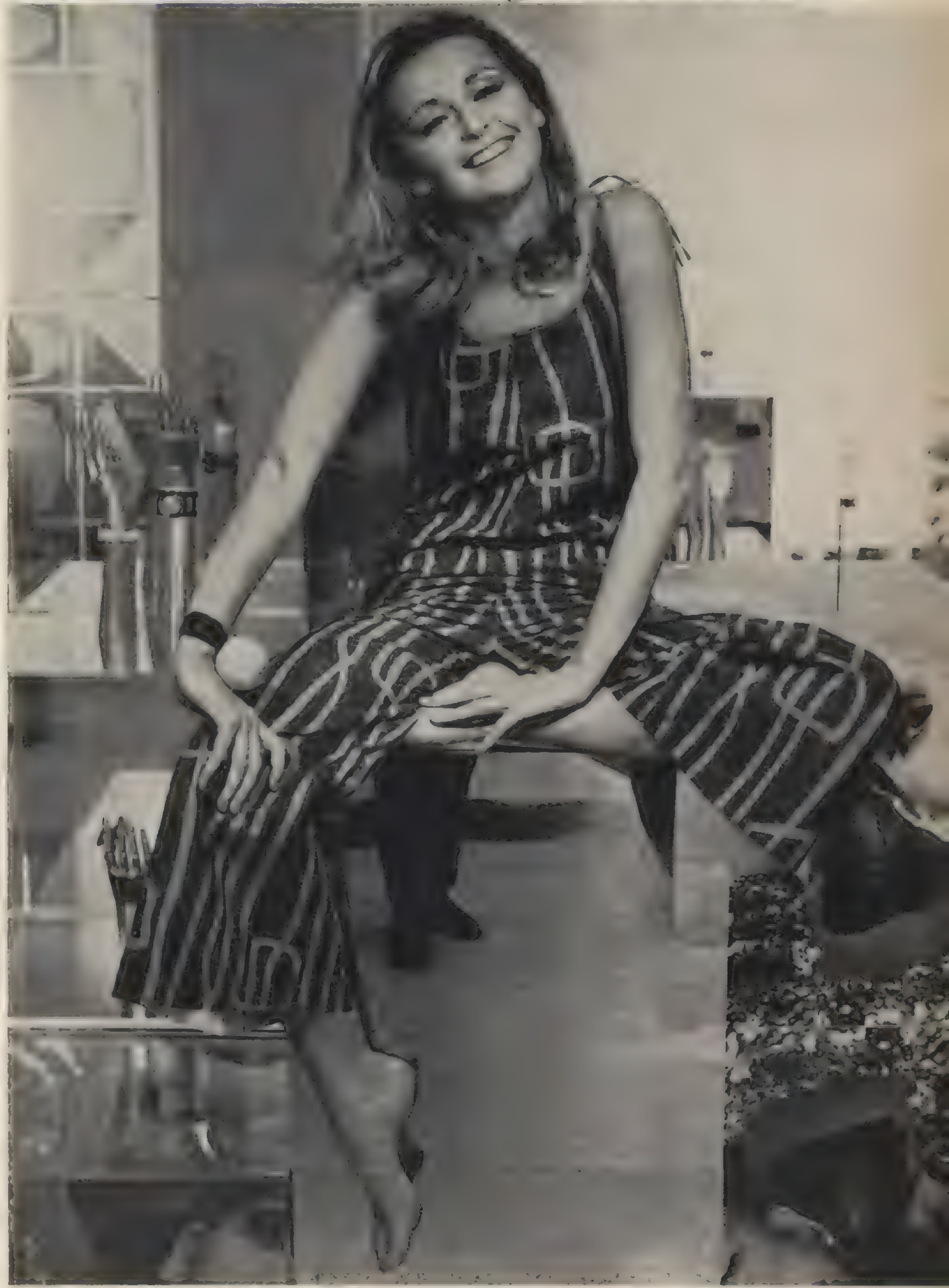
on from the other side of the room . . ." and she's working on a super, cut-off safety guard that will "automatically turn you off if you decide to jump in a pool or something." . . .

All this real charge to fashion is coming out of a loft—three flights up from a grisly, ugly street chocked with trucks. But you're there and it's great—there's the Harpo Marx poster over the sewing machine (left): the corner filled with books, records, all the equipment for an impressive rock group; the architect-like drawing board; the all-business work table covered with wires, chargers, batteries, pliers; and the darting, capable, knowledgeable hands of Diana Dew. And behind a partition there's the bed platform (below)—lighted oddly, romantically, like a Vermeer—with sooty sun filtering through a window shade of blue gelatin—it's a little corner where someone is dreaming dreams that are—TODAY. . . .

MOVEMENT: Watch for the 1967 revolution.

Gone—the "a-pretty-girl-is-like-a-ta-da-da" fashion show—blown straight out by the whine of the electric guitar, the wheeng of a tape recorder. . . . Courrèges started it in his Paris salon, Paraphernalia's boutique openings have been bringing the rock beat to fashion shows across the nation. And—at the recent April in Paris Ball (left)—the mannequins moved like wafting automatons, following the impulses from the wheening, "concrete" music tapes made especially for the show, by Quasar Khanh and the National Center of Experimental Music, in Paris . . . the music and clothes hand in hand as an interpretation of the modern mood—all the meanings of today.

PAPER: Print it big as 1967 fashion.



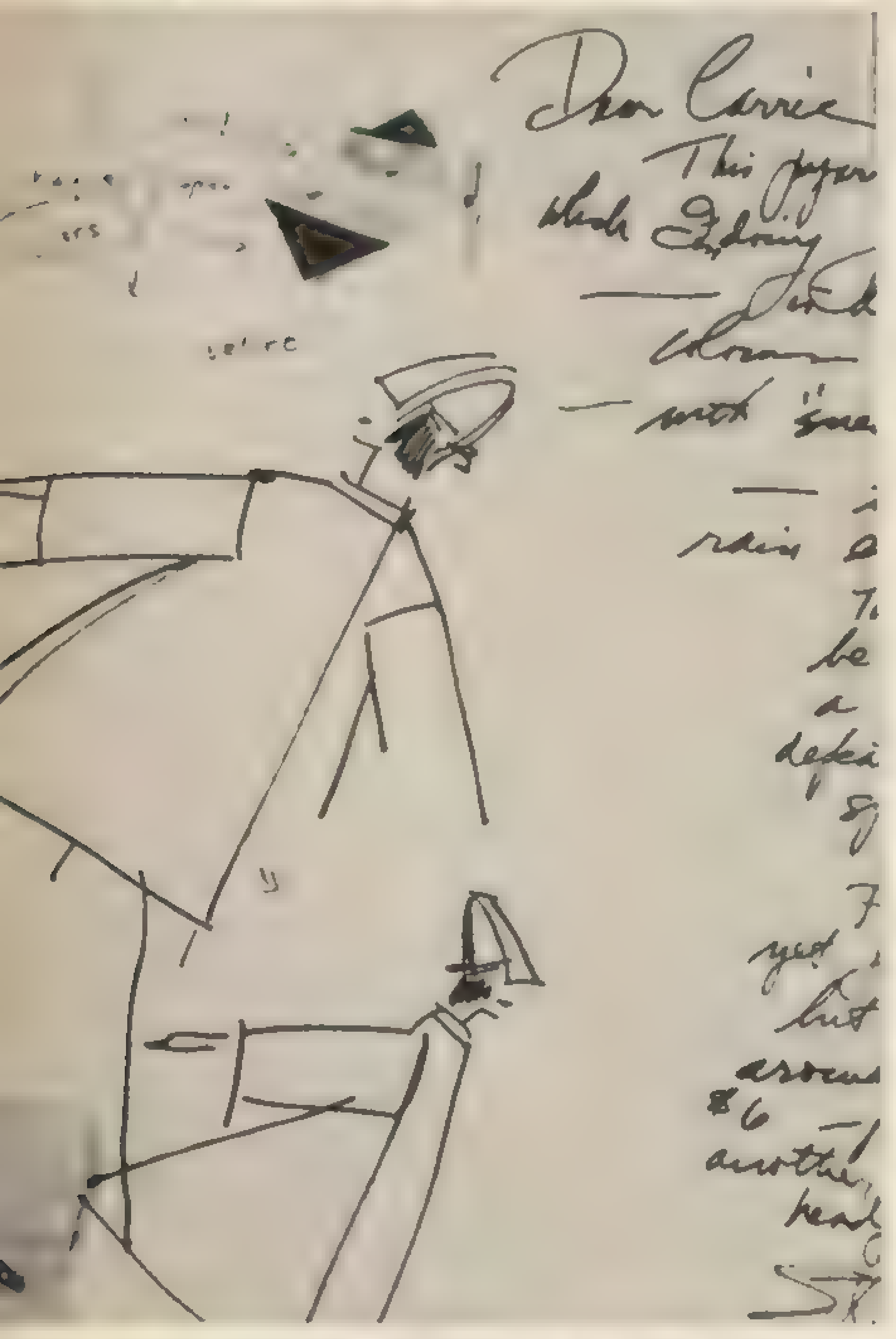
Because paper is right-on-the-button, rat-tat-tat, real red 1967 fashion—it's comfy to wear, it lasts longer than you'd think, it can be great looking, it costs practically nothing—what more can a boutique bunny ask? Mars Manufacturing was one of the first to cut up paper. Above, their newest shape—a shoulder-tied paper jumpsuit—electric-blue printed with jolts of turquoise. $4 (end of January), Stern Brothers Paper Boutique, 41 West 42nd Street. But—boutique bunnies of the world, unite! What's going on now is practically a boom without a dress—everywhere the girls are clamouring for chic-cut paper doll dresses and only a handful of designers are clipping their scissors through the Kimberly Kaycel paper "fabric." Should we shoulder our paper placards and march to protest? . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

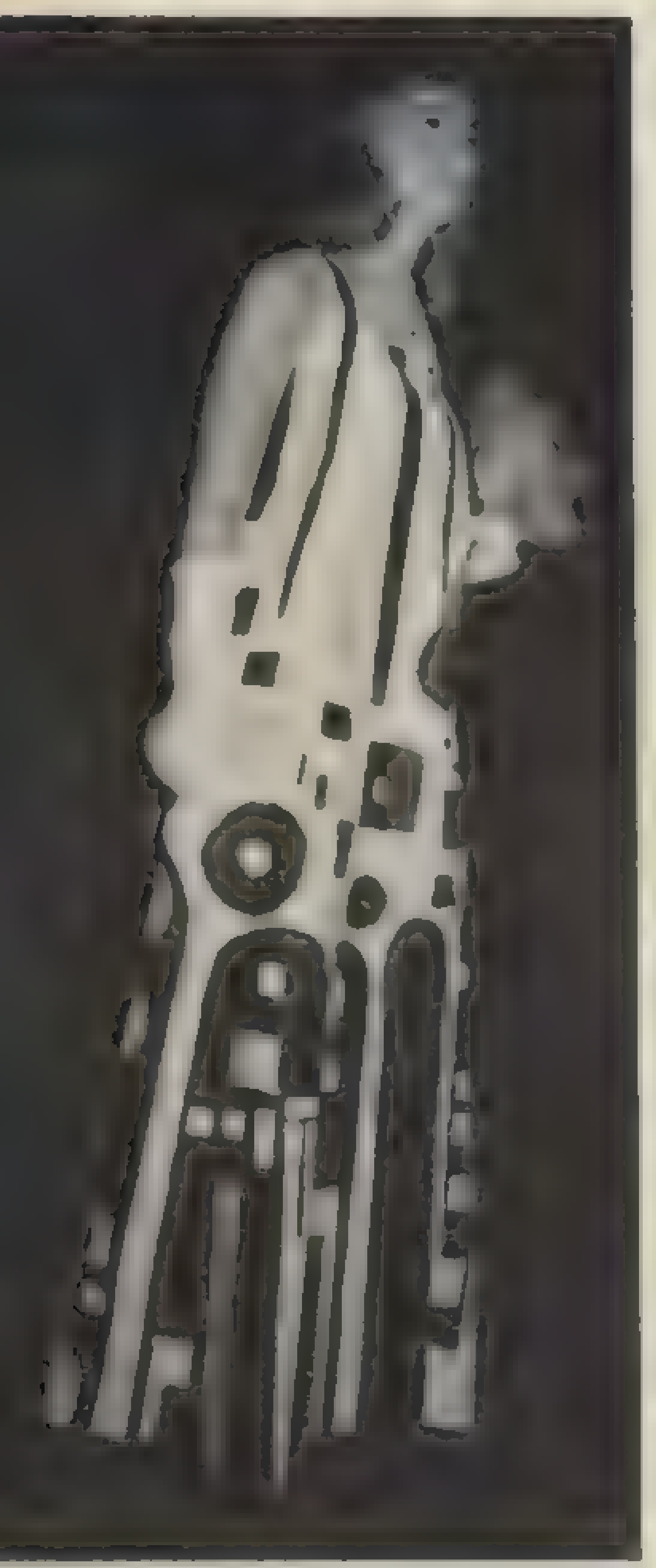
Continued

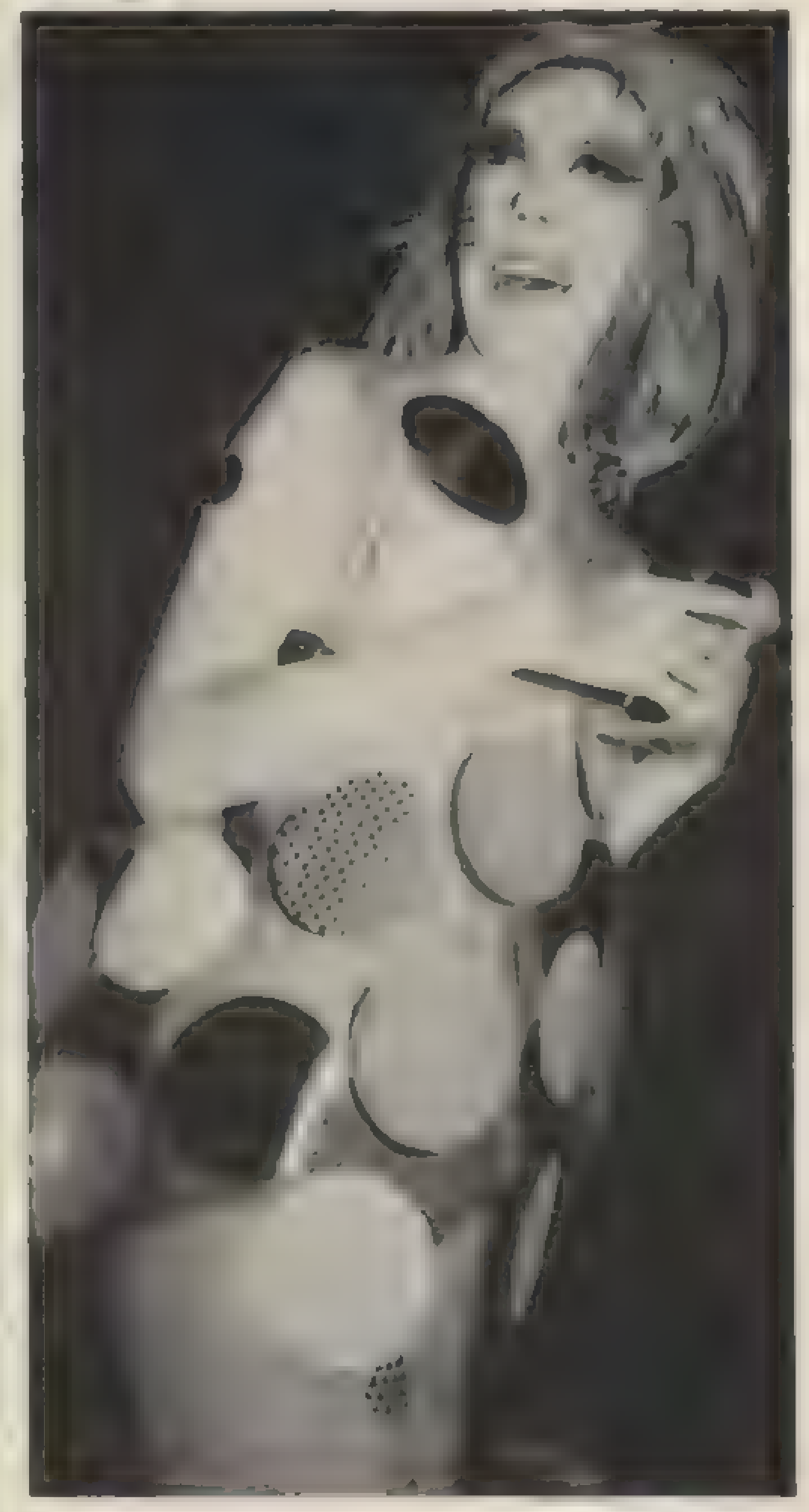
Paper: New York—anti-sog slickers for the rain.

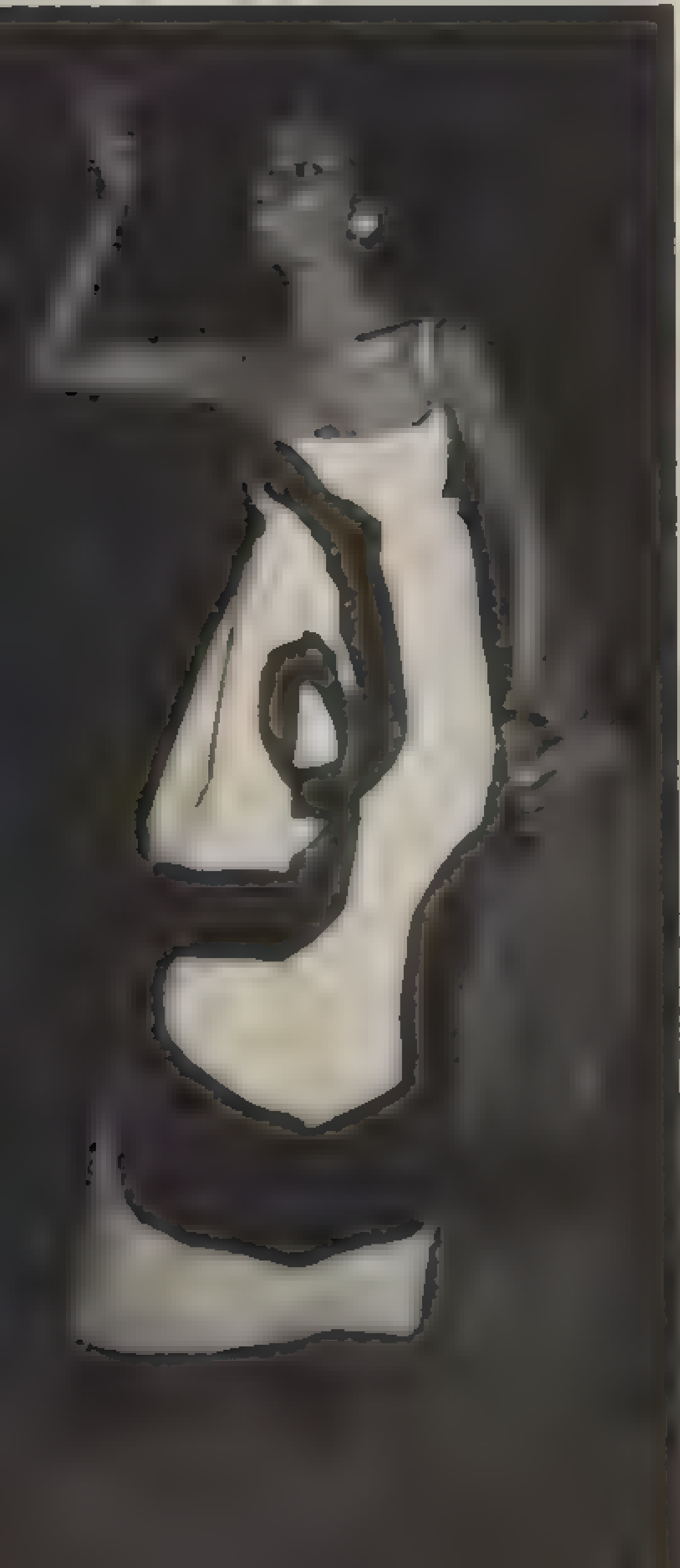


They're made of Kimberly Kaycel's new paper with a shiny vinyl finish—it not only looks great but it's supposed to wear—if not like iron—at least through ten drenchings. In packages of four. This idea from one of the original paper-fashion go-getters, Elisa Daggs. Altman's, 34th St. and 5th Avenue, come February....

Paper: Hartford, Conn. museum vintage.





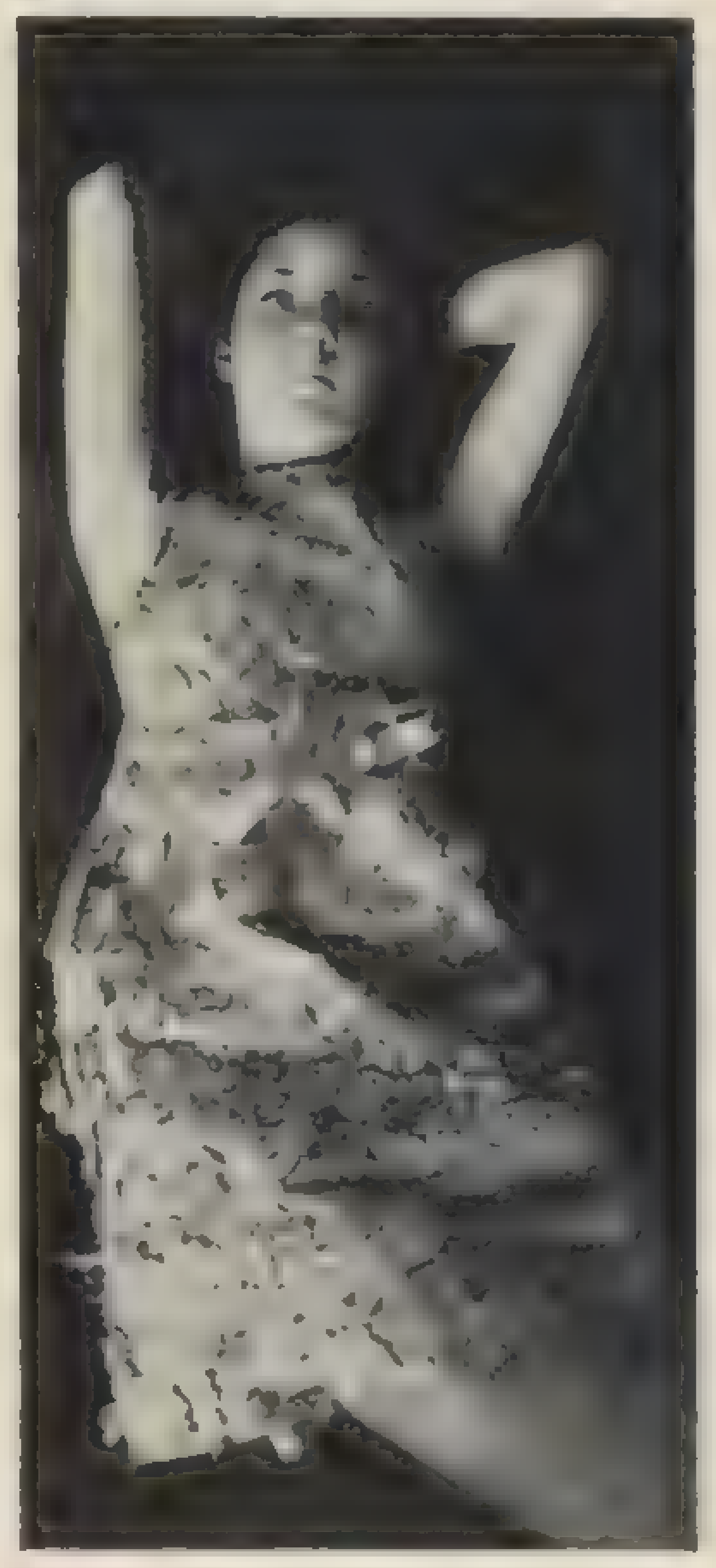


It was a charity ball in the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum, and Peggy Moffitt (above) came in her Rudi Gernreich plastic tunic measled with paper dots. . . . Ethel Scull (left above) looked like super modern sculpture in a white Kimberly Kaycel paper shaft hand-painted by Luksus. Myrna Stephens (left) wore a beautifully cut sinuous Kaycel paper design by Jon Haggins. . . . But just like anything else in a museum all these divine dresses are, alas, one of a kind. . . .

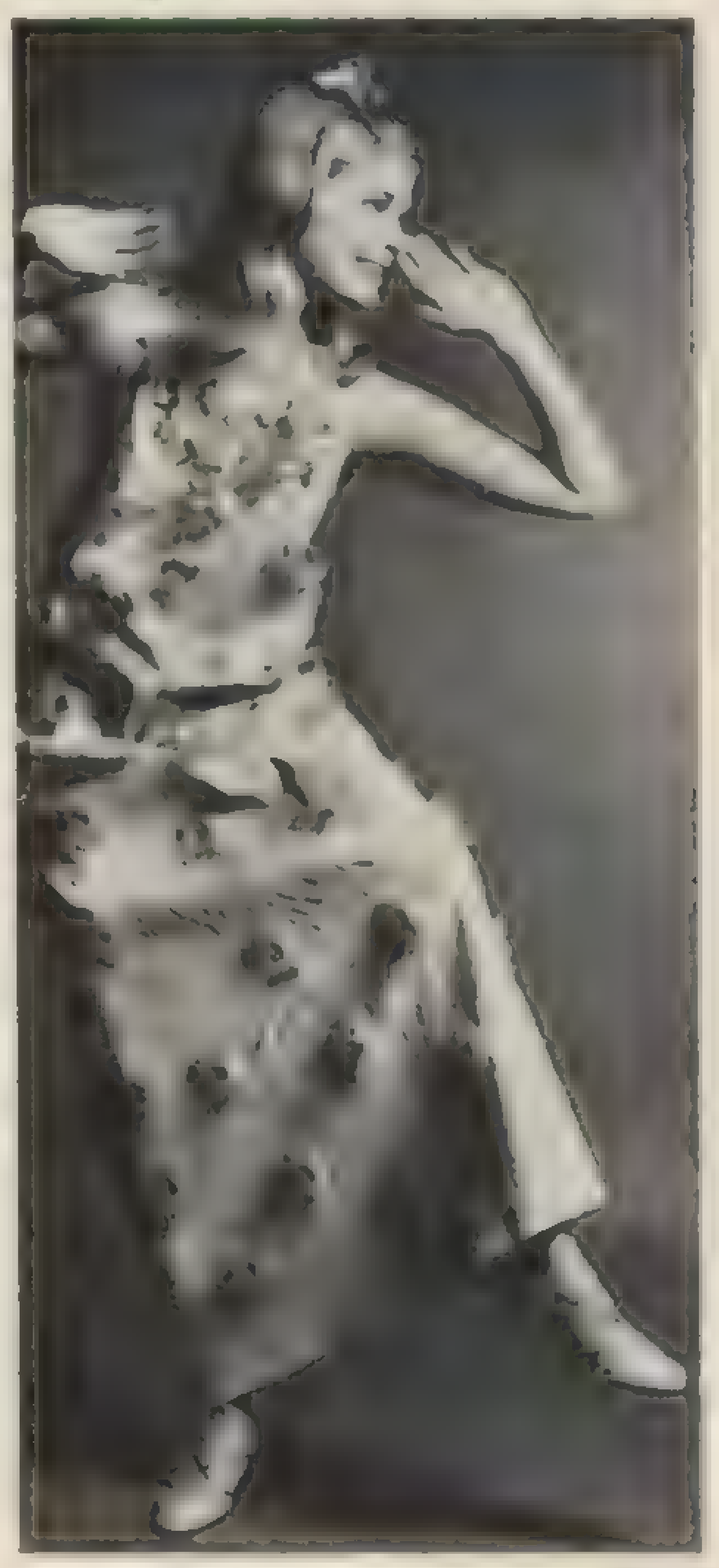
JACK ROBINSON

Paper in London—

Teresa Topolski's pâtisserie is all her own . . . it's pasted together from a panful of crispy, crunchy gold lace paper doilies . . . she wears it with gossamer gold stockings. . . .



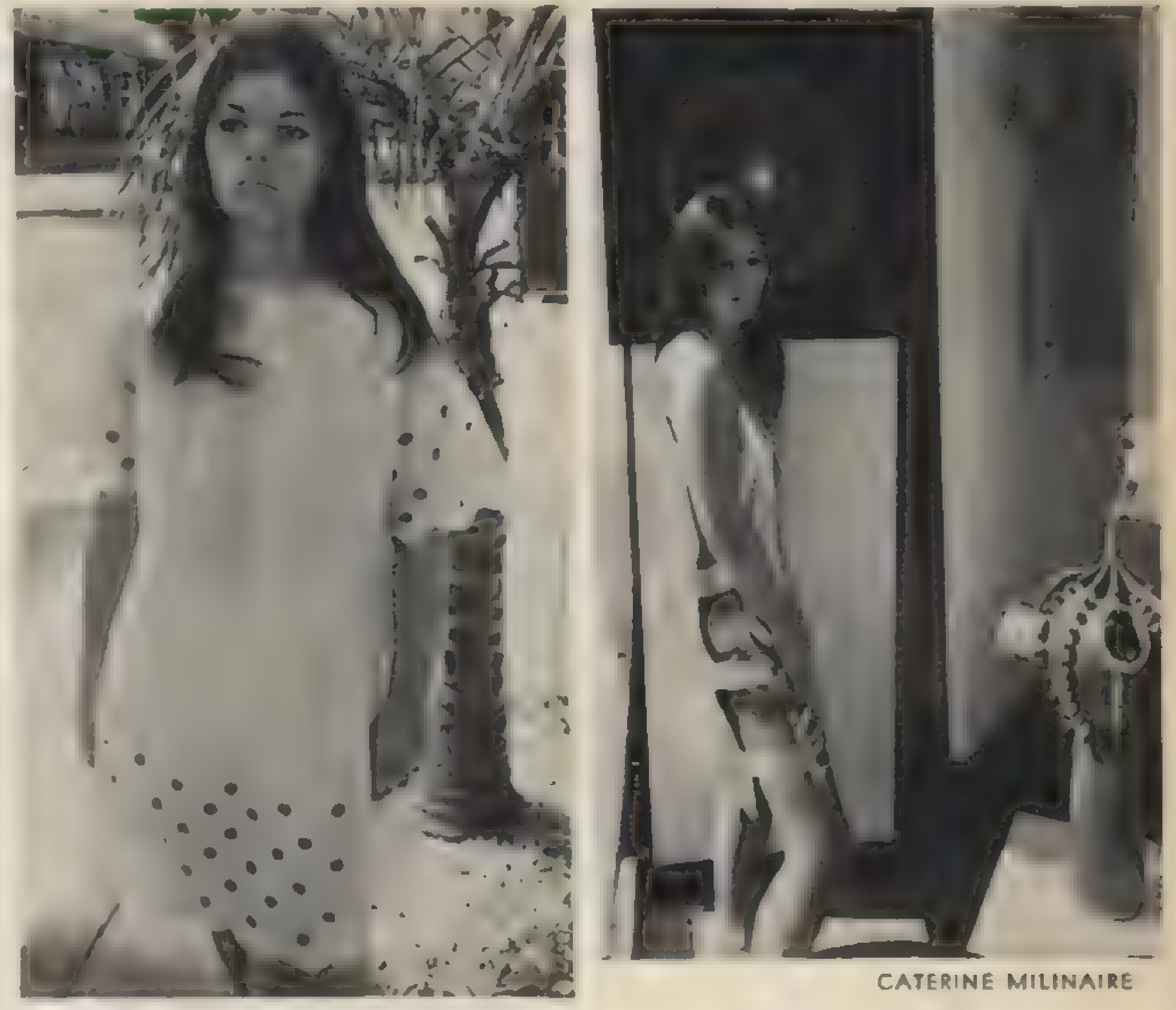
Paper: Paris



BUGAT

Actress Candice Bergen cavorting in Paco Rabanne's idea of a paper shaft—texture-y silver paper gilded with cellophane rosettes. . . . But rats! it's not for sale, it was created just as publicity for new Scott Continental paper factory. . . .

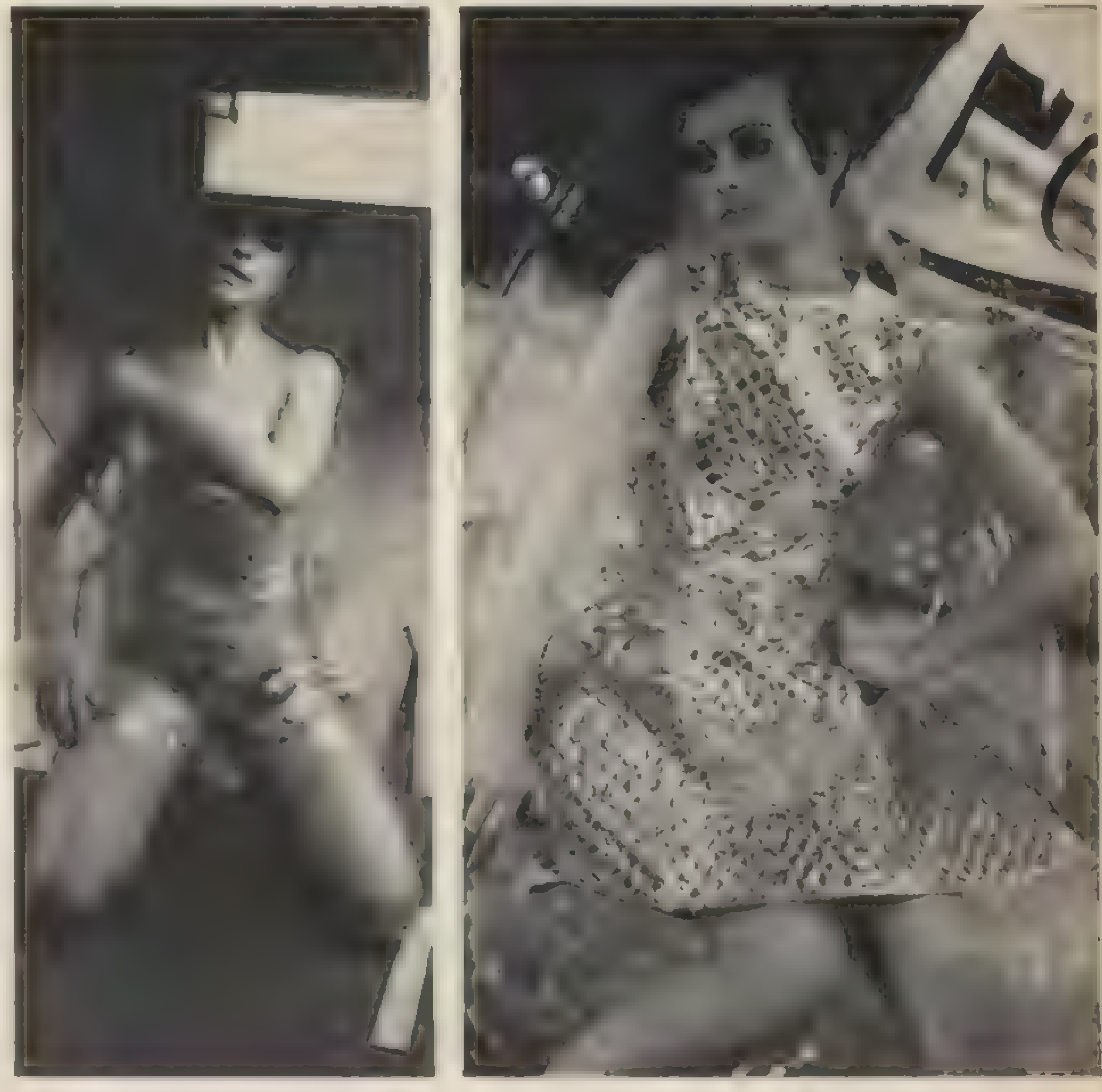
Paper: Los Angeles—open view.



CATERINE MILINAIRE

That's the coast for you—open, forthright, willing to try something new. . . . Judith Brewer is the big paper cut-up here—Claudia Martin wears her punched-out polka-dot wing-sleeved, $12; her silver tinfoil slotted, side view with matching bikini $18. Judith Brewer Boutique, 9395 Wilshire Blvd. . . .

Paper: New York—tinsel stuff.



This is the paper bit for having fun and going to parties—who cares if, maybe, it doesn't stand up to more than one sitdown? Above left: gold and silver cellophane romper. $75, Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street. Hammered-in quilting on tinfoil—adorable. $25, Tiger Morse's Teeny Bopper, 922 Madison Ave. . . .

Paper: New York—It's only money.

That's what the boys at Serendipity 3 say. They want to make a little mini-mint out of dollar bills Scotch-taped together. You'd never have to worry about paying for the taxi home. . . . But is it legal? Well, if it isn't, The Serendipitys will make a mini for you out of genuine counterfeit bills—the price, understandably, fluctuates. . . . Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St. . . .

Saul Steinberg

(Continued from page 98)

for one who arrived during the reign of Mussolini, when businessmen paraded after hours in black shirts and spurred boots and flaunted the skull and crossbones. Gotten up in the spectacles, moustache, and long hair of the typical Italian professional student, Steinberg spent his twenties in Milan, dividing his time between studying architecture (castles, skyscrapers, monuments, city layouts, and architectural ornaments provide the exotic elements in Steinberg's drawings) and watching the girls go by in the Galleria. It was in Milan that he began his career as an artist by contributing drawings to newspapers and magazines. Even after he had finished his studies, he continued to pass as an architectural student in order to keep his student's visa.

The fall of France and Mussolini's partnership with Hitler forced Steinberg to seek a rapid change of scene and with it a new getup. The place for him, obviously, was America, land of the Revolutionary minuteman, where everyone keeps a spare mask in reserve. To reach the United States, however, was not easy in wartime. Steinberg arrived in Lisbon with a "slightly false" passport—one that had run out but which he had extended by means of faked rubber stamps (Steinberg's studio today contains enough rubber stamps to meet any emergency). At the airport Steinberg was arrested, though not on account of the passport but through a mistake of identity (another Steinberg was wanted or someone who resembled Steinberg physically) and because he enraged the Portuguese police by his denying that he spoke Portuguese, which they took for an insulting pretense. Shipped back to Italy, he managed, after some tough events about which he chooses to remain silent, to make his way to Santo Domingo, where he emerged as a colonial gentleman in a white linen suit and broad-brimmed straw promenading the avenues for the year it took to be admitted to the United States.

In America masks are worn less tightly than in Europe, where they are affixed permanently by class and vocation—"in order," says Steinberg, "to make the job of tax collecting easier." In America it is even chic to shift periodically to the mask of anonymity, providing it is transparent and can be seen through by everyone. Thus professors jitterbug to pass as common folk, tycoons address each other as "Joe" and "Frank," and Presidents are headlined in monograms as FDR and LBJ. Conversely, people whom nobody knows disguise themselves in dark glasses in order to pretend to be incognito, that is, Someone who is making an effort to remain unknown.

Individuals unmasking themselves only to reveal other masks, verbal clichés masquerading as things, a countryside that is an amalgam of all styles, conventional and futuristic—America was made to order for Steinberg. In the nation of "The Man Who Was Made Up," as the title of Poe's tale put it, Steinberg's life of ruses and disguises could fulfill itself.

After becoming an American, Steinberg assumed a mask of imperturbable curiosity, that of a species of unofficial inspector, most approximately an inspector of insect life, a mask which in time was divested of its moustache and most of its hair but on which still glitter the old student's eyeglasses. What chiefly occupied the attention of this investigator was the remarkable capacity of his fellow citizens to contrive selves without limit in an environment that was the projection of what each desired to be at the moment. His observations gave rise to the still continuing series of drawings in which a man or a cat draws a line that outlines his own shape and frames him in a scene.

Related researches have produced a parade of personages, furniture, machines, abstract shapes, letters of the alphabet, each staged in a dream of being something else. The effect is of an endless Mardi Gras, an all-embracing Rumania of the imagination, with the Rocky Mountains as a backdrop and the Statue of Liberty, Uncle Sam, The Last of the Mohicans, E PLURIBUS UNUM, and the $ printed on the sky.

With Steinberg the commonly accepted division of the individual into a public identity and a private self does not exist. Self-invention reaches to the roots and it pervades the streets, the living room, the office, the art gallery, nature itself. Steinberg refers to a bird or chipmunk as "he"; even a plant on his lawn is a person, who somehow got the idea of appearing to be green, six inches tall, and to have some petals for a face. Anyone worried about his ego has only to slip it into a stamped, self-addressed envelope and try out a new one until the next mail arrives.

The game of mistaken, misplaced, and half-blended identities goes on continually like modifications in the chemistry of the blood. On the floor of the apartment house where Steinberg lives in New York there are two other Steinbergs—and in East Hampton, where the artist has a house, there is another Saul Steinberg. Steinberg once phoned this gentleman and asked him, "Are you the *real* Saul Steinberg?"

The poor fellow lost his head sufficiently to answer, "No."

"I am the real Saul Steinberg," Steinberg then informed the man, and invited him over for a drink.

Reality in Steinberg's art obligingly presents itself as an endless series of reflections unmarred by the grit of substance—one of his favourite motifs is a work of art examining a work of art. The mouth of a Steinberg figure utters a comic strip balloon larger and more massive than the speaker himself. The human mask as we see it in the mirror or at a cocktail party consists of ovals for eyes and a mouth, some lines for a nose and ears—it would be just as reasonable, suggests a galaxy of Steinberg caricatures, to make it of oblongs and arrows.

(Continued on page 138)

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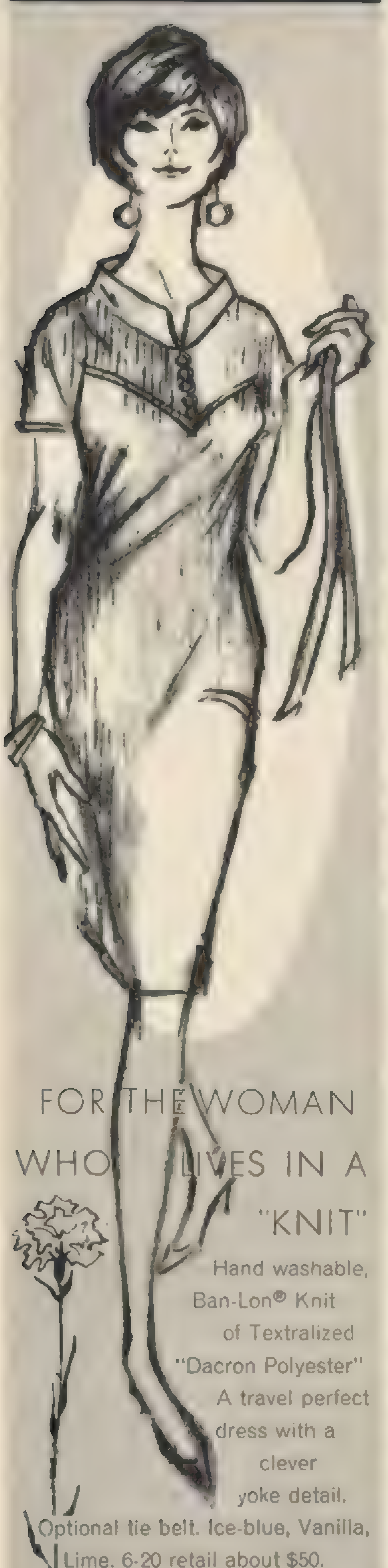
Gerard



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A DIVISION OF Marjorie Montgomery OF CALIFORNIA

Saul Steinberg

(Continued from page 137)

Remove the abstract mask and you may find underneath a grinning photograph or a lifelike portrait, which are merely fabrications in a different style. Nature copies art that copies art lovers. A figure examining an abstract painting himself consists of a pile of Impressionist dots. "I think therefore Descartes is," thinks Steinberg's little man, reminding philosophers who claim that the mind can forge a reality that the mind has only produced a platitude.

In Steinberg's world of artifice nothing is real but the act of invention—that is to say, the use of a medium to subject things to continual metamorphosis. The hero of his world of the man-made is, of course, the artist, out of whose pen all things emanate and who reigns absolutely with his wand of illusion. The little man holding the pen can reproduce himself on a gigantic scale; disguised as Uncle Sam, he can scribble an endless prairie; at his own wish he can bring into being the Muse who shall adorn him with laurels. The vicissitudes of the artist on the pedestal have supplied Steinberg with subjects for countless drawings. It is a theme that enables him to unleash his self-consciousness in its fullest range—from the implicit megalomania of the hand of the artist as the hand of God to the most level-headed appraisal of the absurdity and fragility of fame.

The mask of the art historian is Space. For the academic art world the essence of painting consists in the handling of the picture plane in relation to the illusion of depth. It was obvious to Steinberg, however, that today everyone is at home with pictures exploiting all kinds of space concepts, from dribbles on unprimed canvas to actual objects inserted into the composition, so that painting in two dimensions or in three dimensions is simply a matter of the painter's technical apparatus and has no effect on the capacity of the work to create an illusion of reality. Thus Steinberg has kept up a running satire on art dog-

(Continued on page 146)

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

DAVID MASSEY

Down to earth, up to fresh heights, and multiplying its munificence

What fragrance to resort to for the open life, the wholesome sun-sea-surf-saddle-&-snow life? Emilio Pucci, instigator of so many things tingly, resolved this for many a little more than a year ago. His rousing fragrance Vivara has, for over thirteen months, occupied a special niche in the lives of outdoor livers who also intend to hold their own under shelter. With good reason.

To go unscented in the open air is to be the nature-girl—minus something. So, the thought was, why not a scent that wafts well on the salty breeze or in the woodsy wind? Pucci's instinct for exactly the right note went into a scent that works splendidly with the chemistry not only of the skin, but the skin as acted upon by the sun and fresh air, by all the sporting elements. . . . Vivara aficionadas relish the competence with which their fragrance moves from the city to the beach or the slope. And they will doubtlessly respond with adandon to this new plot: they can now Vivara in depth—in the depth of the tub and after towelling. For, in the electrifying dash of Pucci-print wrappings, there is now enclosed Vivara Savon, three pink-lilac oblongs of soap to a box. Vivara perfume bath oil, all-over Vivara. And a smoothing dusting powder of Vivara persuasion and Pucci design, with a snappy snap-button lid, pale Pucci-lilac puff. These three smashing bath companions are, as you already suspected, the items photographed above. . . .

"*The Long Fear*"

(Continued from page 111)

deliver us from our condition."

Who, when, how, what coalition we, the Americans, ask eagerly.

The old man twiddles his hearing aid and looks puzzled. "Ah," he says finally, "you do not quite understand. I am no prophet. I can not foretell the exact time when the Saviour will come."

* * *

Among the inhabitants of An Giang province speculation into the apocalypse is a generalized, if somewhat diversified, occupation. The United States A. I. D. (Agency for International Development) organization is a sect of two foreign service officers who have quit diplomatic life in the world's capitals (temporarily) to live in An Giang and to devote themselves to soybeans.

"Soybeans!" these adepts cry ecstatically. "This year the farmers—on their own—have planted two hundred hectares of America's finest soybeans. Next year there will be six hundred hectares, and the year after that. . . ." The vision is blinding, for An Giang is a Priority Area in President Johnson's and Premier Ky's Revolutionary Development Program.

Not only soybeans but also two crops of rice a year, a primary school in every hamlet, a pig in every pigsty, bridges, wells, and cottage industry will one day be manifest in the province.

"The key to it all is rural electrification," explains one adept confidentially. "You see, when a family has an electric circuit, the wife—the woman is always the instigator—will ask her husband for an iron. He'll buy the iron, and she'll ask him for a radio or an oven. He'll have to work harder to buy her the oven—perhaps growing soybeans or planting a second crop of rice.

"But the wife won't be satisfied. She'll want a television set because the people next door have one, a washing machine, a Waring Blendor . . . and pretty soon, look what has happened! Viet Nam is a Developed Country."

The Delta perhaps demands every reserve of mysticism from the Americans who live there. As advisors to the army and to the administration, they have as much influence over the course of events as the moon has on the earth. Progress, that linear, non-Confucian concept, turns full circle in Viet Nam from progress in not losing to progress in not winning.

If there are other signs of forward movement, they are esoteric, invisible. This autumn when the monsoon floods descended on the upper regions of the Delta, the soybeans in An Giang province did not survive the disaster.

Happily, in the province and district capitals, the American military advisors are capable of imaginative triumphs unmatched by most civilians.

"The doctor says that ninety-five per cent of all Vietnamese babies have black behinds," says the staff sergeant with conviction. "You see, look at this one. Google, oogle. Isn't that the sweetest thing?" He lifts the half-naked child high up above the mess hall table and presses it close up against his gentle horse face. The child wiggles and gurgles with pleasure.

"Yes," says the Major. "Doctors say that most Vietnamese children have such birthmarks and that they are associated with syphilis in the parent."

The Major is heavy with authority. Over the meatloaf and the ketchup he has delivered a series of pronouncements which, more than the barbed wire and the artillery cover from the province headquarters, seem to provide him with a sense of security. "The Vietnamese peasant just wants to be left alone; he doesn't know a thing about Communism. . . .

"My counterpart, the district chief, is a swell little guy. If there were only more like him the war would be won in. . . .

"They have been fighting this war for twenty years and they are tired. . . ." Each statement a sandbag, a regulation bulwark against the lush jungles of the Delta which threatens to creep over sanity.

The Major lives with a lieutenant, a staff sergeant, a corporal and a radio operator in the centre of An Xuyen, the province of mud flats at the very base of the Delta, four per cent of which is controlled by Government troops. A rich province, An Xuyen knew nothing but exploitation from the French and from the Diems; its ample forests, once strongholds of the Viet Minh, now provide rest and recreation areas for the Viet Cong.

Devil's Island—that's what they call the ugly tin and thatch-built province capital which during the monsoon season looks like the back of a rhinoceros wallowing in the Mekong mud; Cam Au is a barracks, a market place for the Chinese, and a disposal centre for civil servants who have been caught with their hands in the till.

When the Major drives to Cam Au each day along the ten miles of road pitted with Viet Cong mine holes and coloured "secure" on the map, he keeps his rifle loaded against the chance of sniper fire. The sniper may be a Viet Cong or it may be one of the Government soldiers who, for reasons of his own, is gunning for an American advisor.

"The war isn't going to be won this way," said the Major, patting his M.16, "but rather with medicine and . . . things like that." When he speaks of the army's civic action program, a new expression dawns on his honest face. Civic action, the magic formula taught in the new army manuals: Just follow the instructions, and the war becomes an exercise in social welfare.

Like the General Issue Playboy pinup and the sociological pronouncements, the handouts of rice to the priests and candy to the children are for the Major anxiety repellents. They lift the great silence of the Delta, hold it up from bursting the eardrums.

In An Xuyen, as in most of the Delta provinces, the balance of power has been established and, short of foreign occupation, there is little to be done. Meanwhile the war goes on like an endless game of chance whose rules are unknown.

Gerard

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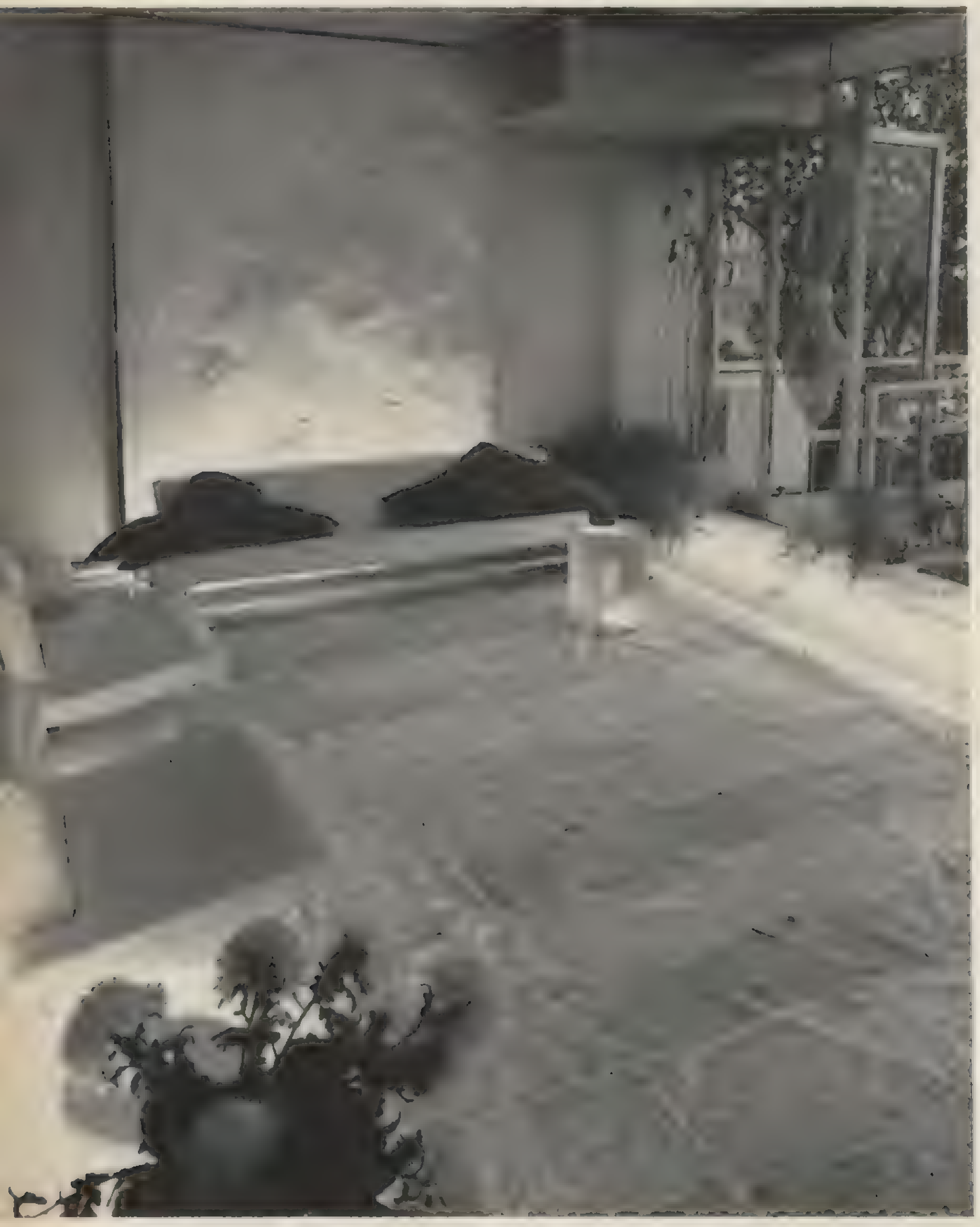
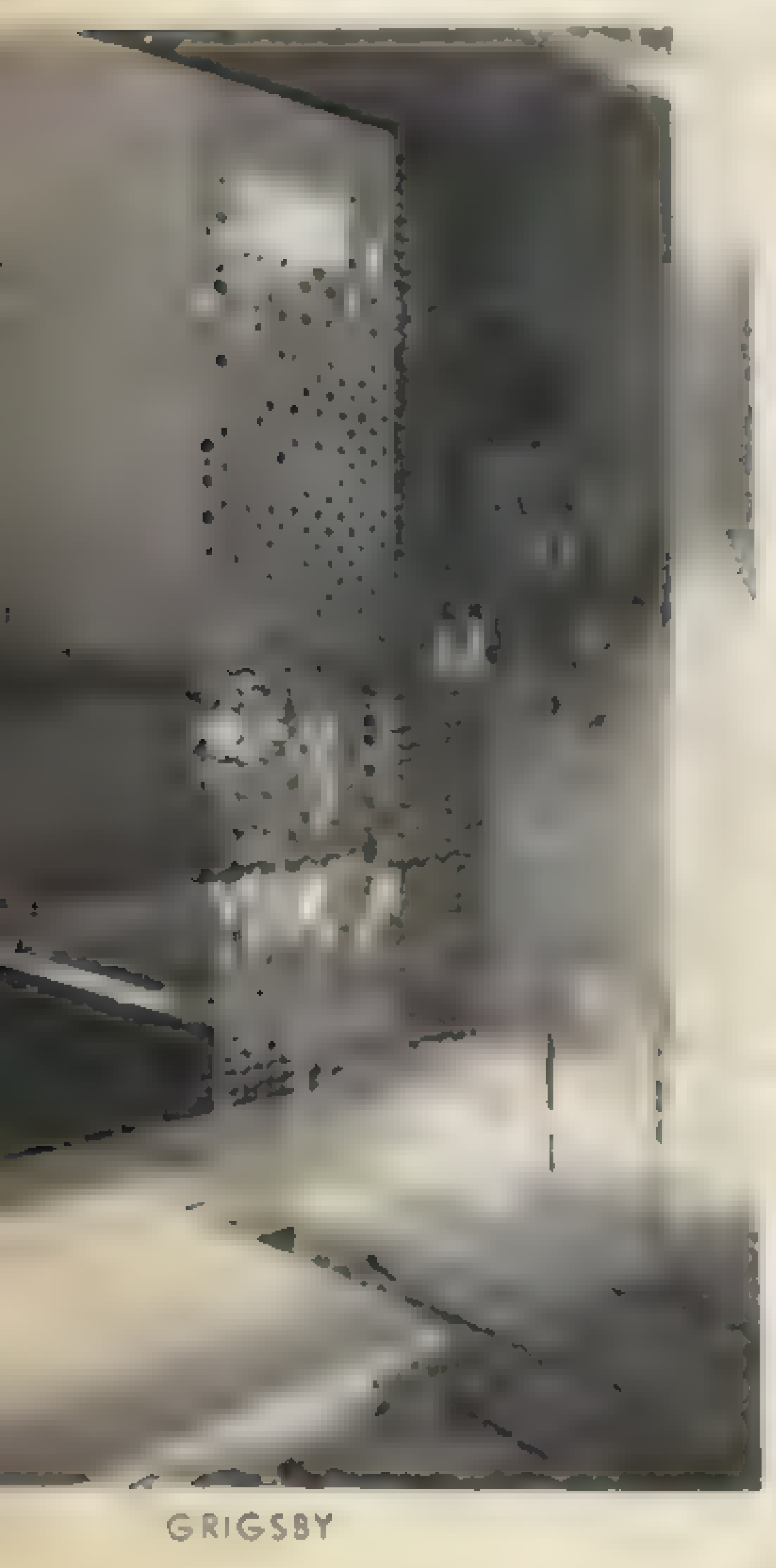
A DIVISION OF Marjorie Montgomery OF CALIFORNIA

VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

1967 Preview . . . young looks ahead



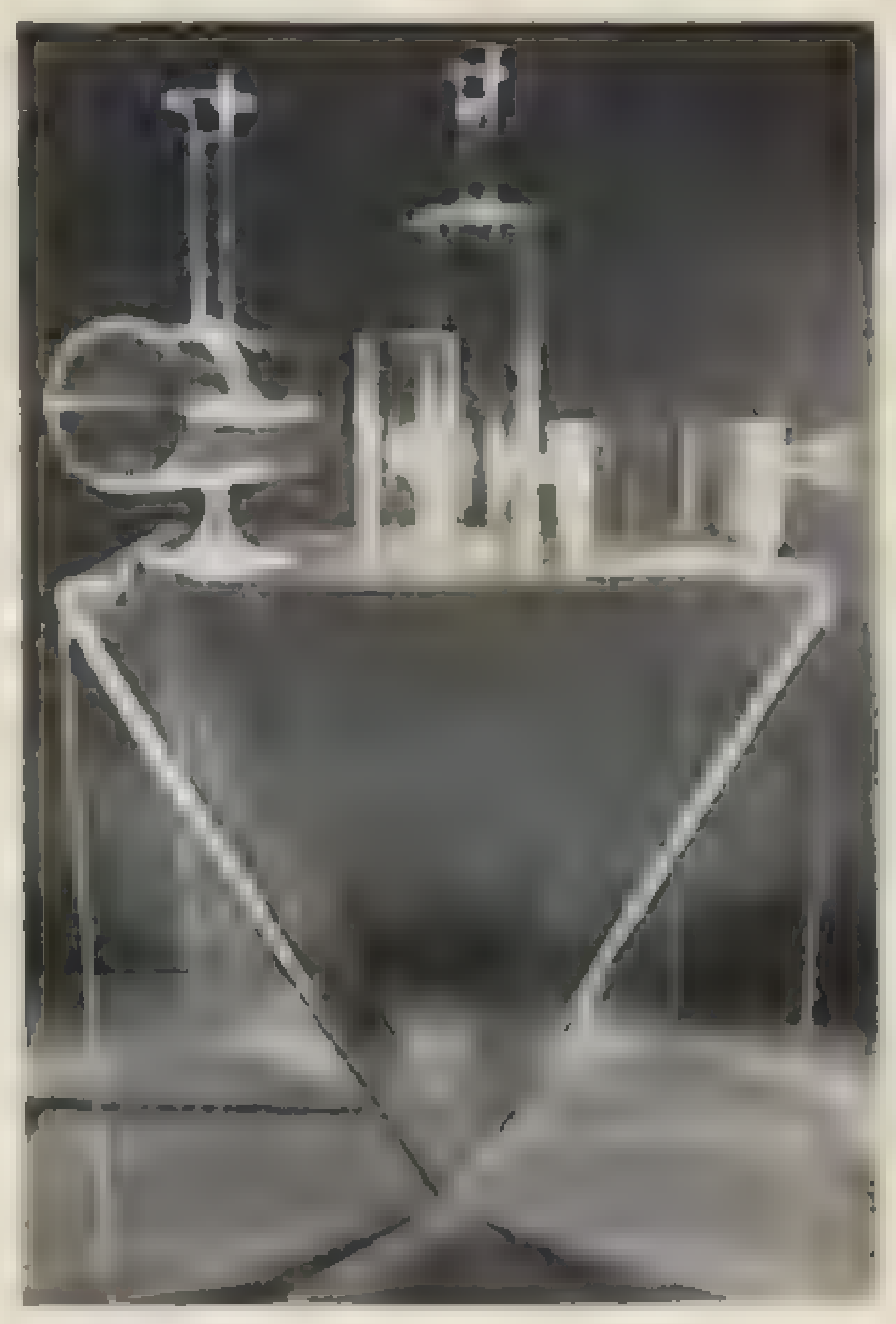
An experimental "floating platform" on the East River . . . based on interior architecture instead of interior decoration . . . is famous New York architect Paul Rudolph's conquest of inner space. Bored with "the whole notion of so many legs in small spaces," he designed his white living room . . . its outside wall entirely of glass . . . around levels of lighted, milky-white Plexiglas platforms . . . moves them around like blocks, "floats" on them his springy white patent leather seating, music speakers, and plants in Plexiglas tubs. Even his all-Plexiglas dining table, now tucked between two platforms, will "float" *on* one, after minor design changes. The floor level has "float," too—it's a parquet of white kid fur too soft not to be sat upon. "Translucency suggests the space beyond, it fascinates me," says Mr. Rudolph who, among other projects, is designing an entire Virginia community to be called Stafford. "Lighting is terribly important . . ." at night, rheostats turn up the lights to "float" his platform room, cut reflections in the wall of glass, and sparkle a lacework-of-mirror curtain. The snapper? This revolution took place in a conventional old town house. Hopefully such venturesome Rudolph designs as these will become available sometime in 1967.

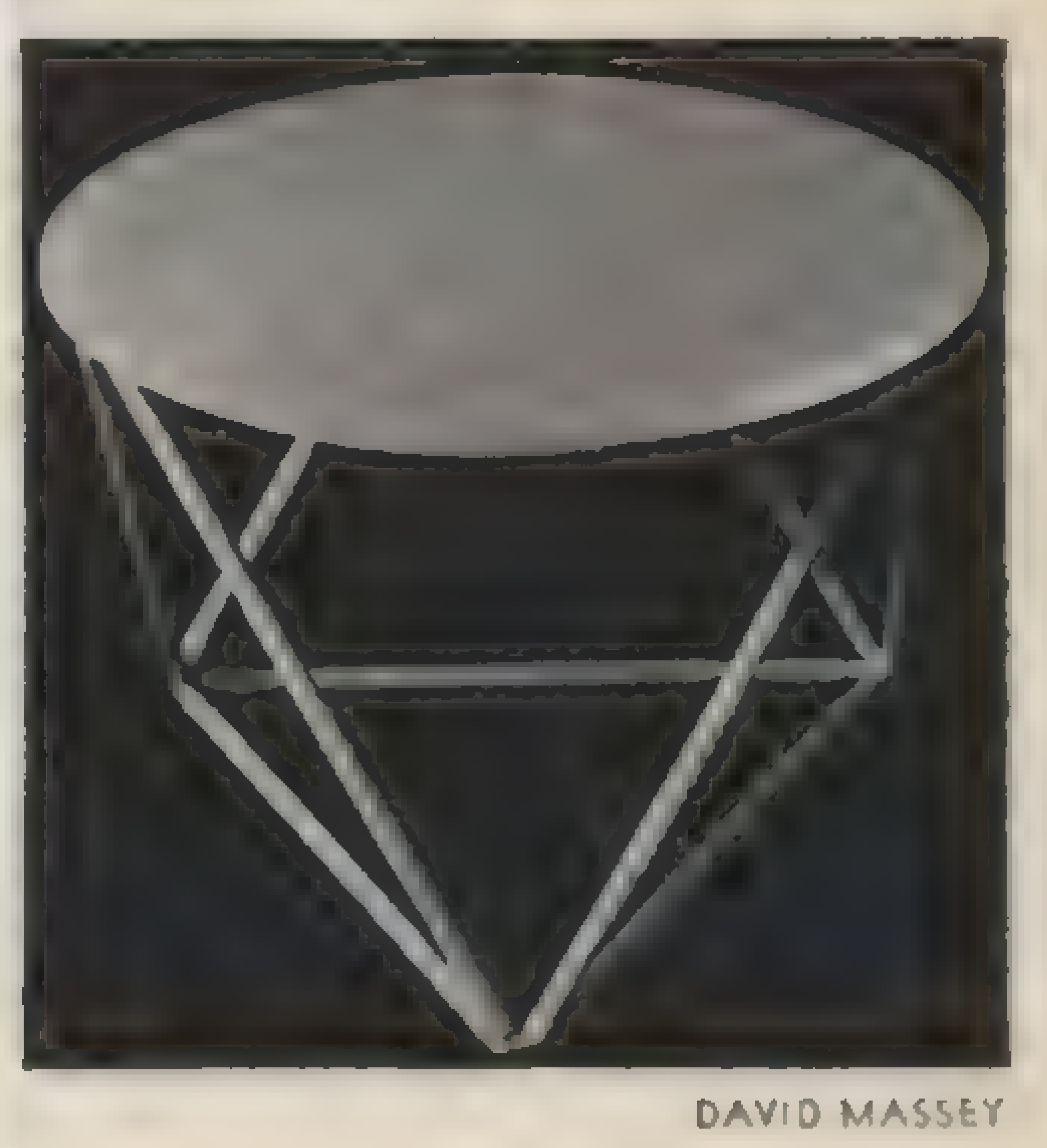


GRIGSBY

FOR NEWS OF ANTIQUES: WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW, JAN. 20—JAN. 29, 7TH REGIMENT ARMORY, NEW YORK, FOR THE BENEFIT OF EAST SIDE HOUSE.

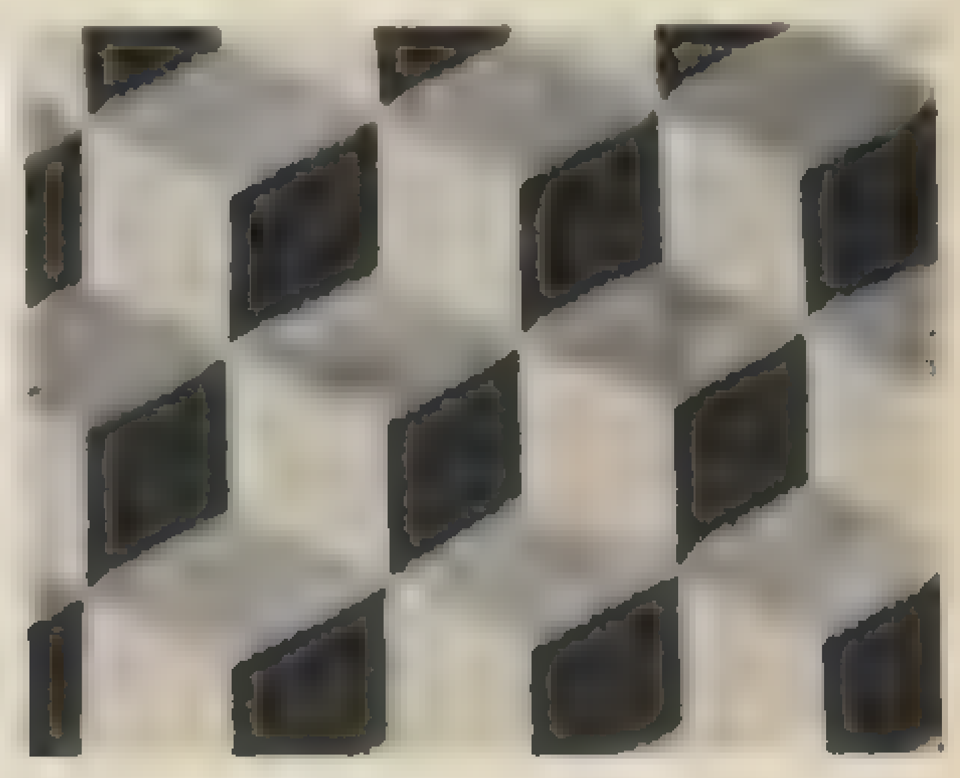
Invisible furniture, below left, explodes inner space in Neal Small designs for young collectors . . . bench-table of "folded" Plexiglas, 13" x 16" x 15", $60. Sheer glass . . . decanter, $20; Irish coffee glass, $5; bottle, $9.50, flameproof casserole, $15. Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. ***Paper furniture, too,*** below right. For starters, John Tapert's paper table, 23" diam., 18" high. White plastic-treated top; white, blue-green, or red-magenta tubular base. Comes apart for storage. *And* it costs only $4.25. Design Workshop, 2990 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich. 48202.

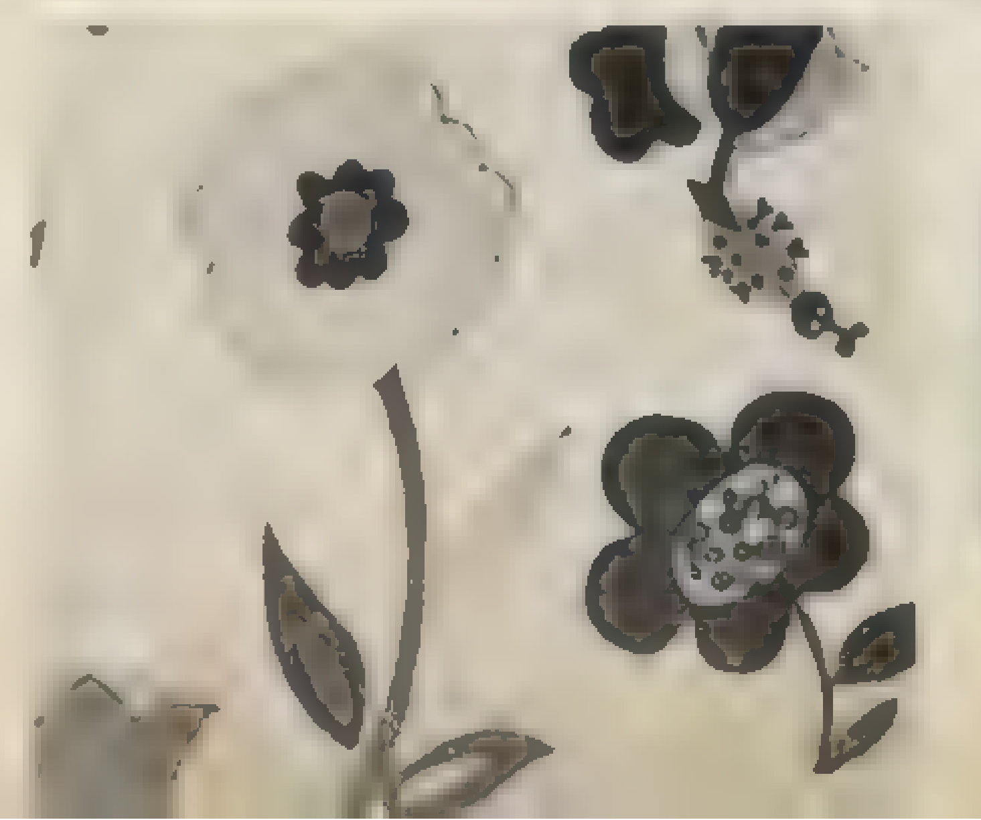


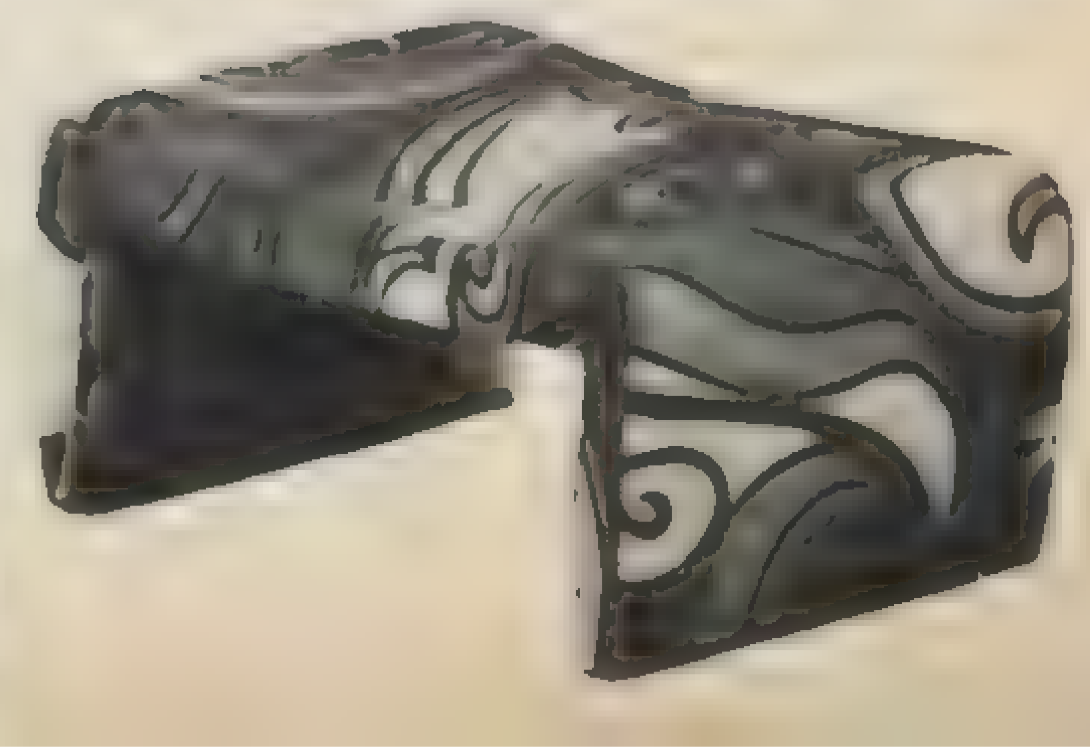


DAVID MASSEY

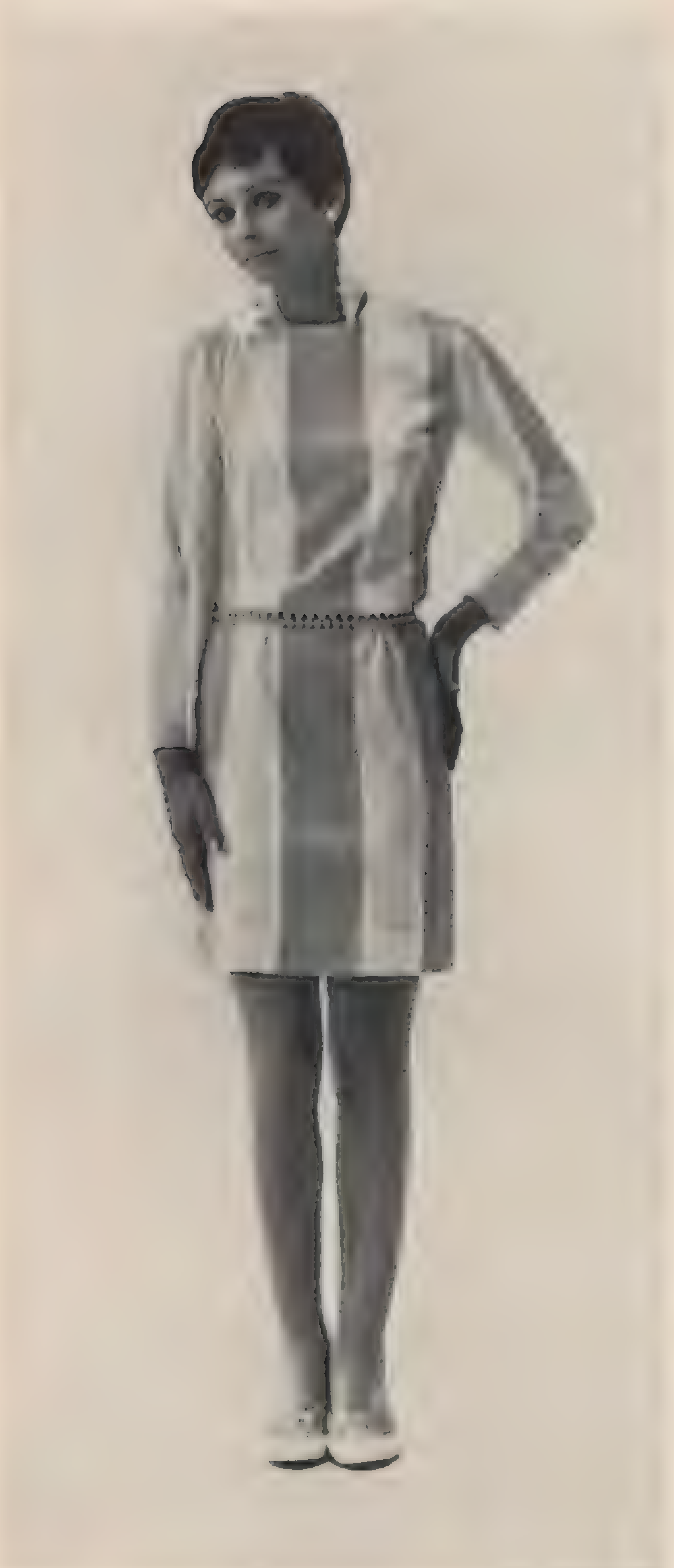
New pillow looks, below . . . a squashy square in taupe suède, $35; brown, taupe, and beige suède, hemstitched, by designer Edward Wormley, $75; a nifty new fur look, bleached raccoon, $85. Through decorators, at Luten-Clarey-Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N. Y. 10021. ***Soft parquet . . .*** via flat, flat carpets, is what-to-do-about modern wood floors. Here, 17th C. Portuguese design, reproduced in fine wool by hand, to order in any size or colours. "Patio," about $32 sq. meter (approx. 11 sq. ft.); 4 months delivery. Lady Blanche Elles, Rua da Emenda 26, Lisbon 2, Portugal. ***1967 walls . . .*** painted or papered, take to a high gloss. A new smash flowering, by young French artist Annie Chazottes, on shiny white. "Tulpan," $15 roll. Woodson Wallpapers, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022. ***Str-e-e-etch fabrics . . .*** new wrap-up for new curvy furniture shapes. Jack Lenor Larsen's hot magenta-orange-green printed Caprolan nylon undulates over Milo Baugham's ottoman-bench for Thayer Coggin. $89.50; Macy's in New York.







Stripes for the sun days



CATERINE MILINAIRE

A smooth streak of pink and white paintbrush stripes on a slick little long-sleeved dress that goes anywhere under the sun. We've wrapped the waist with long ropes of fake pearls and dropped giant star-shaped earrings to the shoulders. Dress by Minx Modes, about $30. At Makoff; Frost Bros. Fake pearls by Marvella. Earrings by Michael Hic.

let's go Dutch

The way the Dutch do. With world-famous Bols Liqueurs. 29 flavors, one to suit every need. Sizes? Regular, and the neat new 8-ounce Host Size. Get [illegible] t a Dutch treat tonight?

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The harder your nails work, the more ragged they get, and the more they break, crack and split. That's why working nails need Diamon Deb protection. Diamon Deb gets your nails smooth. It manicures and pedicures smoother, faster and more gently than emery boards or harsh metal files because its surface is coated with thousands of tiny diamond particles. Get Diamon Deb and look like a lady of leisure. Prices start at $1.00.

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Pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage for a 3-4 months supply. Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. 10 day trial must satisfy or money will be refunded.

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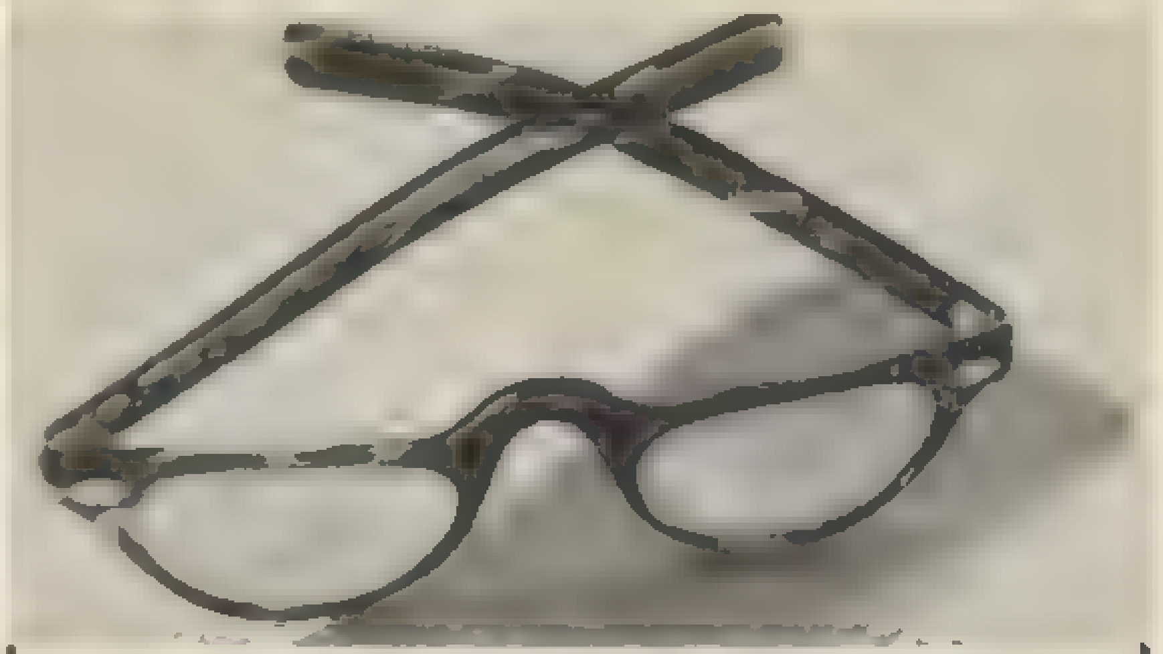

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with these fashionable
"half frame"
Reading Glasses

Men and women will find these "Ben Franklin" style glasses a perfect aid in reading fine print in menus, phone books, programs, etc. Wear these "look over" glasses and still have normal distance vision without removing them. In black with silver threads, brown with golden threads, plain black or brown tortoise.

Specify men's or women's and color.
with Carrying Case only . . . **$5.95** ppd.

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- MADE OF BEST MOULDED NATURAL VENEER WOOD
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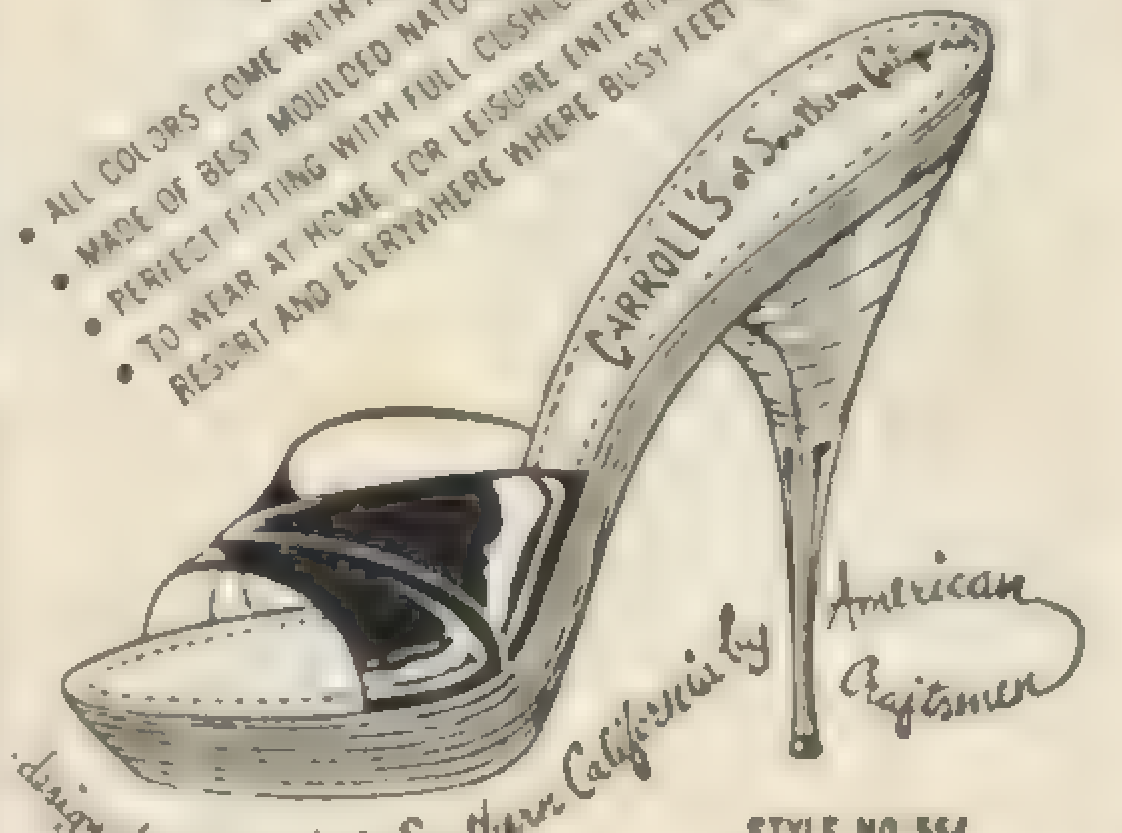
- TO WEAR AT HOME, FOR LEISURE ENTERTAINING, FOR SHOPPING, RESORT AND EVERYWHERE WHERE BUSY FEET GO'



designed and made in Southern California by American Craftsmen

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SIZES: NARROW 5 TO 10
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(including half sizes)
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18.00 GOLD OR LEOPARD 20.00

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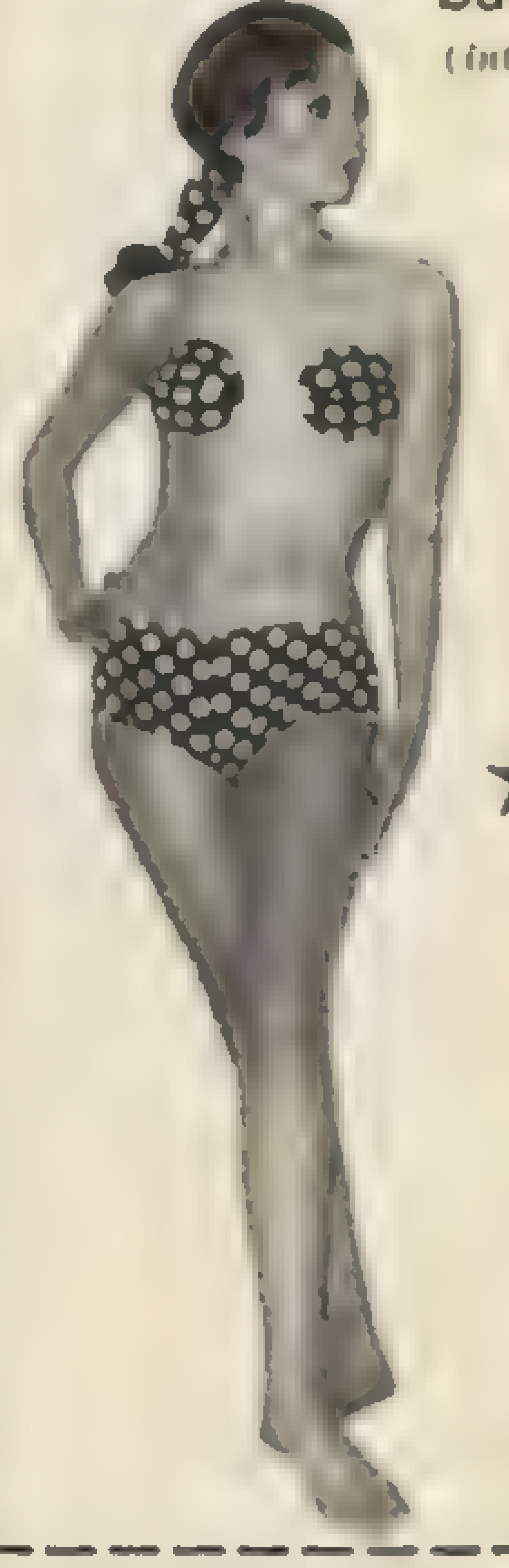
NEW! TRI-KINI
bareback swimsuit
(internationally patented)



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exhilarating freedom.

Perfect Bosom UP-lift; smooth nude suntan; no strap marks.

★ Specify separate sizes for CUSTOM FIT!

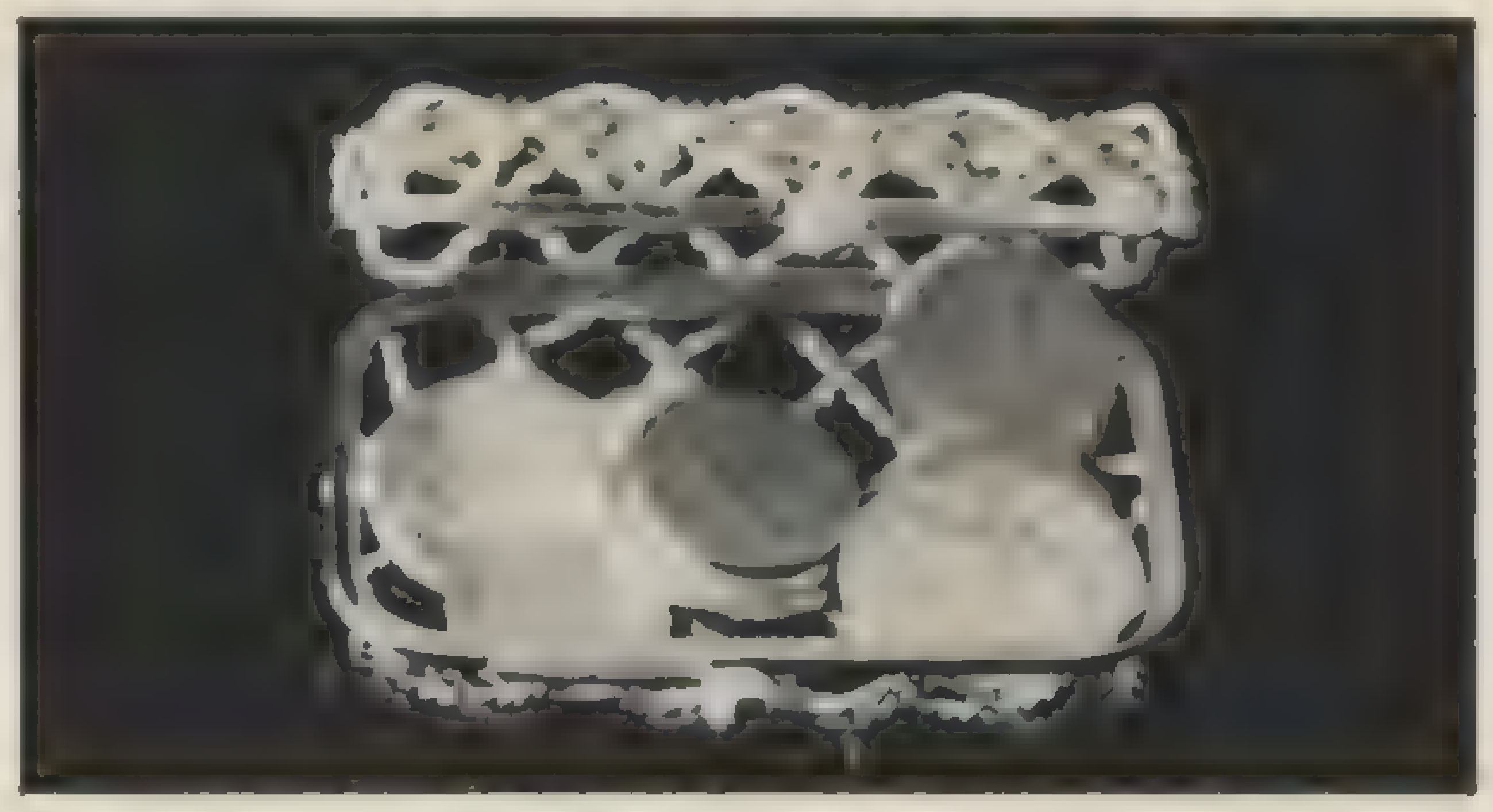
B1/W PODot, as shown; Jungle Print; Blue P-Dot. (2 matching ties included)

Petit, Sm. Med., Lg.— **15.95**

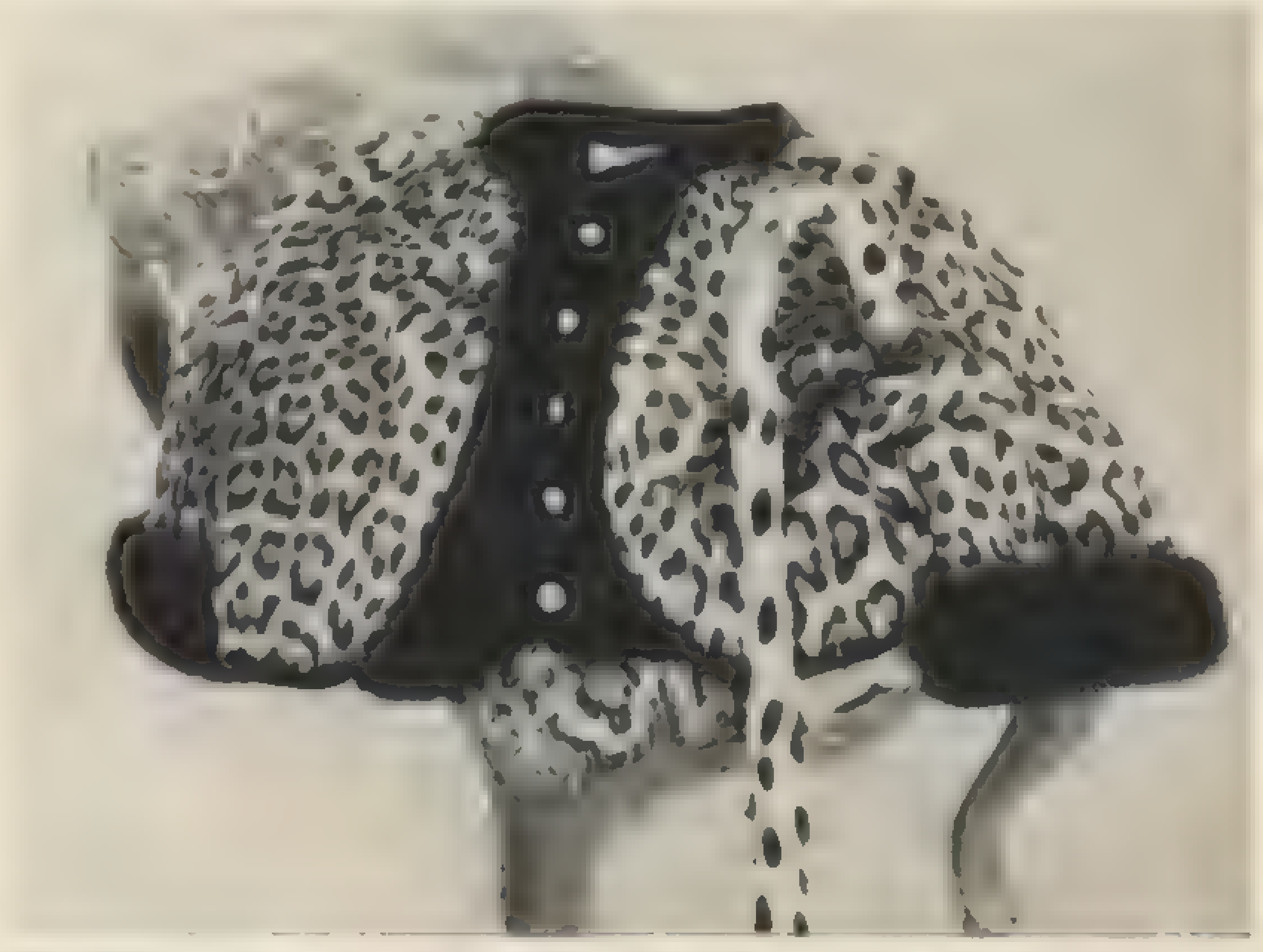
Add 35¢ Mail. & Hdlg.
BLEUETTE, INC. 509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 251
New York 17, N. Y.

Vogue's SHOP

Big as the Ritz. Six dazzling carats of bogus emerald-cut diamond set in a 14-k. gold mounting. $173. (Catalogue of other cuts.) At Vega Co., Box 465, Dept. VE1, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.



Petite cache. Latticed cage of 14-k. gold closed with a ruby and diamond to hold loose change in an evening bag. About 2½" x 1¾"; $405. At Gumbiner, 535 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.



Walking the cat. Leopard-covered cane and a leopard jacket with collar, button-inset, and cuffs of black mink. Cane, $200. Jacket, $1,500. At Esther Dorothy, 47 East 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022.

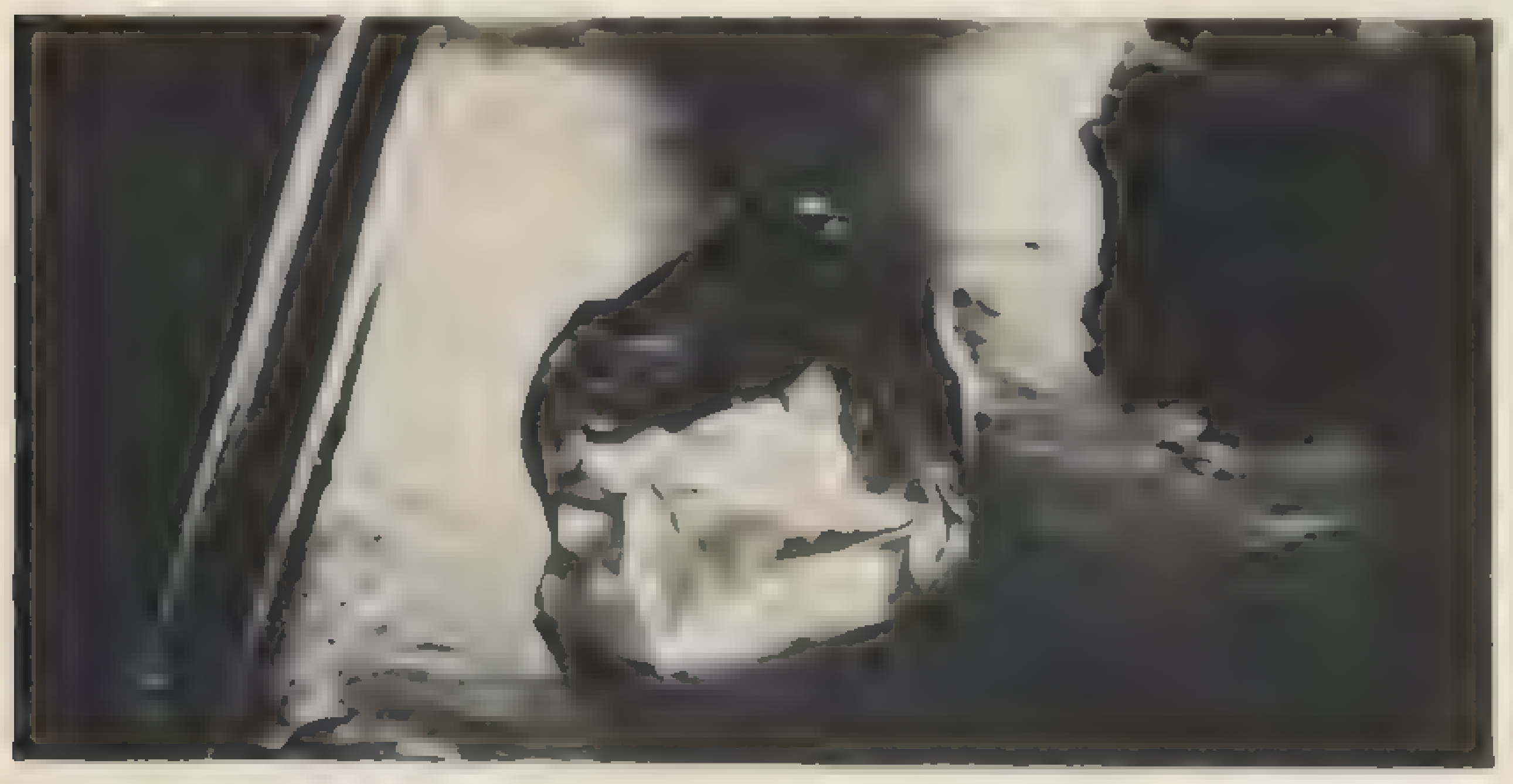
HOGENBOOM

Everything in sight with a folding lorgnette that fits into the smallest handbag. Black, grey-blue, amber; trimmed or not with rhinestones. Brocade case included. $6.95 ppd. At Hermana Products, 164 Clymer St., Dept. F-57, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11211.

HOUND

Silver threads among the white—low-heeled brocade pumps to live in these evenings . . . dancing, or with white satin pyjamas at home. $13. At Town Shoes, 385 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

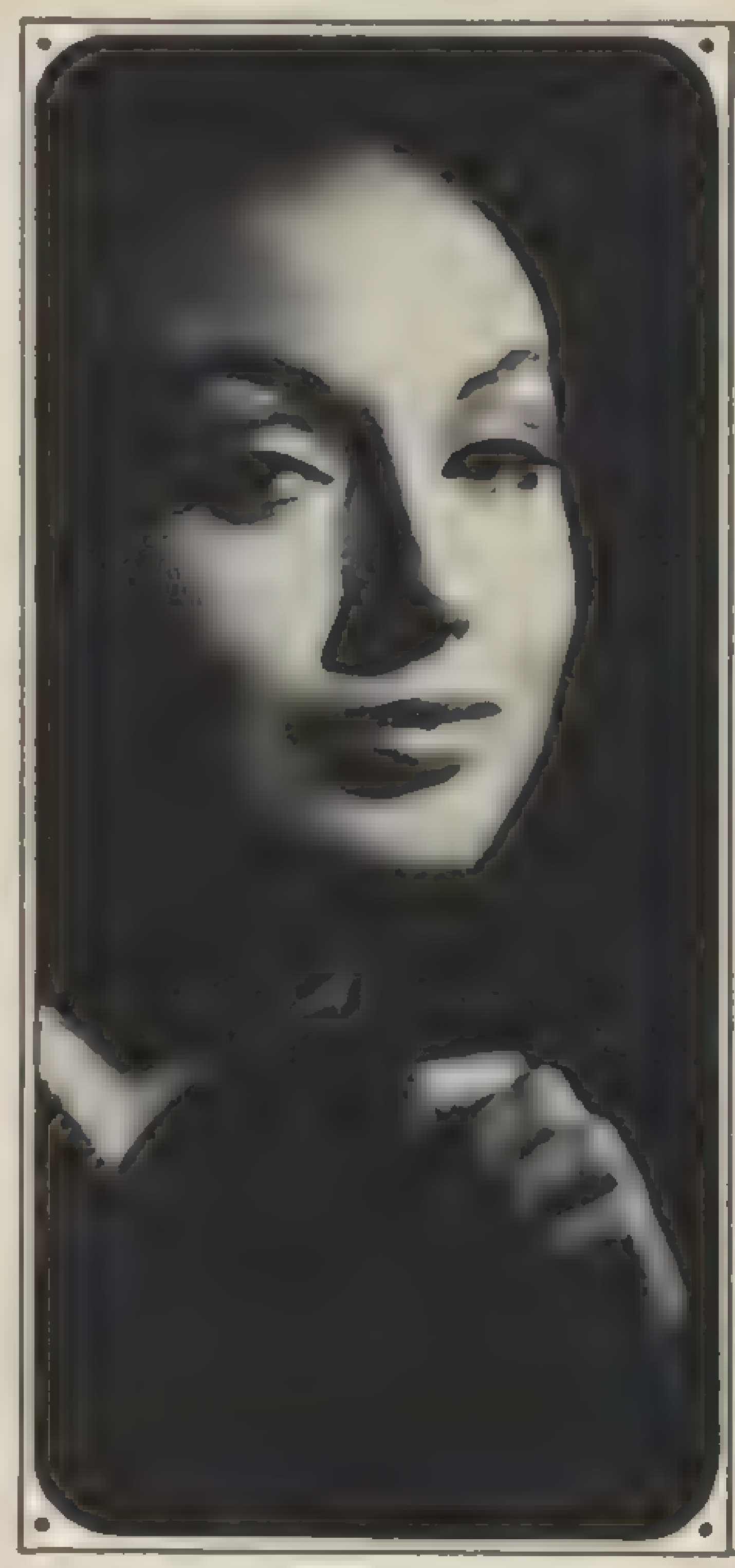
Crystal gazing. Big polished chunk of Val St. Lambert crystal from Belgium—to weigh down a stack of papers, or to stand alone and reflect the light. About 4" across. State monogram if desired. $12.95. At Edith Chapman, Route 303, Blauvelt, N. Y. 10913.



Flowers are forever . . . or practically, if they're these—wild flowers of starched linen with dried wheat stalks in a black ceramic vase. From Poland. Shown here, 20 bunches. $1 the bunch. Vase, $2.50. At Cepelia, 5 East 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022.

The making of a corsetier. . . . Scene is Paris; struggling young sculptor meets world-famous ballerina. Impressed by his understanding of human anatomy, she suggests that he try his hand at foundations for her corps de ballet. Designs a success; career launched. . . . The ballerina, Anna Pavlova; the sculptor-corsetier, Joseph Berlé, and he's still a whiz at figures, making slight of nature's generosity via some of the best brassières and girdles known. Custom made at 15 East 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022.

SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK



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30 DAY BEAUTY PLAN
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It will probably happen in less than 30 days! It has for most women . . . brings out the true luster of beauty. Uncovers a lovelier you. Delight with softer (if not fewer) wrinkles . . . complexion takes on a radiant, brighter, more youthful glow. The beauty that results is your very own!

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($49.75 VALUE)

Send for complete Introductory Offer! $39.50

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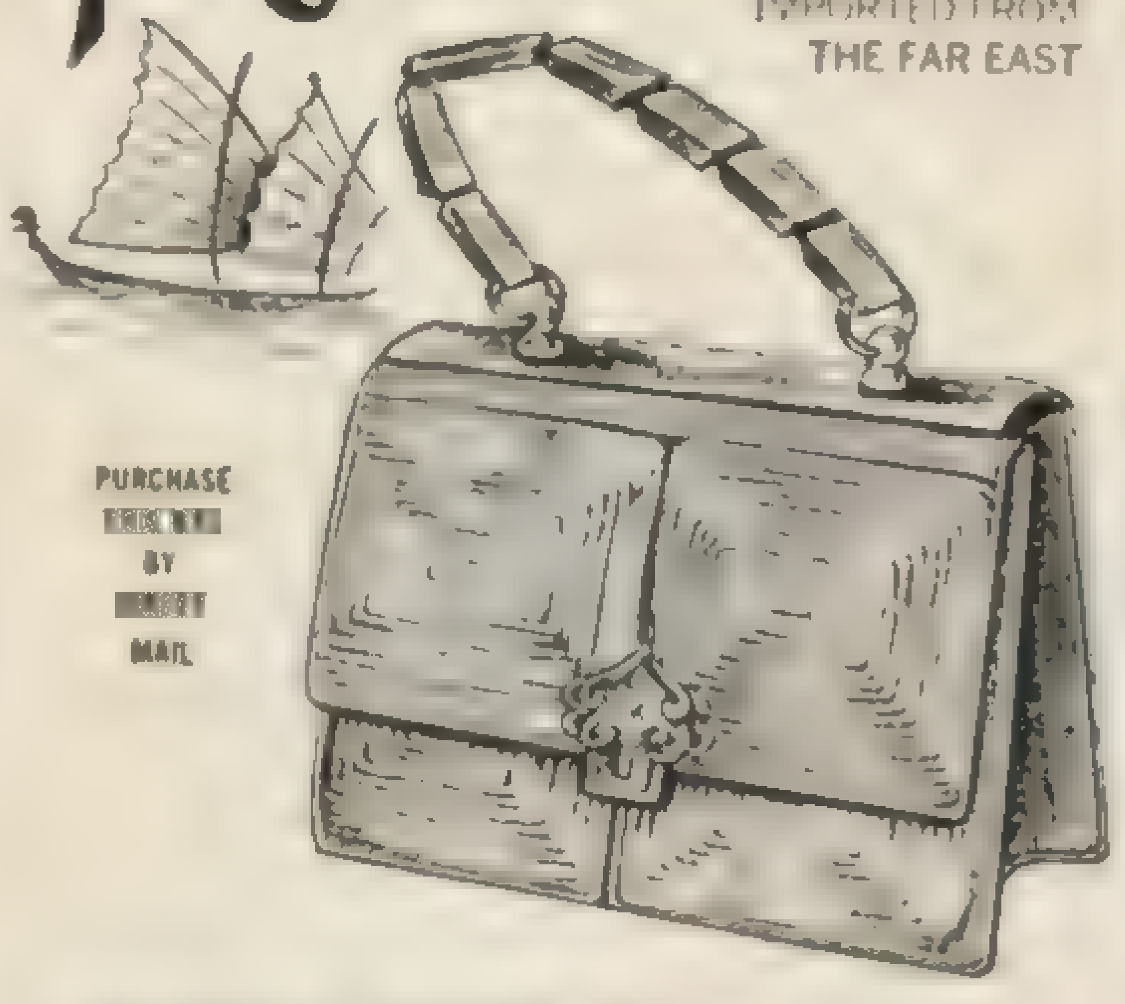

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EXCLUSIVE DESIGN IMPORTED FROM THE FAR EAST

- HAND WOVEN JUTE WITH GENUINE TEAK HANDLE AND FITTINGS.
- FULLY LINED AND HAS GENEROUS INSIDE ZIPPER POCKET.
- BAG TRIMMED IN GOLD MYLAR AND HAS A BRASS TOWN LOCK CLOSURE.

COLORS:
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IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

$8.95 (plus 50¢ postage)
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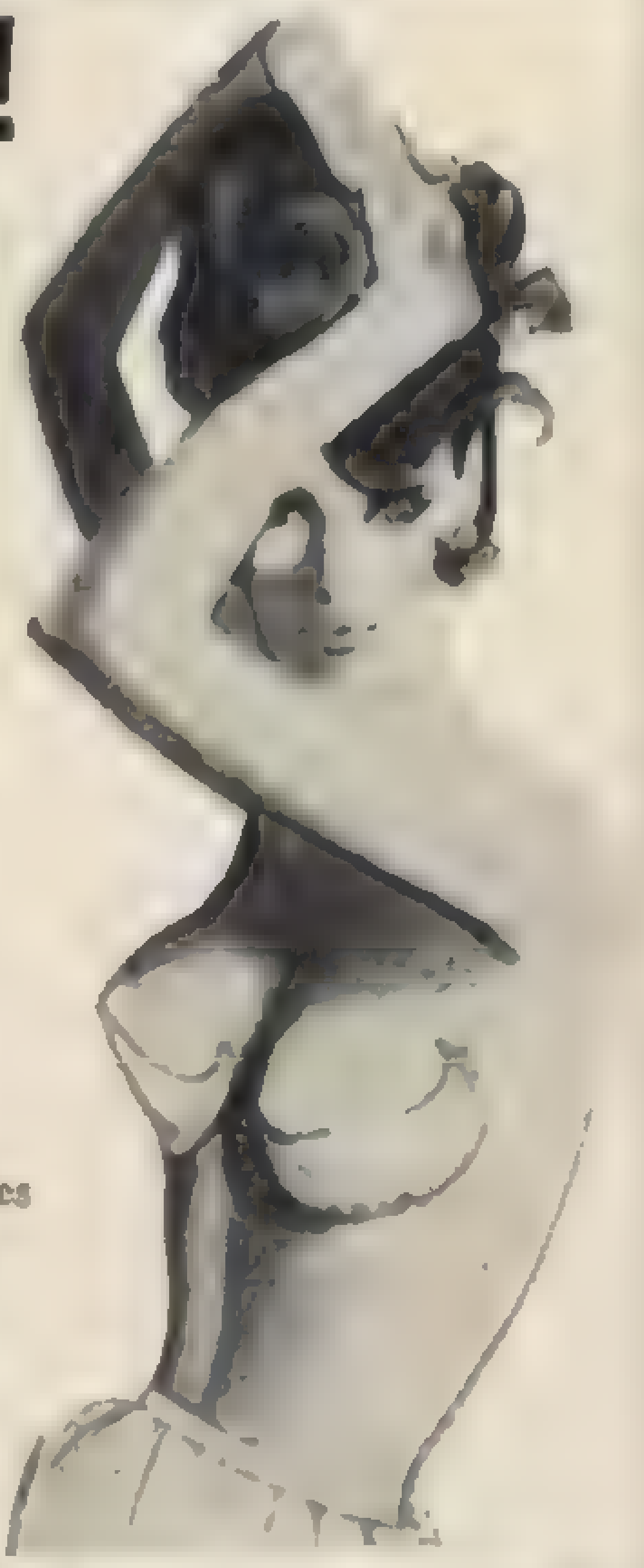

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IMPROVED
BLEUMETTE
BRA

new design gives CLEAVAGE and better support than regular bra.

Cantilevered uplift with no shoulder or back straps or uncomfortable bones.

Fashioned for plunging necklines and swimwear by top New York Designer

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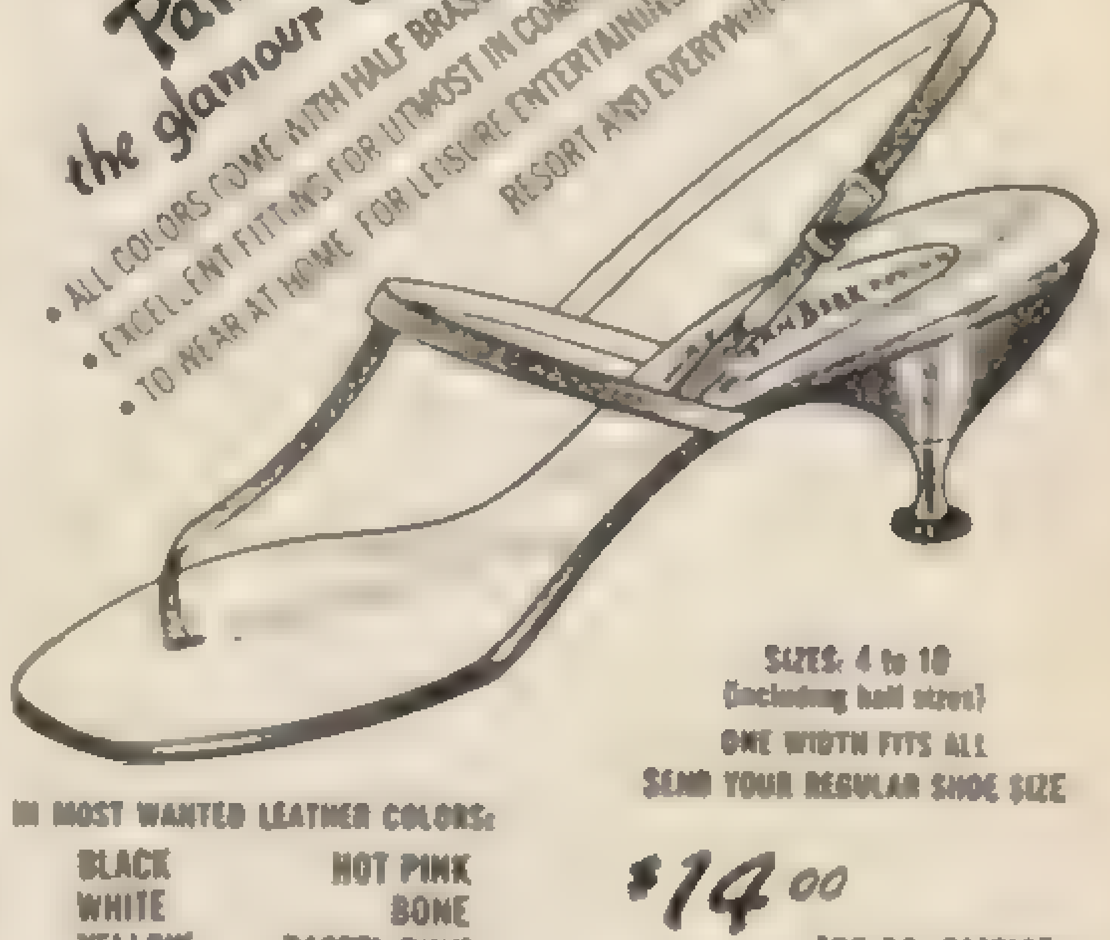
Nude color
Sizes
A, B or C

2 pair only **$3.98** with improved Primer to restore adhesive perimeter edge.

Add 27¢ Mail. & Hdlg.
BLEUETTE, INC. 509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 250
New York, N. Y. 10017



California
Thong
from
Palm Springs
the glamour capital of the west

- ALL COLORS COME WITH HALF BRASS HEELS
- EXCELLENT FITTING FOR UTMOST IN COMFORT
- TO WEAR AT HOME FOR LEISURE ENTERTAINING FOR SHOPPING . . . RESORT AND EVERYWHERE WHERE BUSY FEET "GO"

SIZES: 4 to 10
(including half sizes)
ONE WIDTH FITS ALL
SEND YOUR REGULAR SHOE SIZE

IN MOST WANTED LEATHER COLORS:

BLACK	HOT PINK
WHITE	BONE
YELLOW	PASTEL PINK
ORANGE	PASTEL BLUE

SPRING GREEN
ALSO IN GOLD OR SILVER
DELIVERY TWO TO THREE WEEKS

$14.00
ADD 50¢ POSTAGE
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX
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120 NO. PALM CANYON DRIVE
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

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A SAM BORK DESIGN

from this . . .

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SEE? Zeigler facial care really works!

- Here, in these **unretouched** photos, is dramatic proof of Zeigler facial care's effectiveness. Her weight change between photos was insignificant, and actually she was six months **older** in the photo on the right. Yet she looks so much younger!
- Why does Zeigler work so well? The facial muscle structure is different than other body muscles. Zeigler facial care provides gentle help to tone and strengthen these muscles for better support and lift of normally aging contours. The object of this is a younger-looking appearance.
- Zeigler does something else too. It stimulates circulation, deep down. This to diminish fine lines and fine wrinkles. It is **this combination,** proved scientifically correct, that is accomplishing so much for so many.
- Now. What will Zeigler do for **you?** Will it improve facial contours? Reduce the prominence of fine lines or fine wrinkles? Improve skin tightness, texture, and complexion?
- **Try Zeigler facials for 30 days** and see if it really works for you too. All it takes is a few pleasant minutes a day while you read or watch TV; a deposit on your unit (refunded in full should you decide to return it), and desire to look your very best.

Zeigler . . . the years-ahead facial care for those with years behind them.

Write today for free booklet and details of our home trial offer (which is limited, by mail only).

Zeigler Facial Care, 17810 S. Western Ave.
Dept. V17, Gardena, Calif. 90247

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ______

Dealerships available;
write for information.

The Secret

(Continued from page 95)

Once their fingers touched over the sugar-castor (they had chosen strawberries). Neither of them had any desire for further questions: They seemed to know each other more completely than they knew anyone else. It was like a happy marriage; the stage of discovery was over—they had passed the test of jealousy, and now they were tranquil in their middle age. Time and death remained the only enemies, and coffee was like the warning of old age. After that it was necessary to hold sadness at bay with a brandy, though not successfully. It was as though they had experienced a lifetime which as with butterflies was measured in hours.

He remarked of the passing head waiter. "He looks like an undertaker."

"Yes," she said. So he paid the bill and they went outside. It was a death agony they were too gentle to resist for long. He asked, "Can I see you home?"

"I would rather not. Really not. You live so close."

"We could have another drink on the *terrasse?*" he suggested with half a sad heart.

"It would do nothing more for us," she said. "The evening was perfect. *Tu es vraiment gentil.*" She noticed too late that she had used "tu" and she hoped his French was bad enough for him not to have noticed. They did not exchange addresses or telephone numbers, for neither of them dared to suggest it: The hour had come too late in both their lives. He found her a taxi and she drove away towards the great illuminated Arc, and he walked home by the rue Jouffroy, slowly. What is cowardice in the young is wisdom in the old, but all the same one can be ashamed of wisdom.

Marie-Claire walked through the self-opening doors and thought, as she always did, of airports and escapes. On the sixth floor she let herself into the flat. An abstract painting in cruel tones of scarlet and yellow faced the door and treated her like a stranger.

She went straight to her room, as softly as possible, locked the door and sat down on her single bed. Through the wall she could hear her husband's voice and laugh. She wondered who was with him tonight—Toni or François. Francois had painted the abstract picture, and Toni, who danced in ballet, always claimed, especially before strangers, to have modelled for the little stone phallus with painted eyes that had a place of honour in the living room. She began to undress. While the voice next door spun its web, images of the bench in the Parc Monceau returned and of the sauerkraut trolley in the Brasserie Lorraine. If he had heard her come in, her husband would soon proceed to action: It excited him to know that she was a witness. The voice said, "Pierre, Pierre," reproachfully. Pierre was a new name to her. She spread her fingers on the dressing table to take off her rings and she thought of the sugar-castor for the strawberries, but at the sound of the little yelps and giggles from next door the sugar-castor turned into the phallus with painted eyes. She lay down and screwed beads of wax into her ears, and she shut her eyes and thought how different things might have been if fifteen years ago she had sat on a bench in the Parc Monceau, watching a man with pity killing a pigeon.

"I can smell a woman on you," Patience Greaves said with pleasure, sitting up against

(Continued on page 151)

Before starting to use EYE-CARE*

BAGGY EYES? WEAR EYE-CARE*

EYE-CARE can help you eliminate puffiness under your eyes. Worn while you sleep, EYE-CARE will help you look younger and more attractive. EYE-CARE contains sleeping mask with special attachment to help eliminate puffiness. $15.95 ppd. No C.O.D. Dept. V.

Ann Rudo
50 E. 72nd Street, New York, N.Y.
*Patent Pending

After using EYE-CARE* for 2 to 3 weeks

High Above Sea And River Your Own Half-Acre Caribbean Villa Site On Jamaica's North Coast

With special privileges in this Hotel and Boat Club and free Golf Course play

On the easiest of terms—1% down, 1% a month. With paved roads, piped water, and electric and telephone connections included.

YOU'RE an American or a Canadian. You live, perhaps, in a city or in its suburbs. Like many of us, it used to be a place of your own in the country you wanted to escape to. From the steaming weeks of city summers to a piece of land with a cottage on it. Maybe near a stream. And a mountain beyond.

Then one day you did indeed get that country cottage. And lived for the summertime.

But, in November, when the sun went south and the greyness took over; when the clutch of cold, damp, sunless (and seemingly endless) months fastened upon North America, that place in the country was hardly less bleak than elsewhere; not very much of a comfort during the months of frozen ground, was it?

There was another dream, a quite impossible dream, we'd turn yearningly to, years ago. The tantalizing dream of a tropical island where the sun *always* shone, where the trade wind touched the skin with gentle balm, where the water was blue, the sands soft, the land *always* green. A remote dream then. But today, when the swiftness of travel has turned hours into minutes and giant jets touch down on new, palm-fringed airstrips, the magic islands of the incomparable Caribbean have become as close and as attainable as your country cottage and infinitely more wondrous.

That is the essence of what this advertisement is about: that Americans, Canadians, Europeans, who once merely dreamed of the Caribbean and then one day actually went off in high adventure (and at considerable cost) to vacation there now find these islands, dollar for dollar, their least expensive and most satisfying vacation buy! Many have tumbled on to the open secret that one can purchase a piece of island land, build upon it when he is able to, and then at last to have—worked-over phrase or not—*the true place of his dreams.* A place of his own to come to, certain that when he got there everything he wanted would be waiting for him.

Everything? In *any* of the Caribbean islands? Well, that *is* stretching the truth. "Everything" in a tropical island must include towering mountains and cove-protected beaches; tropical rain forest and foliage so thick and green as to be almost sensual; rivers creasing the land into lush gorges; waterfalls cascading to the sea.

If you've been there, you'll know we must be describing *Jamaica.* Only Jamaica! No island, not even Puerto Rico or Tahiti can match Jamaica's wild beauty. To travel writers who have seen nearly all of Earth's paradises, Jamaica is almost always described as the most stunning of all. Columbus had with him an historian who wrote these words: "*Xamayca* (as the Arawak Indians had named it—'Land of rivers and forests') *is the fairest isle that eyes have ever seen.*" Nature drenched this island with her lavish gifts. That is the prime reason why Jamaica is drawing to it people from all over the world: royalty, presidents, ambassadors, movie stars—and you and me. Those magnificient mountains, for instance. The state of Connecticut is about the same size as Jamaica (4400 sq. miles) and not precisely flat—yet Connecticut's highest mountain is 1500 ft. There are several Jamaican peaks whose thickly-wooded crowns are higher than 6000 ft.; and Blue Mountain soars to 7402 ft.—almost a mile and a half above the sea!

Mountains, rivers, sea. Unmatchable! How vastly different from the Bahama islands, nearly all of which are sea-level flat and where giant trees and exotic jungle are unknown. The beauty that springs from Jamaica's soil includes more than 3000 kinds of flowering plants splashing the island with riotous color. There are 200 types of orchids alone, palms and bananas by the millions, gigantic cottonwoods. There is almost every fruit tree you can think of. And spice trees—pimento, nutmeg, ginger. Our coffee is famous. Magnificent timber includes mahogany, satinwood, ebony. There are 437 species of ferns and many varieties of pineapple.

Jamaica owes its fabled climate to the warm Caribbean and to the refreshing trade winds. There is rarely a day when the sun doesn't shine. The average annual rainfall is 80 inches. The temperature range for the whole island is 73° to 89° and the average humidity at 3 P.M.—68%; but even this low humidity figure is reduced by the constant trade wind. There hasn't been a hurricane in 15 years. This is a climate of sunshine and purity, a place to come to for good health and a place where you'll find it.

Beautiful beyond description, the epitome of the tropical island, how has Jamaica been molded by man? What is its history, its present, its future? What are its people like? What of the hundreds of questions you'll want to ask, you who may decide to own a piece of Jamaica, to build on it, to spend part of the year there? Or even to live there . . .

It would be idiocy to attempt in this brief space to thread through Jamaica's fantastic history from the day Columbus discovered it, May 4, 1494. A history book will tell you that the Spanish ruled the island until they were driven off by the British whose stamp upon Jamaica has become indelible. Even now, independent from Britain since 1962 but with Dominion Status within the Commonweath, the island is British in language, accent, pageantry and pomp. There are almost 2,000,000 Jamaicans today composed of racial groups that have merged to produce some of the handsomest people on earth. Politically, the island has a long history of stability and its democratic Constitution incorporates features from the British and the American. Economically, it has gone swiftly from sole dependency on agriculture to modern industry. It has fine harbors with Kingston's being one of the world's best. More than a dozen airlines use Jamaica's jet strips linking the island to the Americas and to Europe. You fly from New York to Kingston in 3½ hours for $155 round trip and flying time from Miami is about 1 hour 15 minutes at round trip cost of only $64. There are 3000 miles of excellent main roads, radio and television, dial-system undersea *cable* telephone to the U.S. The currency is the Jamaican pound but dollars are freely accepted. Investment and business opportunities are excellent, with incentives in the form of freedom from income tax. Real estate taxes are lower than in the U.S. So is the cost of living. Domestic help starts at about $7 a week.

But it's land that is the real boom commodity in Jamaica. Tourism has become the second largest industry and is growing breathtakingly. How could it be otherwise for an island described in the authoritative *WEST INDIES AND CARIBBEAN YEAR BOOK* as the "loveliest tropic isle in the world"? New hotels are springing up, established hotels are building extensions to increase their capacity. Real estate men are buying tracts of sea-fronting land whose prices are mounting almost daily. Please bear this in mind: it's only since the end of World War II that most people knew a place like Jamaica existed. No one dares to predict how high values will go in the next decade—nor, indeed, whether many choice pieces will be left to buy.

That is why the villa sites we are advertising are such an unheard of offer in Jamaica. For the land we are talking about is near Oracabessa on the North Shore of Jamaica, 12 miles from Ocho Rios and part of one of the most valuable Gold Coasts in the world. It is called GIBRALTAR ESTATE OF JAMAICA and in this advertisement we are offering for sale fewer than 100 sites out of an original total of 140, each with a view of the Caribbean, each with paved roads, piped water, and power now being put in. *View*, did we say? Surely an understatement. Immediately in back of a quarter-mile crescent beach the land rises dramatically skyward, ridge upon ridge. Each villa site, the smallest about ½ acre, sits atop the previous one so that no sea-view is obstructed. The palm-banked Jack's River runs alongside the property and flows to the sea. Here you may keep your own small boat or rent one from a private Boat Club (yachts can be accommodated in Oracabessa Bay). We have arranged special privileges and discounts with the Golden Head Beach Hotel (shown in the photograph). And you have free golf for 2 full years on one of Jamaica's great championship courses.

Here then is where you may have for your very own a villa site created by Nature and improved by man. Everything we have mentioned is included in the price — paved roads, utilities and piped water under construction, hotel and boat privileges, and golf guarantees. *And the price — $6995 for a half-acre, $70 down and $70 a month!** At a guaranteed minimum of at least 20,000 sq. ft., this comes to 35¢ a sq. ft. Even for cash these sites would be a great bargain. At 1% down and 1% a month, with interest at only 4.8% per year, the rush that will take place to buy them is unquestionable. And please remember: originally there were only 140 altogether.

From experience, we know that there are some of you who, after reading this advertisement, may plan a trip quite soon to see GIBRALTAR ESTATE OF JAMAICA. But most of you can't pick up and fly to the island right away. Why not, then, let the mailman show you what it looks like? We have prepared an informative portfolio including a brochure of dozens of photographs in full color. This portfolio is yours *free.* You will see GIBRALTAR ESTATE as the camera actually photographed it — real, unretouched pictures of the property. You will get maps, house plans, information concerning business and professional opportunities — a wealth of information impossible to cover in this space. And you will be aided in your decision to purchase a villa site by our guarantees, plainly written out: *(1) a 60 day unqualified guarantee of refund of your reservation deposit and (2) after deciding on your lot and signing a contract our further guarantee of a full year from that date to go to Jamaica, to see your property, to judge it for yourself—and then to have refunded to you every penny you've paid in if what you've bought doesn't live up to your most extravagant hopes.*

We know that in GIBRALTAR ESTATE we are offering one of the finest properties in Jamaica and at prices and terms unequalled on the island. We urge you then, if you are even toying with the idea of owning a half-acre of "the fairest isle", to fill out the coupon and rush it to us. The mailman will bring you your free portfolio. And you won't be annoyed by salesmen.

GIBRALTAR ESTATE OF JAMAICA
1231 Loyola Avenue, Dept. N-308
Chicago, Illinois 60626

As soon as you get this coupon please send me your FREE portfolio. And, as you say, there is no obligation.

*Name*__________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*_____________*State*______*Zip*_____

NYA694

"A verified statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider."

***Official Notice: GIBRALTAR ESTATE OF JAMAICA announces a price increase of 2½¢ a square foot on all sites remaining unreserved after June 30, 1967. Thus, on July 1, 1967 a half-acre lot (20,000 sq. ft.) will rise in price from $6995 to $7495—$75 down and $75 a month. All reservations received before July 1st will be honored at the lower prices.**

If it's slimming,
we have it . . .

The Golden Door

THE MOST *FEMININE* SPA
SMALL • SERENE • SELECT
WRITE FOR OUR EXQUISITE
NEW BROCHURE
ESCONDIDO, CALIF. 745-8621

Saul Steinberg

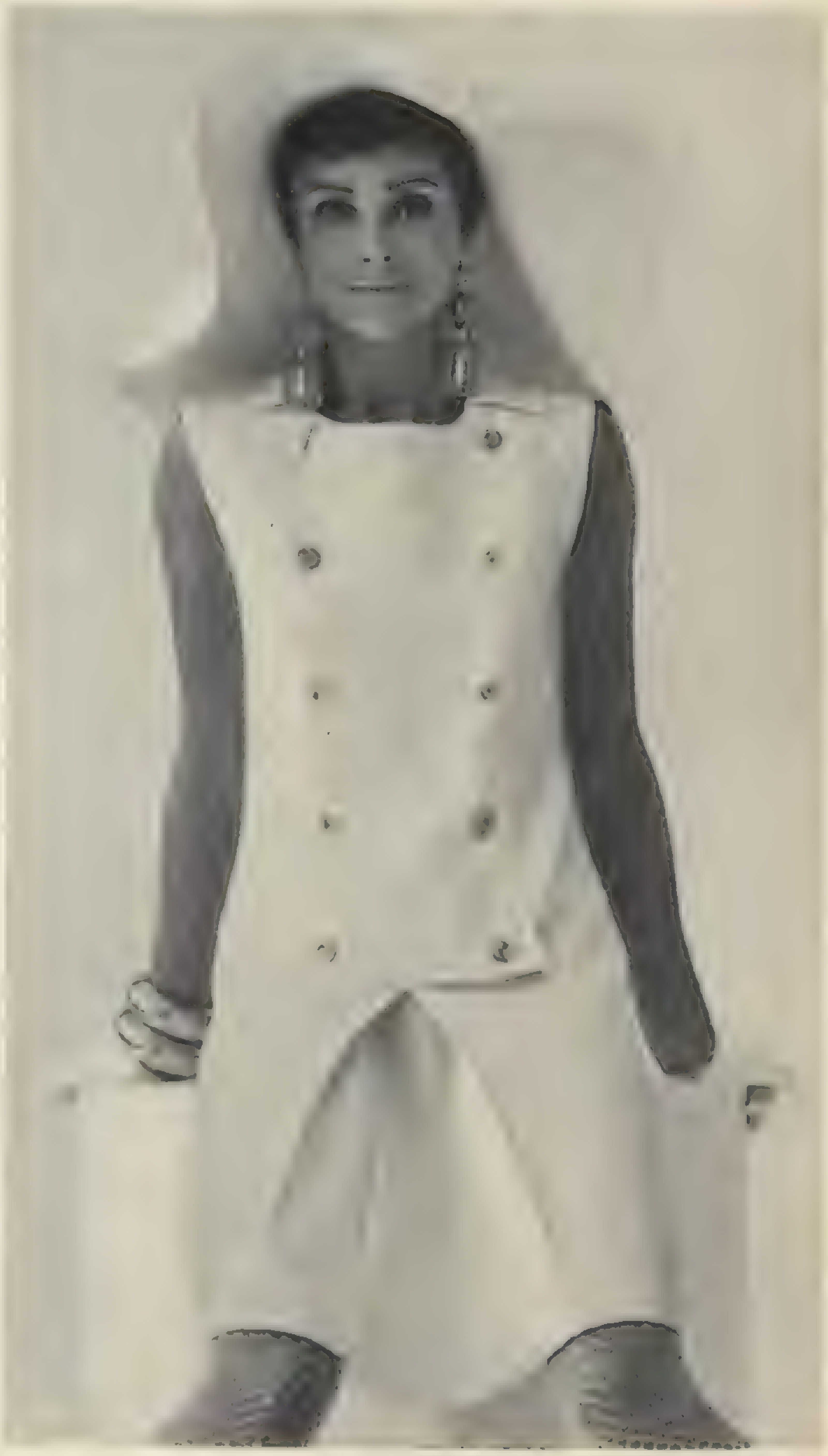
(Continued from page 138)

mas and art devices by crowding many spatial dimensions into a single drawing, as when a sheet of paper drawn on a sheet of paper supplies a head for a man in a bushy overcoat.

The basic Steinberg innovation, however, is his introduction of the one-dimensional, the dot that becomes a line separated from any definable plane and that drifts in the air like a piece of skywriting (few artists since the disappearance of angels from paintings have made such free use of the room above the horizon line). Steinberg's one-dimensional calligraphy is the formal equivalent of his vision of insubstantiality—of a world that can be destroyed or brought into existence by a signature. His drawings negate the flat surface of traditional modernist art by replacing the plane with the void. Steinberg's space is the space of dream, an area of de-identification in which things are pictures, pictures become words, and words act.

In the most literal sense, Steinberg is the poet of the American Dream, including the menace of isolation and emptiness which that dream contains. Isn't the power of the individual to exchange one self for another the deepest meaning of freedom? The myth of the frontier is the myth of drowning one's inherited identity in the waters of forgetfulness and awakening to the greeting of "Howdy, stranger." In his unexcelled vocabulary of visual quick change, studded with sacred clichés and personifications, the immigrant Steinberg has revived the myth of America as the land of possibility, unrestrained to the point of madness. Its non-verbal form and the appeal on all levels of intellect of Steinberg's riddles and exaggerations have made his America accessible throughout the civilized world, with something of the bygone flavour of the America dreamed of in the last century. What could be more fitting than that Steinberg should be now the first artist-in-residence at the Smithsonian Institution?

White linen for the sun days



CATERINE MILINAIRE

White linen, always the crispest look going, for a quick flip of a dress with a double row of gilt buttons marching to a dropped waist that squares off above an inverted front pleat. By Carlye, of Moygashel linen. About $60. At De Pinna; Bullock's-Wilshire. Wide-brimmed hat by Adolfo. Hansen gloves. K. J. L. bracelets. Long gilt earrings by Miriam Haskell. Christian Dior stockings.

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call MU 9-5900

Summer Creative Arts

BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

35th Summer, July 3-August 12, 1967. Music, Drama, Ballet, Painting, Crafts, Photography, Writing, Language, Skating. Painting Short Courses, June 19-July 1 & Aug. 14-Sept. 9. Write **Director, Banff School of Fine Arts, Banff, Alberta, Canada.**

BEAUPRÉ—CREATIVE ARTS

Illustrious faculty offers 8-week program of Dance, Drama, Art for 80 girls 9-17 at Stockbridge, Mass. Country estate, dormitory, 2 theatres, studios. Pool, tennis. Write for brochure stating age. **Mrs. S. V. North, Box 58, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807.**

Horsemanship

WISHE RIDING CAMP

80 Girls, 7-15. Major and minor riding programs. Tennis, swimming, canoeing, all camp activities. Private lake, large pool. Screened cabins. Exc. food, care. Inc. fee. 100 acres 60 mi. N.Y. **Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Wishe, R.F.D. #4, Middletown, N.Y. 10940**

NORTH FORK

SCHOOL OF EQUITATION SUMMER CAMP

Summer part of our equitation school. For 25 girls, 12-21. Two 5 week sessions. Expert instruction for riding enthusiasts, incl. jumping, schooling, showing. **Mr. and Mrs. Howard Russell, Purcellville, Va.**

MEADOWBROOK MANOR

RIDING FARM IN POCONO MOUNTAINS

Girls 7-16 years. Specializing in all forms of equitation incl. dressage, showing. Swimming. Art. Families too, wk. or month. Residential. **Mr. & Mrs. M. H. Fuegle, R.D. #3, East Stroudsburg, Pa. 18301**

Summer Schools

COROLLA-IN-ENGLAND

Comprehensive summer school at Univ. of Reading, England. Coed. July 11-Aug. 27. Full curriculum of secondary school courses. Outstanding faculty from leading prep schools. Tours. All-inclusive fee $1850. Booklet: **Director, Dept. V, Dyke, Virginia 22935.**

SHATTUCK SCHOOL-CAMP

Six weeks, boys 10-18. Shattuck faculty offers regular courses & Conversational Spanish, French, German to Jrs.; Advanced Study Seminars to H.S. Group. 5 water sports, 8 on land. Catalog: **Dir. of Adm., A-676 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn. 55021.**

ECOLE ARCADIE

Intensive 6-week and 4-week language programs, coed ages 13-18. All classes & activities conducted in French. Swimming, tennis, sailing complete a delightful summer. European staff. **Dr. Richard T. Gott, Ecole Arcadie, Bar Harbor, Maine.**

CHAPEL HILL SUMMER SCH.

Girls. Boarding. Grades 7-12. Advanced, review courses in regular subjects. Remedial Reading, Math. Accredited. Art Workshop. Excellent library. June 25-Aug. 19. Activities include riding, swimming. **Mrs. S. V. Warden, 327 Lexington St., Waltham, Mass.**

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA

Newport, R.I. Girls 12-18. Summer Vacation School on ocean-front estates. All subjects. Reading skills, study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. All sports. Delightful social life. 17th summer. Bltn: **George W. Emerson, Box 43-DD, Northampton, Mass.**

MAXWELL VACATION SCHOOL

NEAR A COLLEGE CAMPUS, ITHACA, N. Y.

Girls & Boys 15-18 **29th Summer**

Preview of college life in academic-social, cultural program. Preparation & review for College Bds. Dev. Reading. Math Refresher. Conv. Spanish, French. App. psych., drama, typing, driver's ed, art. Supervised study. Lectures. Courses accredited Bd. of Regents. Sports. Chaperoned dances, live bands. Trips.

Mrs. Otto G. Schonberg, Dir.
250 West 57th St., New York 10019 • 212 PL 5-2506

HAWAII HOLIDAY

Summer School
Co-ed Summer Program at Punahou School
(One of the Nation's leading prep schools)
All basic liberal arts subjects
SURFING, SAILING, SCUBA DIVING
taught by world champions.
Valuable Educational Tours
For Grades 9-12. Six weeks
All inclusive from West Coast—$1,397.00
Brochure: Dan F. Wallace, Dir.
3015 Kiele Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii

Girls' Camps

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS

Deer Isle, Me. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative, diversified program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Live in Swiss chalets. Riding, sailing, tennis. Ballet, art, drama, music. **Mrs. Elsa V. James, 1024 Westview Ave., Phila., Pa. 19119**

T-LEDGE

Orr's Island, Me. Top sailing, racing, water skiing. Well-equipped salt waterfront, fresh water pool. Riding 1-4 hrs. daily. Music, art, drama, writing workshops. French, Spanish, German. Lobstering. CIT. **Mrs. N. B. Knorr, Box V, So. Portland, Me. 04106.**

CAMP WA-KLO FOR GIRLS

"A Summer Your Daughter Will Remember" Thorndike Lake, Jaffrey Center, New Hampshire Est. 1938. An ideal camp. 100 girls, ages 5-18. All camp activities. Tutoring. Mature Staff. **Ethel V. Kloberg, 506 Devonshire Rd., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.**

HOLIDAY HILL IN VERMONT

Craftsbury Common. 90 girls 7-17. Congenial cabin living. Stowe area. Daily riding, care of camp stable Sailing, water skiing, tennis, arts, dance, mt. trips. CIT program. **Josephine Willard & Dorothea Loewel, Dirs., 55-C Locust Ave., New Rochelle, New York.**

BUFF LEDGE

Milton, Vt. Daily riding. Equitation, jumping, horse shows. Superior waterfront program; swimming team. Dramatics, golf, tennis, riflery, trips. All-incl. fee 100 girls 7-18. On Lake Champlain. **Mr. and Mrs. M. W. A. Hunt, P.O. Box 5275-S, Mt. Carmel, Conn.**

ECHO CAMP

Camp fun in Adirondacks on beautiful Raquette Lake for 90 girls. All the usual camp activities with riding, tennis, sailing, water skiing and trips. Excellent food and supervision. Fee $550. Booklet. **Mrs. Carlton V. Clough, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.**

brownledge

Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."

FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics, aquaplaning, drama, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. NO EXTRAS! **"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP", Girls 10-18**

For booklet, state age and write winter office:

HORSES

Mrs. H. E. Brown
81 Tilden Road, Box V,
Scituate, Mass.
(Also Leadership Course, girls 16 & 17)

WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

kiniya

On a Bay of Lake Champlain in Vt. Girls 6-17

VERMONT 49th Season. Riding for every girl every day—wonderful trails—own stable. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, tennis, archery, riflery, crafts, dramatics, dance. Give age. Booklet.

IRELAND Special program for older girls. 3 weeks at Kiniya, 3 weeks in Ireland pony trekking, Hunt Ball, Dublin Horse Show. Visit Edinburgh, London.

Mr. & Mrs. John J. Williams, Milton, Vt. 05468. Tel. 853-7849

FARWELL

GIRLS 6-16, 61ST SEASON
ON BEAUTIFUL VERMONT LAKE

Riding—our own schooled horses, drills, trail rides, expert instruction. Swimming, waterskiing, canoeing. Tennis, dramatics, crafts. Sailing. Snug log cabins. Four age groups. Limited enrollment assures individual attention. Fee $675. Booklet. State age.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph V. Elliott
Post Office Box 8848, Richmond, Virginia 23225

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18

ENJOY A FUN-FILLED SUMMER WHILE LOSING WEIGHT

• Pool • Tennis • Riding • Golf • Rowing • All Sports • Cultural Activities • Social Grooming • Re-education in Eating Habits • Follow-up program maintains weight loss • A Non-medical Program of Healthful Diet and Exercise • *Accredited by American Camping Assn. & Association of Private Camps.*

CAMP STANLEY
Mrs. Gussie Mason, Director
Box 529, Hurleyville, New York 12747

Lake George

CAMP FOR GIRLS

On beautiful Lake George, Glenburnie, N. Y. Private shore of protected coves, sandy beaches. Water skiing, all water sports at their best. Scenic view from spacious cabins in 95-acre woodland campsite. Little theatre—professional staff. Riding, riflery, tennis, arts and crafts. 3 age groups, girls 6-17. Resident nurse. Brother camp nearby.

John V. Donat, Director, 16 Fairview St., Ansonia, Ct. 06401

Girls' Camps

CAMP WA-NA-KA

Woodland Park, Colo. Western Riding. Tennis. Golf. Fencing. Campcraft. Pack trips. Art. Dramatics. Modern Dance. Modeling. Social Graces & Ice Skating. Two four-week terms, $375 each. **Mrs. B. H. English, 3408 Westcliff Rd. So., Fort Worth, Texas 76109.**

CAMP NAGAWICKA

Girls 9-16. Camp, school activities. 19 sports: riding, sailing, golf, ballet, arts. Accred. Summer Sch. Math. Eng., soc. sc., typing, lang., reading lab. Nr. Chi., Mil. Guest house. Brother camp. Catalog: **Gavin A. Pitt, Box N-9, Delafield, Wis.**

CAMPO FIESTA

Northern Wisc. On Trout Lake, 11th largest in Wisc. 75 girls 8-15. Featuring waterfront & riding program. 2 ski boats, fleet of sailboats & canoes. Large stable of horses. Int'l traditions. 30th season. **Mr. & Mrs. P. V. Frisbie, Box 525, Birmingham, Mich.**

ROCK RUNN RIDING CAMP

Girls 7-18. Exceptional instruction for trail, hunt & horse show. Beginners' mounts & hunters. Excellent training in oils, sculpture, folk art, swimming, tennis. Tutoring. Chester Co., Pa. Churches nearby. **Mrs. John B. Ziegler, Box 22-V, Pottstown, Pa. 19464.**

AVALON

A Salt Water Sailing Camp on Cape Cod. 90 girls, 8-14. Fun & relaxation, individualized program, experienced staff. Daily sailing, swimming & tennis; also golf, riding, life saving, sports, trips. **Mr. & Mrs. W. V. Winkler, Avalon, Chatham, Mass.**

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS

Cape Cod camp for girls 7 to 15 featuring daily sailing on beautiful Pleasant Bay. Races. Swimming. Tennis. Crafts. Archery. Riding included in fee. 4 age groups. Adult Sailing School June & Sept. 63rd year. Catalog. **G. Bruce Hammatt, So. Orleans, Mass. 02662**

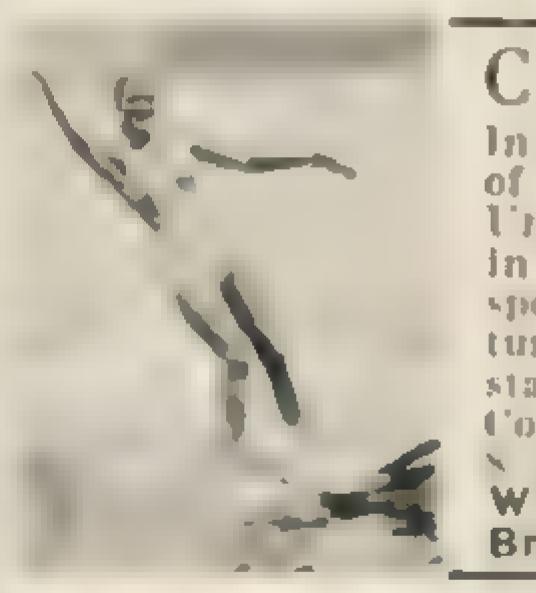
SADDLE RIVER RIDING CAMP

Sterling, Mass. 50 girls, 9-16. 8 weeks; $750. incl. daily riding; individualized instruction. Jumping; shows; indoor ring. Pool; strong swim prog. Arts, crafts. Trips. **Mrs. Henry Hulick, Sterling Jct., Mass. or N.Y. area 'phone 914 SCarsdale 5-3046.**

SEASCAPE ON CAPE COD

Specifically for OVERWEIGHT Young Ladies

Ages 11-18. EST. 1959. J. V. Spargo, M.D. • F. P. Heald, M.D. • P. S. Peckos, B.S., Nutritionist. Owned & operated by original & permanent professional staff. Monthly winter follow-up—Boston, N.Y.C., Wash., D.C. C.I.T. prog. & parents' seminar. Mem. A.C.A. Also Lancer for boys. Brochure: **John V. Spargo, M.D., Box 377, E. Brewster, Mass.**



CAMP SEQUOYA

In beautiful Blue Ridge Mts. of Va. Exceptional staff. Unexcelled facilities (all new in 1958). All land and water sports, with balanced cultural programs. Riding (own stable). Operated by Sullins College since 1925. Girls 8-17. Two 5-week sessions. **Write: Director, Box 42, Bristol, Virginia**

Boys' Camps

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS

Summer of adventure on Toms River. Boys 9-16. Sailing emphasized. 50-boat fleet incl. 25 sailboats. Trips on 63-ft. flagship. Music. 2 gyms, athletic fields. Pool. Approved summer school. Catalog. **Farragut Naval Camps, Box VC, Toms River, N. J. 08741.**

IDLEWILD

THE OLDEST PRIVATE CAMP

Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H. 77th yr. Boys—3 div. 8 wks. $595. No extras. Riding. Sailing, canoe, mt. trips. Golf course, riflery, archery, water skiing, scuba diving, music, elem. tutor. 2 reg. nurses. Cabins. Also Teela-Wooket for Girls. Bklt. **L. D. Roys, 336 Otis St., West Newton 65, Mass.**

WOODCRAFT CAMP

FUN ON LAKE & LAND • BOYS 9½-14

Exciting, educational camping at beautiful 1500-acre campus on Lake Maxinkuckee. Boating, swimming; river trips. Indian & nature lore; campcraft; baseball, tennis, track, other sports. Excellent food, housing. Enough military to foster promptness, courtesy, neatness. Reading, English, verbal skills, review math optional. Est. 1912. Scholarships. Catalog.

CULVER

180 LAKE SHORE TERRACE
CULVER, INDIANA 46511

Boys' Camps

TOWERING PINES

Eagle River, Wis. Challenge of positive goals builds self-confidence. Unusual variety of activities offered. Single 7½ week season assures continuity of group. Complete tutoring program. Catalog. **Mr. & Mrs. John Jordan, 242 Bristol St., Northfield, Ill. 60093.**

COLORADO RIVER RANCH

An unusual summer with purpose & adventure for your son on a working cattle ranch. One staff member for every three boys. Pack trips, rivercraft trips; complete in-camp program. Brochure: **Travis Anderson, Director, Colorado River Ranch, Gypsum, Colorado.**

C BAR T TRAIL RANCH

Riding—Every boy has a horse—Fishing. Bunkhouse ranch life, pack trips in National Forest, wilderness camping, horsemanship, cowboying skills, rodeos, 60 boys, 7 weeks, ages 8-17. 10th season. **Quentin V. Felch, Box 158, Idledale, Colo. 80453.**

Boys' & Girls' Camps

SNIPATUIT

50 children 4-10 enjoy special equipment & program to meet needs & interests of each age group. Nr. Cape Cod. Individual & group activities balanced. Nature, pets, swimming, boating, riding, trips, dramatics. **Margaret V. Hall, 24 Sunrise Ave., New Canaan, Conn.**

WAMSUTTA

Boys, Girls 7-16. 22nd season same owner-directorship. Non-competitive, group-planned program. All land, water sports, ed. tours. Mature couns. Open all yr. visiting: 3 hours N. Y. 617-248-5363. **Mr. & Mrs. S. Sleeper, Charlton, P.O. Oxford, Mass. 01540.**

INDIAN & FOREST ACRES

Camplife at its Best for Boys & Girls (2 mi. apart). Pride of Maine in the White Mts. 44th yr. Nationwide Prestige. All Sports, Arts, Sciences & Trips. U.S.L.T.A. White Mts. Tournament & Horse Shows. **1125 The Parkway, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.**

ALDERKILL

Boys and Girls 6-15. Est. 1938. Riding, swimming, shop, pets, dancing. Baseball & tennis teams. Individual ability developed. 135 acres. 90 miles N. Y. Camp open all year for visiting. **914-TR 6-4783. Mr. & Mrs. John G. Treadwell, Rhinebeck, N. Y. 12572**

CATHOLIC CAMPS

Our Lady of Lourdes for girls. Acadia for boys. Ages 6-18. Two private lakes in Catskills. Riding, water skiing, all sports, trips, weekly dances, crafts. Tutoring. Res. priests, M.D., R.N. 61 yr. **212 WA 6-5840. Rev. John G. Ruvo, 472 West 142 St., N. Y. 10031.**

CAMP AKIBA

In the Poconos Elev. 1900 Feet. 42nd yr. Prvt. lake. 200 mi. NYC Sep. boys' & girls' camps. Fine facilities. Sabbath Services. Res. nurses, physician. 8 wks. $800. **L. Sherr, 1909 Spruce Street, Phila., Pa. 19103. Tel. NYC evgs. (212) 777-0653.**

CAMP HIGHLANDER

Highlands, N.C. Highest camp in eastern U.S. Coed, 6-15. 3, 6 or 9 wk. sessions. Riding, water sports. Trips. Academic work opt. Owned, operated by Pine Crest School. Write: **Larry V. Pedicord, Director, Pine Crest School, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33308**

QUARTER CIRCLE V BAR RANCH

40,000 Acre Arizona Cattle Ranch. Coed 8-17

Real Western living for nationwide enrollment. Daily riding. Roundups, rodeos, gymkhanas. Happy campers keep returning. Pool 35x90. All usual sports and crafts. Caravan trip through historic Southwest. Cool, dry climate. Modern facilities of Orme School. Magnificent country. Mature staff. Strong academic program available. 38th year. Catalog.

Also Winter College Prep School

Charles H. Orme, Jr., Box G, Mayer, Arizona 86333

Tutoring

THE SEARING SCHOOLS

Winter & Summer Sessions. Coeducational. Day. Courses for acceleration. Individualized programs help educational problems; students make sound progress. Enroll anytime. 11 years old up.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto V. Swan
117 E. 59th St., N.Y. 10022/212-755-5626 and Ingraham Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33131/305-373-4753

Foreign Schools

AMERICAN BUSINESS SCHOOL

A year in Rome and a comprehensive secretarial course at the only school of its kind in Europe. American teachers, curriculum; American owned and operated. Established 1952. Small classes, limited enrollment. **Via Umbria 7, Rome, Italy.**

LA CHÂTELAINIE—SWITZ.

International Girls' School. Estab. 1880. Lake & Mt. Branch. Grades 9-12. College Board Ent. Exam., Post Grad. & Finishing Courses. Languages. Home Ec., Secretarial. Sports. European Tours. Summer Session. **La Châtelainie, Saint-Blaise, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.**

SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD

Barcelona, Spain **Rennes, France**

THE PHILLIPS ACADEMIES

Andover, Massachusetts and Exeter, New Hampshire

Full junior year academic programs abroad. Open to students of American secondary schools who have completed 10th grade & at least 1-yr. Spanish or French. Intensive study of native language, culture. Full academic program permits return to U.S. for senior year with credit. Well-qualified native instructors augment Andover-Exeter faculty. Some scholarships. Travel during vacations. Live with native families. Write: **Administrator, Schoolboys Abroad, 17 School St., Andover, Mass. 01810.**

EDUCATION ABROAD

HIGH SCHOOL AND POST GRADUATE PROGRAMS

Secondary School: College preparation in European milieu meets highest U.S. academic standards. Grades 9 thru 12. Coed. U.S. faculty. Europeans for languages. College Boards. Small classes. Sports, skiing, excursions.

Post Graduate Program: Coed precollege year includes study of European economics, politics, literature, art, languages, six weeks of correlated travel. College Boards, advanced placement, college counseling. Separate campus. Sports, activities.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND
M. Crist Fleming, Director
Lugano-Montagnola, Switzerland
Write: N.Y. Rep., 326 East 69th St., N.Y. 10021

Travel

TYROL PROGRAMS ABROAD

I Tour Western Europe—Live in Tyrolean Alps.
II Study French in Champery—Tour France.
Coed 15-18. Groups Limited. **Mr. D. V. Reich, 8820 Burning Tree Road, Washington, D. C. 20034.**

STUDENTS ABROAD

For travel or study or family stays with a small group—at a leisurely pace—having a lively flexible program—and leaders of calibre, taste & wit—with stops at int'l student vacation centers. **Director: G. Lang, 200-V East End Av., N. Y. 10028. EN 9-1395.**

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS

Exploring and collecting in wilderness areas of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona. 39th year. Turquoise Trail For Girls (12-16); Little Outfit For Boys (10-12); Prairie Trek For Boys (13-16). **Hillis L. Howie, P.O. Box 1336, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.**

STUDENT TRAVEL

Tours from 21-73 days. Europe, Israel, Hawaii, South America, Orient, Round the World. Also European study sessions. Student activities, much free time. 20th year. Free brochures. **S.T.O.P. Tours, 2123 Addison, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.**

PARKHILLS' TRAVELKAMP

for boys and girls ages: 12-18

Summer camp on wheels through the Southwest and Mexico. Travel in new, modern motorcoaches. Fun, excitement, adventure, plus the education of travel. Established 1924.

Write or call TravelKamps—V, Box 794
Champaign, Ill. 217—359-1675

PROJECT EUROPE

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND
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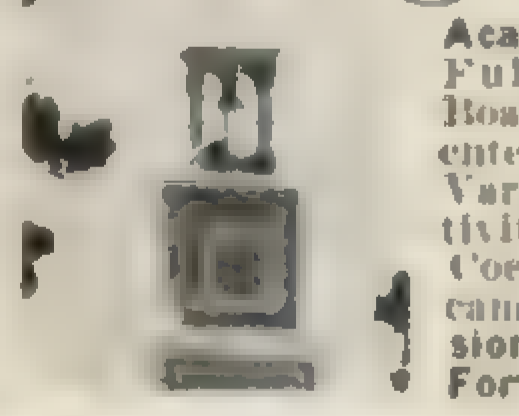

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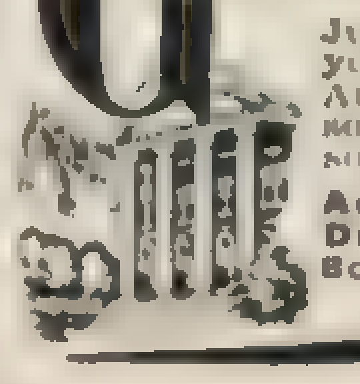

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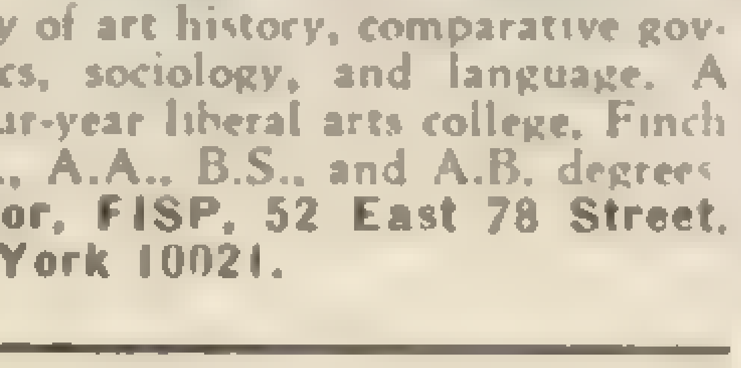

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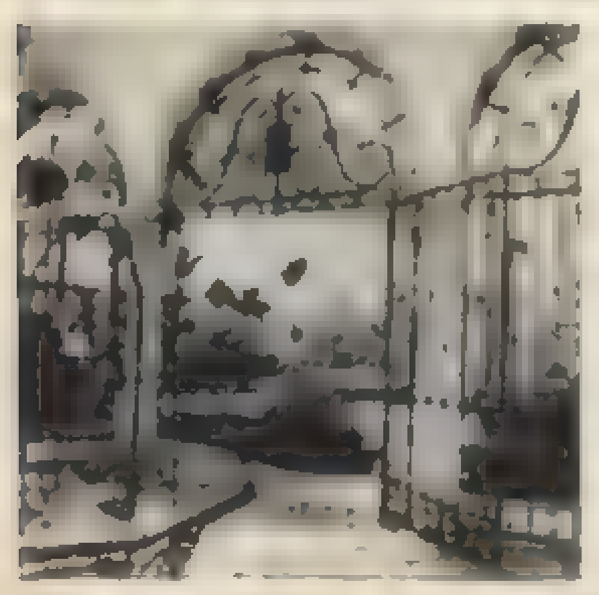

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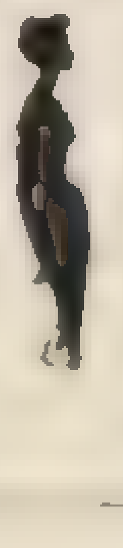

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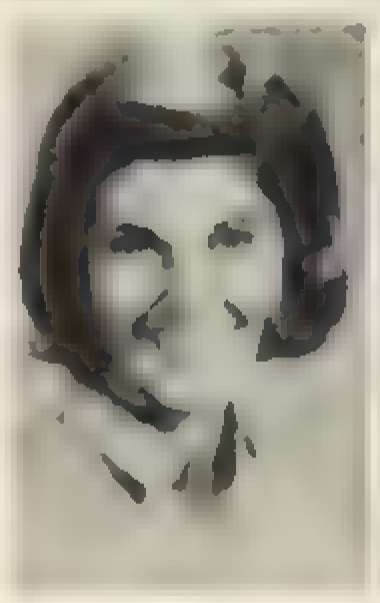

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The Secret

(Continued from page 144)

two pillows. The top pillow was punctured with brown cigarette burns.

"Oh no, you can't. It's your imagination, dear."

"You said you would be home by ten."

"It's only twenty past now."

"You've been up in the rue de Douai, haven't you, in one of those bars, looking for a fille."

"I sat in the Parc Monceau and then I had dinner at the Brasserie Lorraine. Can I give you your drops?"

"You want me to sleep so that I won't expect anything. That's it, isn't it, you're too old now to do it twice."

He mixed the drops from the carafe of water on the table between the twin beds. Anything he might say would be wrong when Patience was in a mood like this. Poor Patience, he thought, holding out the drops towards the face crowned with tight red curls, how she misses America—she will never believe that the Coca-Cola tastes the same here. Luckily this would not be one of their worst nights, for she drank from the glass without further argument, while he sat beside her and remembered the street outside the brasserie and how, by accident he was sure, he had been called "tu."

"What are you thinking?" Patience asked. "Are you still in the rue de Douai?"

"I was only thinking that things might have been different," he said.

It was the biggest protest he had ever allowed himself to make against the condition of life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This story will appear as "Two Gentle People" in Graham Greene's new collection of short stories,* May We Borrow Your Husband? and Other Comedies of the Sexual Life, *to be published by Viking this spring. A tall, travelled British writer of taut, haunted novels, Graham Greene is now in Africa. There, in Dahomey, Peter Glenville is directing* The Burtons *in Greene's* The Comedians.

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3. What's In and what's Out in your circle of friends right now? Tell what's fun-and-games, what's frowned upon at this stage in your life—in fashion, in gimmicks and gadgets, in songs and in humor, in books and diversions.

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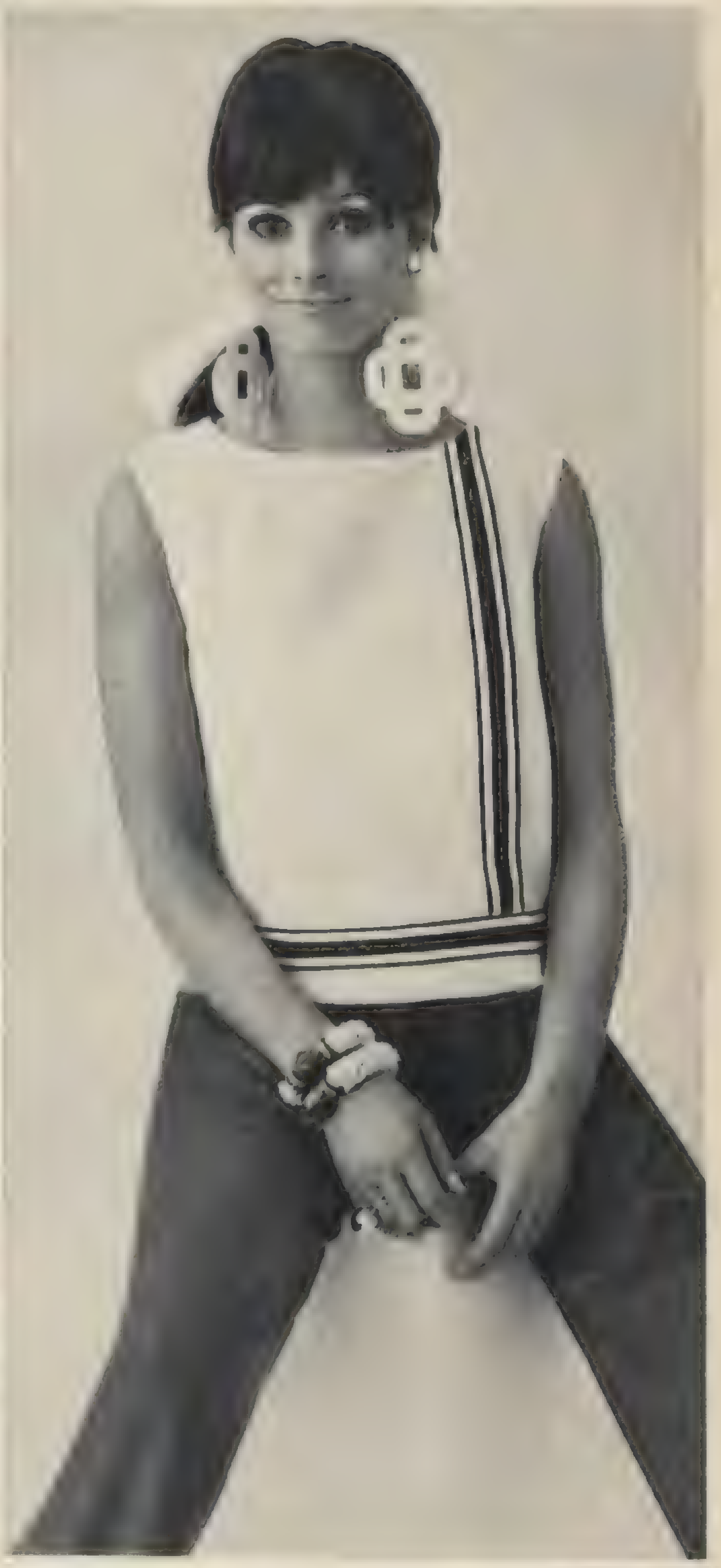

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Katharine Graham

(Continued from page 108)

him. Everything became more hectic and unpredictable until his death in 1963 suddenly left his wife with four children, a great newspaper, a weekly magazine, sundry radio and television stations and other interests, and a terrible doubt about the future.

The first problem was what to do about the business. Kay Graham decided that she must carry on—a decision which very likely saved the empire from the disintegration which so often sets in when an emperor dies. For a while she sat silent and bemused at meetings at the *Post* and *Newsweek*, not knowing what in the world she was supposed to say or do. But in time her confidence grew. She was evidently not her father's daughter or her husband's wife in vain.

She studied the operations, asked questions, noted deficiencies, consulted with her staff and with old friends outside, like Walter Lippmann and James Reston, worked out her plans, and, in due course, began to make her moves. Today the *Post* and *Newsweek* both show the effects of her personal intervention. A figurehead no longer, she has gracefully and firmly established her authority. When a friend about to go to work for the *New York Post* told her he was going to ask Ben Bradlee, the managing editor of *The Washington Post*, how to get along with lady publishers, Kay briskly replied, "Don't ask Ben. Ask me."

Today she is a handsome, stylish, and relaxed woman, easy in her manner, ironic in her speech, confident in her judgment. Whether in her house in Georgetown, her farm in Virginia, or her apartment on United Nations Plaza (with Robert Kennedy and Truman Capote as neighbours), she radiates calm and quiet purpose. She is a lady publisher in a new mould—very different, for example, from the Cissy Patterson Washington knew so well a generation ago. But, in her own thoughtful and sensitive way, she is likely to leave a more enduring mark on the nation's capital and on the country.

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Horsing around Miami

By Despina Messinesi

During my New England childhood, I remember, when I had one of those lingering winter colds, I was bundled up and taken to Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the change of air. The system worked. For the same reason, last winter, I flew to Miami Beach in Florida for a long weekend. The system worked again.

At the Eden Roc Hotel, an impressive hunk in that fortress line-up of hotels along Miami Beach, I felt I was living aboard a "Queen." Warm ocean air filled the room. Only a few palms outside spoiled the illusion of being in mid-ocean. Following a massage in the open air in the hotel's roof solarium, I had small doses of sun, clocked by the attendant who also would turn me over, rub in more cream, if necessary, and remoisten the eye pads. Without removing the cream completely, and feeling rather like an English Channel swimmer, I then swam a few lengths in the heated salt-water pool, one hundred feet long and fifty wide. The routine included luncheons by the pool and long walks along the beach—the best way to case the other hotels.

After recovering from a northern winter, what? Action. Around Miami, horses and more horses—horse racing to polo. Crowds fill Florida's enormous and beautiful horse plant, Hialeah, studded with pink flamingos. In the past, visitors from Palm Beach would arrive in a private train on which they were served an elaborate luncheon. Now they come by car over the zippy new parkways in about ninety minutes. Colonel and Mrs. Cloyce J. Tippett fly from Palm Beach in their fuchsia-and-white helicopter—actually "flying" their racing colours—and land on the Hialeah car park. Palm Beach's Colony Hotel, freshly painted yellow and white, delivers guests to the track in a limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur.

Rather than lunch in the indoor restaurant, regulars at the races walk around in the sunshine and eat the delicious hot dogs and coffee sold at the stands which, curiously, serve neither hamburgers nor tea. Palm Beachers usually leave before the last race but not before betting. If they are lucky, they collect later by mail.

Following the evening horse sales at Hialeah in January, there are no parties and balls as there are in Saratoga, although most of the racing people go to sales at both places. Hialeah's auctions are informal, bidders go as they were at the track: women in linens, strong prints, with sweaters or coats. Before the sales, Fasig-Tipton, the auctioneers, and the Florida Breeders Sales Company give a cocktail party for the breeders and buyers.

Full-scale polo games go on every Sunday at the one-year-old Gulf Stream Polo Club not far from Lake Worth; informal chukkers, every day except Monday. Among the spectators who stop by to watch, some women appear in jeans or shorts; others, in riding clothes; and those dropping by directly from luncheon parties, of course, in pretty dresses. In the dressing room after the Sunday game, the teams watch on local television a playback of the game they just finished. Music to any player's ear: "Your ponies were really going fast and tight."

Plane Talk about Yellow

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